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**WE TWO TOGETHER**

Shine ! shine ! shine !  
Pour down your warmth, great sun !  
While we bask, we two together.  
Two together !  
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,  
Day come white, or night come black,  
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,  
Singing all time, minding no time,  
While we two keep together.

WALT WHITMAN. " Leaves of Grass

# WE TWO TOGETHER

BY  
JAMES H. COUSINS  
AND  
MARGARET E. COUSINS

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WE TWO TOGETHER



## CHAPTER I

### BEGINNINGS

(J. H. C.) I have to take grandparents for granted. They had retired on both sides before I arrived. A shadowy entity known as "grandfather Dillon" may have flourished a generation further back. But all I remember of him is, that out of a group of recent ancestors who were apparently so acceptably respectable that they left no reputation, grandfather Dillon emerges in solitary distinction as an "ould reprobate," and, with perfect fitness to time and place, his reprobacy was religio-political. Some kink of desire had injected a strain of Catholic green into the otherwise unadulterated Orange blood of a decent group of families. And on every twelfth of July, when poles and greenery appeared in the streets of his native Carrickfergus, on the northern shore of Belfast Lough, and the brethren of the local Loyal Orange Lodge celebrated with fife and drum and stimulants the victory of a Dutch-English Protestant king over a Scottish-English Catholic ex-king on Irish soil, the "ould reprobate" would sit from sunrise to sunset at the end of the fishermen's pier with his fingers in his ears cursing King William and the Orangemen as heartily as the latter cursed the Pope.

I valued grandfather Dillon as a temperamental asset in later years when I saw (privately) that the black spot in the family memory threw light on a certain green trend in my own disposition. There were other trends. On the maternal side there were the Reids frae Scotland, who perhaps transmitted to my mother the capacity of knowing "how many beans make five," and to me the ability to write verse in the vernacular of Burns. Just what the Welsh trend (surnamed Davy, Davis or Davies) did to me I have not discovered.

The most clearly datable trend was that on the paternal side from the incursion into Ulster of Huguenot refugees from religious persecution in France. Among these a Cousin and his family brought, as did his fellow refugees, a simple piety and textile skill that were the two pillars of Ulster prosperity until the war of 1914-1918 upset faith in God and the trade in Belfast linen.

How or why the Cousins clan, or one of their number, moved from County Antrim to County Down, history sayeth not. But France and England made an alliance in Ireland in a marriage of a Huguenot Cousins with an Elizabethan White; and the sense of dignity which I felt in my father may have been the refined effect of an ancient eminence symbolised by a name on an old map of the County Down—"the Whites' country"—which testified to some degree of "nobility" at a time when the acquisition of land in Ireland by Englishmen by any means other than legal purchase was regarded on the English side as a patriotic virtue.

(Irish (first in future predilection), Scotch, Welsh, on the maternal side; French and English on the paternal side:) all was ready for a nice temperamental mix-up when the planets had reached the combination that would unlock a door of destiny. This is where Queen Victoria came in, happily too late in her career to make me a good Victorian. That august institution had to visit Ireland, and to do so by way of Belfast Lough, which was bounded on the north by loyal Antrim and on the south by loyal Down. At the head of the lough stood Belfast, where the two counties were joined by a bridge across the River Lagan.

The fleet escorting the Queen lay half a dozen miles off Carrickfergus and its square-towered castle. Visitors were allowed to board certain of the warships. A group of Carrick lassies "pit aff" in a fishing-boat in their best Sunday rig-outs. I can deduce the facial radiance of one of them, Susan Davey by name, from the memory of a day six years after the visit of Queen Victoria, when she took me by the hand to get "something for a complaint," and the doctor, noting as a pathological symptom her roseate complexion, asked her, "Do you drink, Ma'am?"—and she a virulent teetotaler. So also, as it transpired, was a not too

young sailor on one of the steamers that carried coal to the fleet, who happened to be gazing over the traffrail into the future just as a fishing-boat under a brown lug-sail slid by with the most unusual cargo ever seen in such a craft. He caught the radiance full in the eye, and deeper.

It may be true, as Gibbon suggested in his autobiography that we "have lived in the persons of our forefathers," not to mention our foremothers. But I have a suspicion that when I arrived at No. 18, Cavour Street, Belfast, in the very small hours of the morning of July 22, 1873, I did not come alone, but that my forebears, with what they had distilled from tradition and environment, came to live in me, and brought with them the temperamental burden of five nations. And as if this was not sufficient variety for one person for one life, "the shivering casting-net of the stars" (Yeats) saw to it that my horoscope should be supplied with sufficient unlucky squares and oppositions to give exercises in optimism to lucky trines and conjunctions, and topped the edifice of destiny with two crowns to my head that have been matters of comment by hair-cutters in three continents, they being signs that the head that wears them is, notwithstanding others things, a lucky one.

Just when I awoke to the fact that I was I is difficult to say. What appear to be vague memories may not be of things experienced but of things heard and the hearing thereof forgotten. I can still recall (if it is not imagining) the felicity of sitting on the floor in front of a wavering fire with my head (curly gold I was told) between the knees of a young woman; and bursting into stormy resentment of the familiarities of a young man, returned from somewhere, towards one to whom adoration appeared to me to be the only proper attitude. In later years my mother told me I was four when I first championed womanhood; and (despite the Freudians, who had not then appeared) announced an idealism that was no camouflaged anticipation of sex, but came, as I later understood, from a region of my nature beyond the frontiers of the five nations and the interferences of the five senses.

Somewhere on this side of unconsciousness I can see a folded card with ruled squares on the first of which a postage stamp was stuck. (I had won a whole penny in a Sunday School examination in scriptural knowledge;) and as a lesson in thrift my prize had been banked on a Post Office savings card from which the blank spaces would call for stamps to cover their nakedness until twelve stamps would entitle me to a book in which I would be declared the owner of a shilling which the army and navy of the British Government would guard against robbers. Whatever knowledge of Holy Writ I then (about six) possessed was probably carried forward until in my teens I had read the Bible from end to end, memorised many of the Psalms and the sayings of Jesus, read Adam Clark's Commentary, and developed certain opinions that I had to keep to myself.

Of Adam Clark I was particularly proud, as he had been born, like myself, in Ulster. I am inclined to think that he exercised a subtler influence on me theologically than I realised. My reading of his scriptural commentary was heartily approved by my good parents, who had not the remotest notion of what a commentary was, but were satisfied with its being the work of a reverend gentleman who had known John Wesley. But the general effect of the Commentary on my mind was a private opinion that religion was not so simple a matter as heaven for Protestants, especially Wesleyans, and hell for the others; and a single doubt may be as disruptive as a plant in a crevice of a solid building.

But (to return to my first prize in my first decade) the attempt at penny-wisdom failed. Some dim suspicion grew in me that what I saved, someone else lost; and this suspicion became the cardinal economic principle of my young life, and put me in direct opposition to the material self-seeking of all about me.

Of the beginnings of my schooling I have no memory. But I gathered later that a propensity to demand paper and pencil in my cradle for the drawing of animals that were never seen in the streets of Belfast followed me to school and got ecstatically mixed up with the miracle of identifying "c-a-t" with my pussy who thereupon went up some notches in the scale of creation. I seem to have loved readin', writin' and joggerfy, and hated 'rithmetic.

The process of schooling (it was not known in our street as so important a matter as "education") becomes fairly clear after the family's first "flitting." Why we moved from the Antrim end to the Down end of the town I cannot recall, but it must have been a sight such as I frequently saw in the growth of the town and the expanding or contracting fortunes of the people. A handcart—perhaps two—must have been piled with tables, chairs, beds and bedding, pots and pans and crockery, and trundled across the Queen's Bridge by two men under the eye of a protective neighbour while Ma took her offspring in the penny tram to our new habitation. To me there was some strange pleasure of the mind in seeing familiar things put into unfamiliar positions in strange rooms. And the names of the new neighbours had to be learned.

Not far from our new home was a National School, and to this Ma took us in a bunch to seek entrance: James Henry Sproull Cousins (the Sproull in recognition of the doctor who, in some mysterious way, had brought me from some remote region into the world), probably aged ten; George Alfred Buckley Reid, say eight; Thomas John, say six; and William Davies, say four, the latter having to await the coming of years. Three were admitted, and, in consideration of economical circumstances (which I could not get the sense of, seeing that my Da worked harder than people who had much more money than Ma could scrape up) sixpence a week had to be paid for the lot.

Physical culture was unknown to my schooling. I doubt if the separate terms of the phrase ever crossed the cap-room's threshold. The care of the body was left to the home, and the homes of the pupils of the National School, being restricted in finance, were only careful of the body when something went wrong with it. The nearest approach to the cultivation of taste was an occasional drawing lesson in which queer shapes unrelated to anything on earth were copied in pencil. But the natural impulse to activity led to "futt-ball" matches in which the most frequent cry was "a foul," and from which, apart from kicking a ball that had frequently to be "blew up" in the direction of two stones that were the other side's goal, one learned quickness of



eye and movement for the meeting of unforeseen circumstances, as the irregular and rubbish-strewn surfaces of the waste-spaces with the legend " Building Ground to Let " that were our playing-fields gave no hint as to the place or distance to which the ball would bounce.

These matches, and other activities, frequently led to back-street combats after hours. Though cowardice was not in my nature, I detested the spectacle of boys trying to injure one another. Once, and once only, I was, for some incomprehensible reason, one of two in the centre of a crowd of expectantly jostling school-fellows. I knew nothing of the ways of fighting. But some blind instinct impelled me to let my fists go as fast as they could in the general direction of the other boy's face. One hand stopped suddenly—and I was, to my surprise, cheered as victor, having given my adversary a knock-out blow.

Learning things presented no difficulty to me, I suppose because I wanted to know all about everything, and wanting is the way to acquiring. My passage to the top of a new class after promotion was quick. The dislike of my fellows for my smartness led, after an examination, to an attack that prostrated me for weeks. The day of my return had another examination, in a favourite subject, spelling. I scored full marks. Hence an ambush on the way home, and another lie-up.

But these attempts to improve me decreased as the natural gift of friendship which I seem to have possessed widened my circle of chums, and I was found useful in doing sums round corners on the way to school and thus enabling class-mates to escape the penalties of laxity or inability. And there were other ways to amity that come back to me with a peculiarly gentle sentiment. I knew, for example, the manners and customs of fowl, as there was a receptacle floored with straw at the side of the kitchen fire where I watched " sittin' hens " with some vague solicitude, and helped successions of chicks out of shells with a dim wonder as to what had happened to the shell that I too must have come from—though imagination failed me as to the size of the egg from which had come an elephant that I had seen in a procession advertising a circus. Hence on one of the walks on

which I took myself in search of some wonderful thing round some corner, I knew that a hen sitting in a waste space behind a row of houses was not doing so without a purpose. I waited until she half-flew-half-ran to an open back-door with cackling and squawking that infected all the hens and cocks in the vicinity with the vociferous amazement proper to an egg being well and truly laid for the first time in history. I counted the number of the back-door from the short end of the street, collected the big warm ovoid, and presented it at the correct front door to a large woman in a well-used apron, who received it with the complaint that "that fowl has the quarest notions in its head of layin' anywhere but the right place at the right time." I informed her that my Ma's yellow hen would lay nowhere but in Ma's bed. The exchange of information on the idiosyncrasies of poultry brought a small boy from the kitchen. We recognised each other as class-mates and from then I had one opponent the less.

There were no servants in our home: they were luxuries of the "quality" in what Ma called the sooburbs. Ma cooked, and we cleaned up. My special job as I passed from a childhood of bronchitis to relative strength, with a knack of early rising, was to light the kitchen fire, and brush the floor while the kettle was boiling for breakfast. Da was away on long voyages, and the household had to be run on half-pay.

In my childish experience there came an event that linked necessity with some kind of thing (or perhaps person) that Ma called "Providence." At a time when Da was working on the Queen's Quay in connection with the unloading of coal, a "strike" came. The ins-and-outs of it were beyond me; but I had an idea that, as all the men I ever heard of were always anxious to be in work, there was something strange in their all refusing to work at the same time, something wrong, though my Da could not be wrong. I discovered, with a queer sickish feeling, that there was no half-pay for striking; and the need for money to buy things with made inroads on the savings-box into which Ma put pennies, and an occasional thrupennybit "for a rainy day." I knew there was a problem I had to face in the mysterious far-off time when I would be a man.

Then "Providence" appeared. I saw Ma go to the door of our house that opened on to the main road almost next door to a public house near the corner of Scotch Row—a dark and evil place in my imagination because of the "bad people" who lived in it, though why they were bad I do not remember, and can only surmise that their badness consisted in their not being decent Protestants. Ma's lips were moving as if she was saying a prayer, and she had a strained look on her usually "sonsy" face that hurt me because I surmised she was in trouble, and I had a vague idea that the bottom of the money-box had been reached. Then a man, not of the working-class, was hobbling by on a walking-stick. He looked at Ma, and suddenly stopped and said, "Do you keep lodgers, ma'am?" "I haven't kept any before," she said, "but I have a room I could make ready for you if you like." He came in, clumped upstairs, liked the room even though it was not ready, left some books till he would come back, and, without being asked, gave Ma two shillings as an advance on his "keep." When he went out Ma said, "Chile, that's Providence." But his real name was James Malone. He was the schoolmaster in a country village and precentor of the church choir, which I thought must be a wonderful thing to be. He visited Belfast frequently, and made our house his regular stopping-place for which he paid without stint, until after some time, perhaps years, he ceased coming, and disappeared from our knowledge.

The strike had opened my small mind to problems concerning the relationships of people who had money and people who hadn't, and had to get it by working for the people who had it; a very small opening at whatever fractional age I was.

The riots made another opening of a more subtle kind. Decent Protestants, like us, believed a number of things about God and heaven (and hell) and the Virgin Mary, and ministers and priests. I learned some of them in Sunday school. Roman Catholics (called with a curl of the lip Papishes) believed other things about them; and since what they believed was wrong, they had to be kept in their place. There had been some fuss about letting the Catholics have a march on Saint Patrick's Day. An Orangeman (the runnagate) had led an agitation in their favour,

and got them permission for the procession. The breaking of a long prohibition raised an interest in the event, and Ma and a neighbour woman went to see the fun, with me by the hand. March being a month celebrated for "many weathers," generally bad, snow came on, and the processionists had difficulty in playing on their fifes and drums. The neighbour woman said to Ma, "It's aisy seein' the Lord's a Protestant." The riots broke out periodically, and each side blamed the other for beginning them. The long procession of men from the Queen's Island shipbuilding yard to their homes at the end of the day's work were stoned, and naturally replied in a similar manner. The stoning spread to Ballymacarrett, and I can remember the shutting of the big window of our front room with a wooden shutter, and hearing the smack of bullets as the police fired at the rioters along the road.

My schooling was completed at twelve and a half. I reached the sixth class, and obtained all the education that a National School in Ireland could give. Thereafter came the problem of finding work for me. A very respected friend of my parents owned and ran a pawnshop on the other side of the town. It happened that he needed a small boy to look after the odds and ends of his home that was next door to the shop, and to learn the rudiments of his business. I was the God-given small boy.

And so I learned the way in which values were reduced or expanded, according to circumstances; the recording of transactions; the stacking of all sorts of articles of wear in racks in the upstairs rooms, and the placing of jewellery and the like in a safe; and the withdrawal for release of articles redeemed by their owners, etc. I also learned that men who delivered coal for the house were not as honest as they looked and sounded, and that a good way of keeping a check on them was to have sixteen matches in an unseen place, to be very busy apparently, and as each bag of coal was tumbled into the coal-hole to shift a match to another unseen place, and immediately report to the boss if the delivery ended at the fifteenth match and omitted the sixteenth bag that made a ton, so that the dray at the door in the back lane could be inspected for the missing bag . . . But my career as

a pawnbroker's understudy was cut short when my mother discovered what she called "outside passengers" on my clothes conveyed from the verminous materials with which I had to deal. My career towards wealth was terminated by her sense of cleanliness.

In a period of waiting for what might turn up, I attended night-classes in the school, at which I learned much about positive and negative things, and got so successfully through sound, light and heat, magnetism and electricity that I was able to make a "shocking-machine" that was good for my mother's rheumatism, and to rig up an electric bell from the head of her bed to the room where the family slept so that she could waken them to the day's duties without having to get up in the long dark mornings of the raw Belfast winter.

An advertisement in the evening paper sent my career off in another direction on a somewhat higher level than "Three balls." An apprentice was wanted by a firm (actually one elderly man with a beard) of ticket writers, that is, producers of cards in various shapes on which legends and prices were printed in shiny black, for shop counters and windows. I had then reached fourteen and was catalogued as "owld fashioned."

My first-year was without pay, my work being, in my employer's estimation, compensated by the training I got. This was mainly in the duties of a message-boy; and as the offices were on the fourth floor of a range of buildings in Royal Avenue, I had the special pleasure of sliding down the shiny top of the bannisters of the stairs to the ground without a stop (when nobody was on the stairs) as the turns from floor to floor were conveniently rounded for the use of more or less small boys. "Filling in" with glossy ink the mottoes and names and figures that the artist ran out in dull-black outlines with a rapidity that amazed me, occasionally came my way between messages. This increased in frequency in the second half of the year when my pay jumped to two shillings a week. Messages had a special attraction for me, as the delivery of finished jobs to various shops made pleasant acquaintances. One of these was a high-up man in the Bank Buildings, which

was what later was known as a departmental store; a Mr. Milligan, who had what I privately regarded in my almost fifteen year-old mind as a distinction, but others regarded as a black mark on his alleged Protestantism—a red-haired daughter who was reputed to be a red-headed Nationalist, Alice by name.

My apprenticeship as a ticket-writer ended with the first year. Something in the materials used got into my head and "pipes" (my mother diagnosed), and increased my bronchial tendencies; the daily stooping over my work increased a concave turn in my chest. A change of occupation was necessary. I had ambitions beyond lending money on the security of articles of dress and adornment, and beyond filling-in words and figures for shop-windows and counters. Between jobs, something put me on the track of learning shorthand. In six months I was able to write a hundred words a minute and transcribe with almost complete accuracy. The study and practice of Pitman became an enthusiasm with me, and some impulse from within to give what I learned to others caused me to have classes (honorary) for my chums two nights a week in my home, when every available foot of space, including the stairs, was taken up with boys learning "p, b, ch, j, etc." But "taking down" and "transcribing" were, I came to realise later, something less than half of what shorthand brought to me. The larger half was a knowledge of the phonetic qualities of speech, and the relationships of words and their richness and variety of meaning. A sixpenny dictionary became the first book of my library. Also, shorthand had altered a poor memory into a quick and retentive one, not only by the learning of the system but by a way of speed-practice that I had adopted—the memorising of chapters of the Bible and paragraphs by noted writers that I wrote many times in shorthand until I could put them down legibly at a good speed.

A job as office-boy was found with a firm that imported coal, ran summer excursion steamers to Bangor, twelve miles down the Belfast Lough, and owned a foreign-going ship. I seemed to be getting to the hereditary avocation of the "salt

water." Duty began with copying letters in the now old-fashioned screw-press before typewriters and carbons came into vogue, indexing the copies, and keeping guard-books of invoices and receipts. But my passage up the ladder was not slow. The usefulness of my ability to write shorthand was discovered by my employers. I became office correspondent, a quite new post, with a rise of pay to 10/- a week, and a typewriter specially bought for my use.

Some power outside my own volition had brought me into friendship with a girl whose personality and disposition attracted me into week-end walks and talks between Bangor and the mearings of Lord Dufferin's estate, Clandeboyne, on the shore of Belfast Lough. Mid-week visits developed, and might have led to the customary terminus some years hence if and when my "salary" had reached domestic proportions; but the ascendancy that the psychological forces of my nature had established over the physical and sentimental forces asserted themselves; and the discovery of an unbridgeable chasm between the interests of the young lady's mind and my own led to a cessation of our tentative relationship.

Through my connection with the Bangor boats I developed friendships that enabled me to extend my voyagings beyond the twelve-mile limit of Bangor. My desire for knowledge of the wide world evolved reasons for a trip across the Irish channel, and a passage in a collier was easily found as the various captains always showed kindly feeling for me. I acquired from a number of voyages such familiarity with the ways of the sea and seamen that I developed an appetite for hard food in fo'castles in the atmosphere of tarry ropes, adopted the roll that balancing on a swaying deck with legs apart puts into the gait, and substituted, for the street boots of city-dwellers, the long-topped "Wellingtons" that gave the suggestion of stormy seas and decks awash with solid green salt-water. By that time I was a two-years-published poet; and the centenary of the death of Robert Burns called me to the centre of a world-celebration and the unveiling of a life-size statue of Burns in a public place in the town he had immortalised in song. Some sense of poetical ritual gave me the

désire to be first to enter one's name in the visitors' book on that historical day. I was up long before dawn and at Burns' Cottage out in the country not long after the sun had first illuminated the flowers with which it had been decorated the previous day. The event, the morning air and the quick walk in growing daylight, extended my ambition beyond a mere signature and address; and by the time I reached the cottage I had a verse ready, and, in addition to being first in the visitors' book on the centenary, had the glow of pride in the fact that Keats and I had inscribed lines in the very room in which Burns had created lyrical gems.

I had got my "sea legs," and had shown the influence of my salt-water heredity in immunity from sea-sickness in all weathers. I was deemed eligible for a longer and more draughty and rickety voyage than I had hitherto taken, in a coasting steamer on which my father held a post. Half of the voyage was on "the rocky road to Dublin," but our first port was Waterford, almost the length of the east coast of Ireland and round a corner.

The quay became busy as the day advanced and merchandise was unloaded and loaded. And another kind of life showed itself when I took a walk along the quay and watched men on a dray pass from lamp-post to lamp-post and remove the glass lamps from their receptacles on top of the posts to the dray. Immediately behind the first dray was another from which men standing up to the middle in a load of shrubbery filled the empty lamp-frames with greenery. I learned from a passer-by that I was seeing politics. A meeting was to be addressed by a Nationalist leader. At a respectful distance behind the second dray came a third. Its driver kept a keen look-out ahead, and a man behind him lifted the greenery out of the lamp-frames and stacked it on the dray. This was the opposition, disapproving of the other side. I did not know then that I was seeing the beginnings of disruption between champions of the same cause, the cause of Irish freedom, disruption that was to pass from lamp-post decorations and "tongue-thrashing" to civil war. I had a secret understanding of what they were aiming at; but I was not sufficiently versed in the ways of humanity to grasp the sense of



people who wanted the same thing quarrelling over details of ways of getting it.

Our next port of call was Cork. All I knew of it in advance was a joke and a poem. One man asked another : " Have you ever seen Cork ? " The other, accustomed to bar counters, replied : " No, but I've seen drawings of cork." The poem had a refrain to the effect that

The Bells of Shandon

They sound so grand on

The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

The joke had an emphasis that jarred on my teetotal soul when I walked along a street on the quay-side that consisted of nothing but public-houses, each of which had its customers, ragged, bloated, bleary-eyed men, for whom corks were being drawn. Though the waters of the River Lee were not as pleasant as the poem said, I found Shandon Church, but was not in time to hear the bells.

In this phase of my life, some time before eighteen, the expansion of knowledge and experience of the outer things of life appears, in retrospect, to have held the inner in abeyance. I had moved towards the horizon of thought and feeling in which I was brought up ; but I was still away from the world of unfettered thinking and inclusive sympathy. Yet something was going on behind my mind. Philosophy and psychology were unknown to me, as indeed they were to all the denizens of my world. References in sermons to some dreadful thing called evolution, and sarcastic allusions to a scientist called Darwin as proving by his personal appearance that at least he, but certainly nobody else, had descended from monkeys, did not mean much to me. A young minister became famous for the pulpit innovation of quoting poems by somebody called Kipling, who was apparently a very superior man, as he stood up for our Empire, and gave reasons why we should put a shilling each year on the collecting card for Foreign Missions and particularly for taking the light to the darkness of the heathen in India. But these things did not touch anything inside me. I was feeling blindly and without guidance towards what

I came later to understand as realisation of one's true self and its relationship to the world around it and the infinitude of worlds that I had learned from a book on astronomy (Proctor's) to see in the starry heavens on frosty nights. I had contradictions to resolve. I can see myself, a lad, making a diagonal short-cut across High Street through the busy traffic of trams, "jaunting-cars," lorries, and handcars. Apropos of nothing that I can recall, I saw myself as the conscious centre of a universe, my universe, with everything around me shading off in lines towards a circumference beyond sight and hearing. Somebody's eyes caught mine; and I saw that it was the centre of *its* universe, and that I was but an element within its invisible circumference, as it was within mine. Before long (perhaps a second or two) my head was a whirl of circles interweaving and overlapping, larger circles including lesser circles—families, communities, nations, worlds. But I was not intimidated by incalculable multiplicity. By some process of the mind I realised the interdependence of each conscious centre on all the others in a vast simplicity of dependence on a conscious centre whose circumference went round and over and under us all. I could not tell my parents of my vision. They believed in the visions written of in the Bible; but those outside the Bible who professed to have visions were impostors. But I knew I had discovered something real. To them, reality was something in a Book, and two thousand years old. I knew it to be everywhere, and now. But that was heresy. So I kept to myself a great assurance in the presence of uncertainties, and a deep peace in the midst of animosities.

My mother was what was believed to be a "good Christian," and consigned all Popish superstitions and those who believed in them to "the bad place." But she had her own private beliefs outside the strict Wesleyan canon. One belief was prophetic dreams. This faculty I shared with her; and her symbolical interpretations, though neither of the apocalyptic order nor derived from penny dream-books, had the curious knack of coming true. Dreams of picking up a pocket handkerchief, wearing a new tie, bursting a button, breaking a shoe-lace, meant

expansions or contractions in my career which duly came about. The climax, beyond which nothing else seemed possible, came with a dream of mine of being dressed up in a complete new rig-out, from patent-leather shoes to silk hat ; the latter being a final hopelessly beyond our social rank. "Well, son," my mother said, "that bates me. But I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you were in a new situation before long." In two or three days destiny appeared. A sailing ship had returned from a long voyage with surplus stores which were to be transferred to a ship for which my employers were agents. I was sent to the offices of the incoming ship to get a list of the stores. The chief clerk began reading it slowly for me to write into a notebook. I asked him to go quicker . . . and still quicker. He looked at my notebook. "I say, boy, you're writing shorthand ! Can you read it ?" I demonstrated. Something occurred to him. "Would you like a new job ?" "I am happy were I am, and I would have to ask my mother." "Wait a minute." He disappeared and returned. "You know Mr. Dan is to be Mayor of the town next year, and he'll need a private secretary. Come and see him." I followed him to an inside office, and stood before a man I knew to be Mr. Daniel Dixon, head of a large firm of ship-owners and timber merchants. He took my size with his eye, and my intelligence with questions. . . . "He's just the lad we want," he said to the clerk. "We'll give him a hundred (pounds) a year," and to me : "Go and ask your mother, and you can start work on the first of next month." My mother took the matter as Providential, with a rise of four times my salary, and a situation of importance that necessitated a more prominent pew for the family in the church, and a house in a more respectable street. The dream of a complete change of occupation, symbolised by a new suit of clothes, had fulfilled itself ; but the silk hat had to remain to the interpretation of the future.

Aptness in correspondence on my part, and a total lack of literary expression on Mr. Dan's, conspired to lift me out of the rut of mediocrity and the mechanical transcription of other people's words that I had begun to suspect, in my previous job, to be the limitation of shorthand and typewriting as a specialization.

To the learning of shorthand I owed an initiation into the use of language that rapidly and richly expanded my power of expression. But I was not sure that shorthand owed anything but a derivative clerk's job to me. Happily Mr. Dan and I were quick to see our mutual service. He needed someone to make up the speeches that, as Mayor, he had to deliver at banquets, clubs, societies, and occasionally as official host to visiting politicians of eminence. (And I saw the way to a higher use of my capacities than declining invitations and keeping an engagement book. Of the political dignitaries whom I saw or heard during my secretaryship with the Mayor I have only a vague memory and no records. A fairly clear image of a bulky figure, with hair and beard that seemed to indicate a philosopher or scientist rather than a politician, reminds me that I managed somehow to get into the Ulster Hall and heard Lord Salisbury address a packed multitude. The speech caused some sensation that I do not remember. It may have had to do with utterances ("twenty years of resolute rule" . . . "and don't hesitate to shoot . . . ") that were taken to lay bare the naked barbarism of the attitude of England to Ireland, and that were said to make more sworn foes to the former in an hour than years of coercion had done. As one of a procession of various associations, I caught a heavy cold from a long wait in a street and a long march whose saluting point was a platform at which sat a man with a lofty forehead and a quiet smile, who was later to earn, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, the title "bloody Balfour," and whose handwriting in letters to the Mayor necessitated a conference of heads of departments for its deciphering, with myself as recorder of the interpretations.

The making of the Mayor's speeches occasionally necessitated research, from which I profitted more than he did, as it introduced me to new phases of knowledge, and trained my capacity of grasping and condensing details. Five minutes was his maximum allowance for a speech. "Everybody knows I can't make speeches, so what's the good of pretending." My first attempt at rhetoric was nipped in the bud. "Nobody would believe I made that. Say, 'Ladies and Gentlemen: As you all

know . . . we are assembled here this afternoon'—or whatever it is . . . Something like that . . . plain words . . ."

So his utterances went into a couple or three squares of paper, two inches by two, in typewriting, that he held below the speaker's table in his left hand while the fingers of his right hand teased out his iron-grey beard. During the two years briefly summarised the town of Belfast reached 100,000 inhabitants, at which figure it became a City, and its Chief Magistrate was no longer addressed as "Mr. Mayor" but as "My Lord Mayor," and "Mr. Dan" became "Sir Daniel Dixon, Baronet." Nothing happened to myself except additional work and new acquaintances.

During my two years' engagement with the Mayor and Lord Mayor my extra-curricular education underwent considerable expansion. On the physical side I found cycling not only time-saving between home and duty, but conducive to health through exercise and Saturday-afternoon excursions. I began on a solid-tired tricycle, and nearly ended my career by a ninety-mile ride with a chum on an estimate of two hours out, two for tea and rest, and two back, from 3 to 9 o'clock. But my delicacy of physique, the heaviness of the three-wheeler that required extra exertion to keep up with the two-wheeler, the stripping off of one of my tires which caused long delay and the borrowing of bits of twine at roadside cottages to tie it on with, and frantic pursuit in darkness by a dog, extended our return home to the morning hours. A hot drink (lemon) by a sympathetic if moralising mother and a long lie in bed on Sunday postponed my demise.

On the physical side also I began lessons in boxing, for what reason, if any, I cannot recall. I fancy I was feeling my way out of delicacy (bronchitis, laryngitis and dyspepsia being its chief features) towards health. My teacher, Tom Boyce, was a noted boxer and coach, but I did not become one of his successes. He tied big gloves over my hands, showed me how to "square up," and invited me to hit him—anywhere. But he seemed to become all hands, for wherever I aimed, a glove stopped mine. I tried jumping round him, but he said he didn't teach dancing. I was to stand still, and stop his glove from hitting me. I stopped one

—against my face, and went to the floor seeing an impossible number of stars in a state of violent agitation in front of me. I did not take a second lesson.

An attempt to become a violinist had an almost equally quick end. I managed to get through two lessons . . . and went on to the playing of "God save the Queen" under my own tuition with the aid of a sixpenny book on how to play the fiddle. I saved half a sovereign and paid it to an eminent tenor who was also a teacher of voice-production, Louis Mantell, who knew me as having been the office boy to my previous employer with whom he was on drinking terms. He was generous in his instruction, and put me on Emil Benkhe's exercises (koo-koo-koo-koo-koo, oo, oh, ah, etc.) with such emphasis that my mother had frequently to lure me from ten minutes' practice taken from my dinner hour (1 to 2 o'clock) at the American organ in the parlour of our most recent removal to a respectable house in a very respectable locality, The Mount, Mountpottinger, near the birth-place of General Sir Henry Pottinger, where later the dramatist, St. John Ervine, was born. "Will you quit your 'koo-koo'-in'," she would say, "an' come for your dinner that's goin' cowl on the table." The economic stage at which father's trousers passed down from son to son with skilful adaptations to diminished size was in the far past. George was a clerk in an office, and told us stories of how, when he lost anything, he asked his mind before he went to sleep to find it for him, and next morning went straight and got it. Occasionally he said "pomes" to us that he had made up. Tom was learning "the cartin' business", that was destined to be ruined by the war of 1914-18, when he had become one of its owners. Willie was beginning to learn carpentry, that led him into the Directorship of Technical Education in large areas of County Londonderry. Our early joint earnings went without deduction to our mother and made us "comfortable." But the thrift-habit in which we had been brought up stuck to us. Economics and health and art coincided when my singing-practice, which called for deep breathing in an erect attitude that affected all my movements, had made my waistcoat tight on my chest. I had been hollow-chested and

round-shouldered from my babyhood, I was told, but my "koo-koo"-ing had started a movement in the opposite direction. Buttons were shifted by mother . . . and again shifted . . . and when they reached the extremest possibility and further shifting was out of the question, fate had to be accepted. "Well, son, I'm not sorry your chest is improvin', but I'm afraid there's nothin' for it but a new waistcoat. This one will do George or Tom in the cowl weather."

The expiration of Sir Daniel Dixon's two years of office as Mayor and Lord Mayor, and an antipathy on my part to being absorbed into the mechanical routine of the general office, left me free to follow a growing desire to be a teacher; and as Belfast prided itself on being a practical city, my subjects were shorthand, typewriting and office procedure, in which I had had a good training though no text-book knowledge. In partnership with a friend of similar training and limitation, the firm of Cousins and Clarke opened an "Institute" (a room and a small annexe, but with an imposing bay-window over a busy thoroughfare), and a few pupils turned up. I edited the "Irish Phonographic Bulletin" and wrote the contents in shorthand for lithographic reproduction, a process which I followed with growing expertness monthly. In addition to the technique of lithography I learned some rudimentary law necessary to would-be journalists, to wit, that truth may be a libel; for which knowledge I had to pay twice twenty pounds for writing what I knew to be the truth about two other shorthand teachers. My ability as a verbatim reporter became useful in adding to the slender tutorial income of the firm. I had to report secretly an open-air sermon by a preacher suspected of views deemed dangerously heterodox by his church. This involved a long summer-Sunday detour in the country, ending on my stomach in lush grass behind a hedge, through which, and innumerable insects in all parts of my body and eyes and ears, I could hear the preacher's utterance. The firm got a guinea for the job; and as the preacher did not advertise Hell as being any cooler than it ought to be for those who did not believe as the particular church required, he was acquitted. A Scotch preacher Rev. Andrew Black, tall, striking, with long black hair that

belonged properly to a poet, visited Belfast, and I was employed to give verbatim transcripts of his extemporaneous prayers. One remains in my memory : " Abide with us, O Lord, for it is to'rds ev-en-ing, and the day is farr spent." It sounded, in the preacher's deep voice and heathery burr, quite impressive ; more like a performance, my growing critical mind suggested, than a petition. Local newspapers called me for a place in special turn-reporting when important political or ecclesiastical persons visited the city. In a crush I " took " an hour's address when staff reporters were on other work, and afterwards, in the small hours of the morning, dictated the address in sections to the reporters, Hints of a staff appointment reached me ; but something in me revolted from the drinking that was general on the press, and the easy way in which a man could transfer his allegiance from one political organ to its opponent. I decided not to be a professional journalist.

I was engaged for a week as secretary to Charles Coborn who had made a kind of fame that bewildered and annoyed me by singing through the music halls of Great Britain and Ireland the degrading drivel entitled " The Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." He was a shortish thickish man of humour that was partly mordant and partly pawky, the proportion favouring the pawky, in a deep Scottish voice, his baptismal name being Colin Macalpine. He dictated, and I transcribed in plain long-hand ; typewriters had not yet impressed comedians.

In order to qualify myself fully as a teacher of Pitman's shorthand I went all the way of London to stand examination for a certificate. I broke journey at Leeds and bought a silk hat which I understood was necessary to cross London Bridge without comment. I also got a photograph of self-in-topper for publication if and when I won the certificate. For relaxation I took myself to a circus performance in the Crystal Palace. A " Review of the Nations " included Ireland as a conventional stage-Irishman riding round the ring on a pig shouting, " Begorra, bejapers, bedad, and hurroo " with a detestable Cockney accent. Something in me went wild. I jumped to my feet and protested loudly that the item was a lie and a gross libel on people that were as good as anybody



there. I was "shooed" into red-hot silence by those around me in the vast audience. Grandfather Dillon had a great time; and I returned to my orange environment in Belfast as green as grass, determined to do one man's work towards ridding the stage of such low caricatures of my people. . . . Shortly after my return to Belfast a wire told me that I had "passed with honours." My photograph-in-topper appeared in a daily newspaper. "Your dream's out now," my mother said; and I remembered the new suit and silk hat that had all but fulfilled itself in my promotion to being private secretary to Mr. Dan.

New work as head of the shorthand, typewriting and business department of the Belfast Mercantile Academy was regarded as good, but I had glimpses of something beyond, some largeness of vision and action to which my daily work could not stretch without breaking. (To find the entrance to that larger life became the secret intention of my will. It was the poet in me that found the way.)

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## CHAPTER II

### TIME AND PLACE

(M. E. C.) My natal hour was alluded to as abnormal, for at midnight on November 7, 1878, when my grandmother was called from the other end of the town of Boyle in the County of Roscommon, to help to usher me on to this planet, she had to plod through two feet of snow, in extraordinary cold, by the light of a paraffin lamp. I was the first child of my young, handsome and musical parents. They were deeply in love with each other, and I got a very loving welcome from them and all relations, I was afterwards told. Abundant energy and good health were mine—but not beauty. I got a reputation as a good wise child who could be trusted and who made original remarks. Everyone decided I had brains and could actually think for myself. To such bad effect did I act on the impulse of circumstance

that when I was about eight years old I innocently threw my leg across the saddle of my donkey when the stirrup of the lady's side-saddle broke. A friend of my father met me in this heterodox manner, and reported his amusement to my very proper papa. When I returned home I got well spanked for behaving in such an unladylike way, That was my introduction to the inequality of opportunity which then belonged to being a girl. I was born a natural equalitarian, and rebelled exceedingly from that early age against any differential treatment of the sexes.

Religion was a very practical technique of life then. Hell and fear of punishment bulked large in it. On the other side there was a faith in a loving Father which gave great security. I came most fully under this religious influence between twelve and fourteen when, after a series of evangelical services in a mission week, I determined to live a life dedicated to the service of God and humanity.

At mission prayer meetings I heard my beloved grannie take part in the services, and pray, preach and lead the singing as capably as any man; and her help was welcomed and appreciated. In that sphere therefore I was brought up to a freedom of all-round opportunity for women in that little western Ireland country town, a freedom which I missed in great cities regarded as progressive.

Everything concerned with grannie gave us the influence of culture: her love of flowers and nature in every aspect, her love of painting and pictures, her encouragement of the best music and literature. She much loved her only brother, Surgeon Major Loughed, who had served in the Crimean and Chinese wars; and the embroidered silk costumes, pieces of carved ivory, lumps of pink and white coral that he brought home, ravished our young eyes, and stirred in my young heart the longing to see the Far East and particularly India.

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There was hardly a day in the first sixteen years of my life when I was not unconsciously subjected to the cultural influence and romance which were the warp and woof of Ireland. Our daily walks took us "round the bridges" of the river on

the banks of which had been built in the eleventh century the handsome architectural pile, Boyle Abbey. It was always a magnet for my eyes, and a treat for my whole being, when I got a chance of going to the adjacent Abbey House, and obtaining the key of the old Abbey. I gloated on its large high arch in perfect preservation, its circular stairway in a high corner tower, its refectory, its quadrangle with a noble old walnut tree in the centre. It all exercised a powerful influence on my imagination. I knew about Queen Maeve and her palace at Cruachan some miles from my home. There were fairy raths (circular hillocks) on my father's lands which always raised my wonder. A beautiful lake had an island on which an old castle was the scene of a historic love-story like that of Hero and Leander. Boating on that lake, picnics on its islands, walks home from them in moonlight with our favourite boy-friends, are precious pictures in my gallery of youthful memories.

Our house was the centre of a row shaped like a crescent and so named. In front of it was a triangular space of common ground used for public purposes such as monthly fairs, merry-go-rounds, open-air political gatherings. Politics has been called "the national game of Ireland." It was the subject in which the Irish masses were most vividly interested; the struggle for freedom from alien domination. Balfour, Gladstone, were the powerful figures of the Conservative and Liberal sides of English politics. Charles Stuart Parnell, Dillon, O'Brien, Davitt, others, and lastly John Redmond, were the Irish names that dominated the swirls of patriotic emotion by which I was surrounded, and influenced from my tenth to my sixteenth year. My father used to get me to read to him the political news of those stormy times. Through this good custom I was brought up to understand "coercion laws," agrarian troubles, Home Rule Bills, Fenianism, the clash of Catholic and Protestant; and all my life through I have felt quite at home in politics. I remember watching Parnell speaking from a platform erected on the Crescent space, tall, bearded, frock-coated, pale, tense, masterful. Our parents forbade us children to go to such meetings or to look out of open windows; but from behind lace curtains I missed nothing

that could be seen, and later read what was unheard to my father from the newspaper.

A most exciting encounter registered itself on my young brain after the divorce case of Kitty O'Shea in which Parnell was co-respondent. The people of the country-side, officered by the priests, marched into the town to hold a meeting to denounce Parnell for immorality and repudiate his leadership. The town politicians remained faithful to Parnell, who had so long and ably led the Home Rule party. From our drawing-room window this precociously intelligent little girl excitedly watched the MacCarthyites, armed with shillelaghs, march in military formation up the steep Crescent street, while the Parnellites marched down to give them battle and prevent their meeting. A shrill whistle sounded, and a posse of policemen rushed from the barracks, crashed through the MacCarthyites, who were nearest to them, and made a double cordon of heavy constabulary between the opposing parties, who gradually withdrew before any fatalities occurred.

There used to be plenty of window-breaking in those times ; but I do not remember our windows ever being broken, though we were Protestants and Unionists and my father a Government official. For he was a man of great charm of manner and human kindness ; and in Ireland then the personal equation was more powerful than the party label. I belonged in my heart from the beginning to the fighters for freedom, and used often to steal to the shop-window of a very holy Catholic maiden lady who sold eggs and butter, and there gorge my eyes and emotions on the weekly caricatures in a paper from Dublin.

I got a good sound elementary education in a co-educational " National School " where French and piano lessons were given me by two cultured gentlewomen who made an impression for life on me by their cleverness and by their public service. I read voraciously. Once I got hold of a book I was dead to the world till it was finished. I was not a bit interested in dolls. I loved biography. The lives of women saints particularly attracted me, Saint Catherine and Saint Teresa particularly. My chief French story-book was a life of Joan of Arc. I announced that I

wanted to be a saint, but a "cheerful saint." I may not have achieved the sainthood, but I gained something of a reputation for cheerfulness; and the more difficult a struggle was the more cheerful I became. At thirteen I passed out of the lower school into what was called the "Intermediate School" of the town, co-educational, and ruled by a headmaster who was a half-genius and a pioneer in our town of the production and use of electricity. Through him I developed a love of science. In this school I won in open competition a scholarship tenable for three years. My noticeable talent for music had pointed out that I should specialise in it, and there was talk of my being sent to Leipzig. But the necessity to retain my scholarship put an end to plans for continental education. I had, instead, three years of all-round general education in a large boarding-school in Londonderry, passing my matriculation there. Residence amongst eighty girls between fourteen and twenty knocked the corners off my priggish provincialism, and developed my power of working in organised groupings of women.

Out of these formative years stands the memory of the game of hockey. My sister was captain of the best school team, and I played outside left wing. Our team used to visit school teams in other towns. I greatly enjoyed these excursions; also visits I made as pianist of our school orchestra. I was largely leader of the band, which fed my love of music, adventure and group activity. The "dim religious light" of the Sunday evening service in the old Derry Cathedral, its musical liturgy of men and boy voices, and the sevenfold Amen, deeply touched my emotional and romantic nature.

The four years that I spent in the boarding establishment of a good high school strengthened my independence of character, moulded me in the framework of community life, and through adjustment of myself with large numbers of assorted fellow students and teachers gave me an almost sixth sense in judging character and moving easily with people which has helped me all my life. A very proud day in my last school year was when, as a prefect, I was invited to tea in the city tuck-shop by the two exhibition winners of the Foyle College for Boys, and enjoyed

being honoured by the most brainy and the most entertaining of the men students of that year. The School had a fine library, and on week-ends I read bookshelves of classical novels. The first modern problem novel, which my father had himself put into my hands, was Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and it aroused in me a desire to do slum social service. In those early days also there was surreptitious reading that had some touch of the future. When my parents occasionally went away for the day I mounted a ladder and got to the forbidden top shelf of a book case, and gratified my mind with numbers of Stead's "Review of Reviews," especially a number that contained a character sketch of a remarkable woman, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and others that contained true ghost-stories.

I had accompanied a choral society in my home town as a semi-prodigy between thirteen and sixteen, playing choruses from "The Messiah," "Creation," "Zadok the Priest," and other oratorios and cantatas, and used to roam through Beethoven's first twelve sonatas and Chopin's mazurkas and waltzes. This gave me an unusual general knowledge of music at that relatively early age. My interpretation and understanding of the compositions and of the theoretical aspect of music made up for many deficiencies of technique ; and in the four years after I had passed my matriculation in the Derry Boarding School, and specialised in study for the Bachelor of Music degree of the Royal University of Ireland, I usually found myself second in music competitions : the absence of hard grinding from four to five hours a day was too great a handicap in stiff competitions in virtuosity.

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### CHAPTER III

## THE LARGER LIFE

(J. H. C.) The actual beginnings of poetry in me go back to early boyhood. Being a product of side-streets, but with an oceanic and hill-top mind, I mixed up the shamrock with ivy. But the aroma

of a childish, intuitive and prophetic patriotism comes vaguely to me. The first attempt at verse was about the "dear emerald isle" in which "the ivy had its birth." The Muse did not return to me until I was nineteen. Indeed I was not classical enough to know that there was a Muse, and that he, she or it, had been away. I took a chum to spend a week-end with me at the seaside home of a relative. A visitors' book was produced for a motto and signature. The chum took such a long time over his contribution that I looked to see what was wrong, and found to my astonishment that he was "a bit of a poet." Some "bit" in myself determined to rise to the occasion, and I squeezed out six lines in which "Lizzie" rhymed with "busy." The said Lizzie was elderly and a spinster; and by some magic on her part or courtesy on ours, was the subject of our two "poems." A younger daughter of the old father expressed envy, and, relying on a newly discovered power, I promised to write a poem to her when I returned home. I kept the promise, but I did not keep the poem. Despite "sandy" hair and bright eyes, the inevitable did not happen.

The writing of poems, which now became the main interest of my life, required a place of retirement from my three brothers who made a crowd and considerable noise in the parlour. So I was given a table and chair in the attic under the skylight, and it was there that fame of a sort found me. My knowledge of poets and poetry was small: I was unaware of the fact that an attic was the right place for a poet to start his career in.

A Free Public Library had been built in the centre of the city. On an upper floor an art-gallery had been begun. A special exhibit was a small copy of the statue of Robert Burns that I had seen unveiled in Ayr on his centenary. I was much touched by the work. I was also much hurt when I found that the statue was not paid for. I longed for some poet to stir the imagination of the people. Something said inside my head, "Why not do it yourself?" I imagined a conversation between the Auld Brig of Ayr and the Long Bridge of Belfast leading up to finance. I send the poem to the Secretary of the Burns Statue Committee. He acknowledged it, and said it was courageous but too long for

its purpose. I should write a shorter but less imaginative piece. While I was busy in my upstairs office as private secretary to Sir Daniel Dixon, translating into secretarial terminology such orders as—"send that fellow ten shillings," "Tell *him* to go to the Devil," and others, I found moments in which to put together lines of a direct nature on Burns and his poetry, of which, by that time, I knew a good deal. The day after I sent it to the Secretary, I heard a step outside my office door that did not seem to know its way about. I opened the door to see if I could help. A tall elderly man in frock-coat with silk hat in hand asked where he could find Mr. Cousins. I presumed from his Scotch burr that he was the Burns secretary. When I confessed my identity he grasped my hand; and solemnly said, "My boy, you've been inspired." The end of it was that the verses were simultaneously printed in newspapers all over the three Kingdoms, with a footnote that the statue was not fully paid for. Before long the balance came in. I awoke and found myself happily not too famous, but accepted in Scottish circles as a "rising young poet"—and a visitor in the cultured home of Mr. and Mrs. James Dewar, the teetotal manager of a wholesale whiskey firm.

But occasional verse did not satisfy my new poetical impulse. It was all right for a steamer to be lost and all hands, some of whom were known to me, and for the daughter of a business friend to die. Such events had to be celebrated, I had learned from dippings into books of poetry. (But I felt out towards something larger; and destiny either inspired the feeling or conspired towards its fulfilment. My interest in matters outside the ordinary, and my ability in saying what I wanted to say, and more particularly in saying what the Lord Mayor wanted or needed to say but could not, took me into places and activities where normally my youth would have been a barrier.) A Trade Congress was held in the art gallery. At a *conversazione* by the Lord Mayor I was a general helper. John Burns, then a Labour star, attended. His posture, with legs apart like a sailor on a rolling deck, hands in the pockets of his reefer jacket, and sharp eyes fixed miles away through the opposite buildings over a piratical black beard, as he stood at the door over the thoroughfare of



Royal Avenue, did not invite attention from me or anyone else. Keir Hardie was different; gently alert and kindly. He conceded a message for the shorthand magazine of which I was editor. But the unconscious agent in the development of another soul's expression was the owner of a group of newspapers in north England, or perhaps or also in Scotland, Sir John Leng, who asked me the meaning of a small water-colour painting that was one of the exhibits of the gallery, "The Rout of the MacGillmore on Ben Madighan," by John Vinycomb. Not knowing what the MacGillmore or who Ben Madighan was, but seeing that the picture showed war on a mountain, I hazarded the opinion that the subject was about something in Scotland among the clans, where there were a number of Bens. He said there was no Ben Madighan in Scotland; and as there was no more knowledgeable person present on the occasion we left the matter. Next day I discovered the artist and acquired a book that told me the story of ancient clan-life on the hill above the city, that I had known as the Cave Hill and now learned was, in its native Irish, called Ben Madighan. The book was "Corby MacGilmore," by Sir Samuel Ferguson, Keeper of the Records of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin, a citizen of Belfast a generation or more previously, known (but not to me until then) as the Irish Wordsworth and the Father of the Irish Literary movement. Thereafter I spent as many hours as I could on trams to the foot of the Hill and tramps to the top, 1400 feet up, to study *in situ* the story of love and war and the impacts of Christianity on a Pagan clan that in conversions and christenings preserved their right arms from baptism into the new religion so as not to lose their power to fight. The romance of the Hill possessed my imagination so fully that I put the story into 404 lines, one section of which was in the Spenserian stanza which I must have picked up from book or magazine,

Within a year I had written enough verse to fill a small book. Friends turned up helpfully, and I published, by subscription, a one-thousand edition of "Ben Madighan and other Poems" in 1894. The solemnity of the hundred-page book, its prefaces and conclusion, its unnecessary illustrations, all but two from stock-blocks, its notes and footnotes, and its photo-frontispiece

of the author, signature and all, bear witness to an appalling seriousness. The book was received as the first modern poetry to come out of the unpoetical commercial city of Belfast. What gives me cold shivers as I read the dreadfully juvenile book is the religious ideas that appear to have governed my thought and expression at nineteen: heaven for the "saved" (the Wesleyan Methodists and perhaps a few other brands of Protestants), Hell for the "lost" (all Papists and some not too good Protestants). The survival of these ideas in my first verses seems to me now to have been a concession to custom or a mental attitude accepted to be proper to poetry. All the same, some lesion in my make-up prevented a full collaboration of my inside self, as I privately knew it, and my outside self, as my friends knew it. I had not the learning to know that the discovery of these two aspects of my life was of crucial importance and would ultimately lead me to spiritual liberation. But something was developing inside. My artistic doubts on Hell were substantiated by a bookworm who said to me: "You will find, when you study Christian history, that Hell is an invention of the Middle Ages.". The information relieved my mind. It removed the incubus from whose threat I had wakened in a cold sweat a number of times in my childhood; a result, I found later, of criminal intimidation of the child-mind, and its effective revolt against the distortion of its intuitions to fit into the barbarous falsehoods of its seniors: the information also left God somewhere in the region of reality and freed of a doubt. There were other doubts, however. Against the exasperating frustration of life through poverty and restriction of opportunity for ability the Church could only offer the humiliation of charity and the hope of a happy hereafter "over there." The prospect of miserable insecurity between then and hereafter stirred me to enquiry. "The Clarion" and Robert Blatchford's books took me through an unofficial education in economics to an intellectual agnosticism nourished by him and the scientific determinists in the sixpenny reprints of the Rationalist Press. My secret scriptures became "The Riddle of the Universe," "The Origin of the idea of God," and similar books. Huxley gripped me by

his clear exposition of scientific discovery and its theological implications. When writers were attacked from the pulpit I went on the hunt for their books, and thus found Darwin and the evolutionists and Matthew Arnold and "sweetness and light" It took five years longer to get my universe on to its pivot. These things were going on within me when my first book came out, but did not get into expression. The book disturbed no hornets. Rather it aroused much appreciation—not as poetry, for it had none, and there was no one in my world who knew the difference any more than myself; but because, in a city in which, as far as I then knew, literature was a subject in Queen's College but nowhere else, a writer had apparently arrived, and had lifted the self-respect of the city by transforming the commonplace Cave Hill into the historical and romantic Ben Madighan. For the less than a thousand people who possessed the book, and perhaps read it, tens of thousands read the local reviews. A new house was christened "Ben Madighan Villa." The name was given to a new road. The "Ben Madighan Collar" appeared in a shop window—and I bought one without disclosing the buyer's identity for the sake of the name stamped inside it. And a chemist brought me a present of a dozen bottles of "Ben Madighan Bloom," a perfume that he said was largely extracted from the flowers on the hillside shown on the label with a verse from the poem under it. The book firmly established me at home. My mother's advice had been: "Put your han' on your head, son, an' ask God to you sense. Will your poetry ever earn you a shillin'?" When "The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine" sent me a postal order for *ten* shillings for a poem on "The Gulf Stream," and I presented it to my mother to buy something for herself with it, she said: "Well son, maybe there's more in poetry than I thought."

Of the pupils who passed through my hands in the Belfast Mercantile Academy to situations in which they earned more in a week than I did in a month, one became the instrument of destiny. Louis J. McQuilland was a short, thin, sallow individual, of the steam-engine type with smoke-stack perpetually going in front and walking-stick whirling like a fly-wheel. Though family

means were behind him, he desired to become useful by learning shorthand, and having a bent towards literature (the latest book out was always under his oxtter) he gravitated to my reputation as a poet. He was five years older than I, and had a style derived from much reading that I could not claim. Between classes we exchanged verses, read the latest piece by Richard Le Gallienne (Elegy on Robert Louis Stevenson) or William Watson's threnody on Lord Tennyson, and helped one another into critical consciousness and opinion. One day Louis J. came to my classroom (where I taught and fed at the same table, and between times practised singing on the American organ that stood in a corner for Sunday use) and threw a small square book on my desk, saying: "Read *that*." The title was "Homeward Songs by the Way" by someone who used the initials A. E., published in Dublin. I read the little book through in an interval, and went on fire with the realization that immortal poetry had been given to Ireland. Our own attempts at verse were as nothing beside this voice that uttered from behind the curtain of anonymity the most profound ideas and experiences in exquisite verse. We gloated together over the poems. We spread the good news among the small group of poetry-lovers whom he had found, including a hair-cutter in Smithfield market who wrote verses in the manner of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, to whose poetry Louis J. had introduced me.

Our growing circle of literary friends soon developed club-consciousness, and called itself the "Kit Kat" for no more profound reason than that there had been a Kit Cat Club in London 250 years before. Major Samuel K. Cowan, both by years, reputation, and social position, was leader, and through his friendship lifted me out of the gaucherie of my surroundings into the grace of good manners and ease with those of the "upper classes." Other members of the Club were, Robert Crombie, a bank clerk, who had become famous by a Jules Verne type of novel, "The Crack of Doom;" William M. Knox, a one-eyed propagandist of atheism and socialism; Louis J. McQuilland between the seniors and juniors celebrating Queen Anne snuff-boxes in Austin Dobson verse. Of the juniors the nearest seniority

was John Justin Pender, the stylish son of a popular woman novelist, authoress of "The Green Cockade" and other national books that I devoured to the great delight of the ghost of grandfather Dillon. There were others such as W. J. Lawrence, whiskey traveller and Shakespeare student.

A special adventure of the Club hitherto unknown in the history of Belfast, was the publication of a book of poems by six of the members: hence, "Sung by Six," the singing six being Cowan, Knox, McQuilland, Pender, Anderson, Cousins. I write from memory as my only copy was long since "borrowed." The contents were, as I recall them through long study, goodish average minor verse. There was a doubt about a poem in praise of ladies of not too severe virtue by the virgin youth, Anderson. I, who would not have known port from starboard in the matter of liquids, wrote in praise of wine. The book was well received, too well, unfortunately, in respect of myself, for my elevation by reviewers over a senior cooled him to the Club. I also cooled because of what I felt to be the irrelevant and progressive degradation of it by alcohol. The Club had found a convenient meeting-place in a hotel where drinks could be had on tick. The bill, I was told later, rose beyond the patience of the owner, a certain Mr. Hicks, who ultimately threatened, if he did not actually institute, proceedings. Louis J. celebrated the "liquidation" of the Kit Kat Club in a poem entitled "Hung by Hicks." Most of the original members have tomb-stones now. Louis J. went to London, and, helped by the shorthand I had taught him, became Private Secretary to John Redmond, the Leader of the Irish Party in the House of Commons. A subsequent book of verse of mine drew from him a protest against "the cloven hoof of moral purpose" which he detected in my work, the said hoof being out of place in poetry which is "a decorative Art." The criticism did not intimidate me. He also told me in a letter that he had joined a club of young writers, apropos of which he said: "Keep your eye on a young man called Gilbert Chesterton. He will go far." He did, but Louis J. did not.

McQuilland had taken me towards AE and destiny. Pender took me towards Yeats and his share in the intention of the planets.

Pender's home was somewhere under Ben Madighan, and I became a caller. Though my upbringing did not permit me just then to yield full honours to Catholics, I made almost a complete concession in the case of his gracious and highly intelligent mother. At the Pender home on a memorable occasion I heard rumours of an Irish poet who had preceded the Kit Kats and made a reputation in London with a long poem about an ancient Irish Bard who managed to get to Fairyland and back. The poet, it was said, was very tall, long-haired in front, wore a velvet jacket with braided edges, and though thin had a large appetite. With the new poet was associated a lady said to be equally tall, with hair as golden as his was raven, handsome as Venus, and enthusiastically Irish. They were somewhere in Ireland, and this fact seemed to my imagination to send the country up an octave. There were hints of impending literary happenings in Dublin; and my literary desires began to look southwards. AE had already happened. I got to know that W. B. Yeats (for he was the poet referred to) was born in Dublin in 1865, and in 1889, at 24, had become famous in London for "The Wanderings of Oisín" which he had written about 22. AE was two years younger than Yeats and had published "Homeward" in 1894. The lady was Miss Maud Gonne.

Parallel with these developments in my literary life was a growing connection with a movement for the resuscitation of the Irish language. A man approaching middle age who was reputed to have travelled much and to be an immensely learned person lectured on behalf of the movement. In a small hall I was fascinated by his keen eye and walrus moustache and enthusiasm. In strict secrecy I allied myself with the Gaelic League and began the study of Irish. I began to discover new friends then and thereafter: Francis Joseph Bigger, lawyer and archaeologist; Dr. St. Clair Boyd, medico and student of Irish history and language; and the red-haired daughter of the Bank Buildings man, Alice Milligan; also the man of the keen eye and walrus moustache, Dr. Douglas Hyde, a County Roscommon Protestant who became the loved President of the Irish Free State (afterwards Eire), virtually the constitutional sovereign of a Catholic country.

In 1896 I spent much of my small spare cash in special letter-paper, envelopes and stamps on applications for situations in Dublin advertised in "The Irish Times." My enthusiastic recommendations of myself for all kinds of office work resulted mainly in abysmal disappointments through silences or polite refusals in my stamped addressed envelopes. I got periodical attacks of a sickening sense of frustration and of fierce anger against a stupid and rigid social system that had no way of putting individual capacity and high desire in touch with means for its fulfilment. I sought no sympathy from my literary acquaintances. Something in AE's verses touched a need in me that was deeper than the merely literary value put on them by local opinion. I sensed in them a reality that was in affinity with a reality I vaguely fumbled for; realisation, not speculation. Home gave me no help. My mother had a shrewd wisdom; my father was pious; but their second or third-hand thoughts and their sectarian prejudices had grown repulsive to me, though I kept the repulsion to myself rather than add to their half-expressed unhappiness at my friendliness with "papishes." My brothers were moving in their own directions. My mind and imagination were of a different order; and, for all our family unity and parental affection, I was dreadfully alone.

An influence in my effort to find freedom of life, besides the positive literary desire, was the negative fact that my work in the "Academy" was financially futile, and my terms with the Principal were such that, no matter how much my department expanded, my income remained steadily at little above zero. A hint to the Principal (who was also the owner) that I could do with additional income gave him some thought for a few days. The result was (with the hand-washing mannerism that irritated me) the great idea that I should join the Young Men's Christian Association and become organist at certain devotional meetings, and thus get additional pupils and perhaps an evening class in the Association. At the idea of debasing a humanitarian service to a means of profit, mainly for him, something arose in me and gave him a metaphysical "black eye;" and behind my polite exterior a determination to get out of the horrible mess of hypocrisy

and mercenariness became the leading impulse in my activities.

And all the time poetry was with me. Week-end excursions took me into nature and its suggestions and consequent verses. A short holiday took me to an unfrequented part of the County Down under the guidance of a local schoolmaster. On my confession of an interest in ruins he took me to Mahee Island on Strangford Lough. We examined the stump of one of the famous round towers, traces of extensive foundations, and the remains of a mediaeval castle. Enquiry discovered that the Abbey of Oendrium (Irish, single ridge) had been founded by Saint Mochaid (Mahee) in the fifth century, and become a renowned centre of religion and education until the Danish pirates (tenth to twelfth centuries) despoiled it. After the Danish incursions it was affiliated with an English establishment, and in the fifteenth century was an obscure parish church. We unearthed a story of a bird that was a disguised angel who came to cheer Saint Mahee when building a church at a place known latter as Ballydrain (the townland of the black-thorn tree). When the bird's song ceased, three hundred years had passed. When the Saint returned to his island abbey he found a stone inscribed to his own memory. Some time afterwards I put the story into verse; and later still the poem was published in the "Ulster Journal of Archaeology," edited by Francis Joseph Bigger, because it happened that my "discovery" and celebration of the ancient monastery brought to light a historical foundation that had been lost through the similarity of its name (Oendrium) to that of an abbey of note in the County Antrim (corruption of Oendrium, single-ridge).

Two special poetical influences had come into my life. Someone had lent me a book of Swinburne's poetry; and my studies as a secret member of the Belfast Branch of the Gaelic League had revealed to me the information that much of the technical peculiarity of Swinburne's poetry had been anticipated probably two thousand years previously by the Bardic Order of Ireland whose members had evolved a set of intricate verse-forms, with rhymes medial as well as terminal, and with alliteration and assonance. I wrote a sonnet to Swinburne reminding him of this



piece of literary history. I put the sonnet in two rhymes (abba, abba ; (ababab). It took me some days to compose—and a fortnight to get rid of the headache it induced. From an ecclesiastical history (my reading was varied, but never trivial) I learned a legend of the pagan King Fergus who acquired a facial blemish in combat with a sea-monster, and was prevented from knowing of his blemish, which would have disqualified him for kingship, for some time. But the fact became known to him, and he fought and slew the monster, and regained his royal perfection of physique. The story showed me the danger of merely scotching evil things ; with the corollary of the regaining and retaining of human perfection only if and when evil is annihilated. But I had not yet attained the assurance or poetical ability to put my uncompromising personal view of life into literary expression. The story of King Fergus and the story of Saint Mahee and a number of lyrics and sonnets that had a more visible glimmer of poetry in them than " Ben Madigan " made a small book in 1897 entitled " The Legend of the Blemished King."

My efforts to find a post in Dublin ultimately succeeded : the one favourable reply made me a ledger clerk in a coal and shipping office at two pounds a week. My parents accepted the situation with its promise of a respectable future. My literary friends saw possibilities. To get away from the Academy I had to find a substitute. In the political agitation in Ireland a police reporter had earned notoriety for getting Nationalist Members of Parliament into jail for seditious speeches. I was familiar with caricatures of " Jerry Stringer " in Nationalist newspapers. Time and promotion brought him to the police barracks beside the Academy as Head Constable Jeremiah Stringer, and his phonographic enthusiasm brought him across the street in free hours for chats and experiments. He had lost speed : I was working it up. We practised with the help of each other, alternating dictation and writing. We amused ourselves with stunts. I became able to take 270 words in a minute with chalk on a blackboard, and to transcribe the passage accurately with the blackboard turned upside-down. By and by Head Constable Stringer took a hand in some of my classes as an indulgence

in his natural impulse to exposition. He was a good teacher, and philosophically minded. My projected change to Dublin coincided with Head Constable Stringer's retirement from the "force." We discussed the future; and he was content to step into my place on the same slender and unexpanding terms, as he would have a pension, and would be happy in having such congenial work for his new leisure. The Principal assented to the change. Just before I left, my successor suggested that, instead of the complexities of accountancy at term-ends, he would take a nominal honorarium considerably smaller than even the small margin estimated to come to me at the end of each term. The new arrangement was presumed to be accepted by the Principal; and I left Belfast for Dublin at the end of May, 1897, three months under 24 years of age, with two books of so-called poetry and a sixth part of another to my name.

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#### CHAPTER IV

### RENAISSANCE, PERSONAL AND NATIONAL

(J.H.C.) Feeling on Ireland as I did, I had no special compunction in moving to Dublin from Belfast. Besides, for the consolation of my ageing but not yet aged parents, I was going to "lodge" with a decent Methody family, and be under the eye of the Rev. John Woods Ballard, who had christened me—and was destined, though no one, not even myself, then guessed it, to marry me six years later.

Superficially it appeared that the faith of my upbringing was on top: but there was a kind of oscillation in my circumstances. Destiny gave me a pat on the shoulder and a Gaelic salutation a few days after my arrival in Dublin as I walked round the corner of the old Houses of Parliament (then the Bank of Ireland) absorbing the new feelings of an ancient metropolis instead of the shoddy upstart newfangledness of my native city, and revelling in the soft brogue that made life feel leisurely

and gracious. "The blessing of God on you" a familiar flavorful voice, that would make anyone see green, said in Irish. I turned and met, as anticipated, the cascading moustache and enthusiastic eyes of Dr. Douglas Hyde. "And what are *you* doing in Dublin?" he asked. I gave him a suitable selection out of my repertoire of possible explanations. "Good luck to you!" An Craoibin Aoibin (the little branch) said. "I knew you had a southern soul in your northern body."

Obviously I was fifty per cent liberated. My soul was free. It only remained to get rid of the other half of my thralldom by transforming my body. This was metaphysically achieved some time later without any effort on my part. But it took a session of The British Association in Belfast to do it with scientific authenticity. A garden party was given to that august body in the grounds of the castle at the foot of the Cave Hill. A paper was read by a local gentleman on the historical associations of the Hill. Obviously (from the press report that reached me) "Ben Madighan" had been drawn upon. The account was garnished by some lines of verse that I recognised. "These lines," said the essayist, no doubt with a catch in his throat, "are by a young Belfast poet, also! now no more." Friends who had recently received what purported to be letters from me grew perturbed. One sent a copy of the press report to the address at which I had been supposed to be residing, with my obituary lined in red, and an energetic red note of interrogation in the margin. To put the matter right I wrote a letter to the newspaper, addressing it from kingdom-come, and expressing my gratification at still being remembered in my native city.

Even if I was "alas! no more" my native city determined to keep its grip on me as long as it could. It did relinquish something of its hold in returning me an engagement ring symbolising a lady's change of mind as regards a life-partner; also indicating that the inevitable had not yet appeared across the horizon of destiny. But it was through the law that the city got its claws on my shoulder.

I had left Belfast feeling that I had done the pious Principal of the Mercantile Academy a good turn in getting him an

eminent shorthand writer and enthusiastic teacher to take my place on easier terms than had first been made between the Principal and me. We had parted apparently the best of friends. But I had not reckoned on human nature and a legal invention called "novation of contract." I had not been settled long in Dublin when I received a lawyer's demand for £ 89-4-3. the debit balance of my department in the Academy at the date of my leaving, instead of at the term-end when receipts and expenditure left a small credit, I repudiated the demand. A case was filed against me in the Dublin High Court in 1897. It came to trial before an extraordinarily dull old judge in 1898, and dragged on into 1899, when my employers hinted that I was paid to work in their office, not to live in the Four Courts. Though it had been decided that there had been no formal novation (transfer) of contract, an allowed scrutiny of accounts indicated that the original claim would be considerably reduced. But I would still be saddled with costs on both sides. I decided to let the case go by default, and a decree was given in favour of the complainant which, with costs, and an order to pay a monthly instalment out of my small salary, hung on me for ten years. My own costs were reduced to mere office expenses by the generosity and friendship of my solicitor and Counsel. As Senior Counsel, Tim Healy, (later the first Governor of free Ireland), took seven guineas for a few minutes' unimpressive opening of the defence—and shortly afterwards sent me a gift of a set of books of drama that had arisen out of the new Irish movement.

To return to the agenda of 1897 and a pleasanter topic. Living in a Wesleyan home, under the eye of the local minister, Sunday church was unavoidable, even if I had wanted to avoid it, which I had not, as my nature was compounded of inquisitiveness and aspiration. A drawing-room tenor voice headed me for the church choir of Sandymount. My religious upbringing, in a mixture of pleasant conventional acceptance of observance and subterranean explorations as to alleged facts and theological teachings, took me into occasions and acquaintanceships in which literature, especially Irish literature, was unknown. Parallel with this ran my growing interest in poetry and drama, and my private

desire to see the Spirit of Ireland expressed in both. I did not know what the Spirit of Ireland was; but I suspected that She was neither Catholic nor Protestant, but old enough to have preceded these historical imports to her terrain, and therefore, if anything, Druidical. Anyhow, in my imagination, She was something wonderful, and I had written verses about Her which began :

Who is She that comes from eastward in  
 the pathway of the sun ;  
 Girt with magic of the morning, shod  
 with splendour of the south ;  
 She of Time's clear dawn the daughter,  
 glad in life but late begun ;  
 She with eyes aflame and fearless, She  
 with music-making mouth ?

A newspaper in Dublin, "The Daily Express," under the direction of Horace Plunkett, who was also directing a movement for agricultural revival, gave a weekly page to writings by Irishmen. Shortly after my change to Dublin I sent this poem to the paper, and it was admirably set out on the literary page of the "Express." I went to church as usual on the day following the literary Saturday. The tall, dark-haired young man, with the light-tinted speculative eyes and tasty mouth, who played the American organ with an aesthetical feeling not usual in Nonconformist hymnology, leaned over to me, at a time when he should have been officially engaged in prayer—and a two-party conversation ensued which ended in the thinnest of whispers :

He. Have you met AE yet ?

Me. No. But that is the principal purpose of my leaving my happy home in Belfast, and I am looking for ways to fulfil it.

He. Will you come with me to his house after church ?

Me. Will I . . . (Words failed me).

We went, Thomas G. Keohler and I, to the suburban home of a poet whose little poems had become the greatest things in life to me, the immortal voice of a spirit thinly veiled in human flesh. I could not afford, in my Belfast days, to buy a copy of "Homeward Songs by the Way." I had had to subsist on Louis

McQuilland's copy. But a number of the poems had got into my memory, where they became living roots around which gathered and grew the roots of my own aspiration and understanding. I knew that such lines as

Our hearts were drunk with a beauty

Our eyes could never see

were an epitome of the true and transforming idea of the nature of Beauty ; that Beauty was a spiritual realisation ; that the preparation for the supreme realisation of Beauty was not only a purification of the senses but an intensification and exaltation of the inner being. AE himself welcomed us on the doorstep of his small house in Coulson Avenue, Rathmines. He was now thirty ; but thick and touseled brown hair and beard and abnormal height and strong build gave him a sense of more than thirty years. He had never been described to me, and I was considerably surprised at his bulk and solidity in contrast with the ethereal quality of his poetry. But his splendid forehead gave the architecture of great creative mind ; his eyes glowed with soul ; and his little fine hands told of his delicate craftsmanship. Others were present in the small reception room, for an evening at AE's was becoming an event in the cultural life of Dublin. Conversation was general, but led by AE in a voice that, notwithstanding a somewhat harsh timbre, was made attractive by a not too pronounced Ulster accent softened by contiguity to the realm of the brogue. AE's interests were then mainly occult and philosophical. His studies under the influence of Madame Blavatsky and the Bengali, Mohini Chatterjee, were in his immediate past. The Irish literary and dramatic revival was in the future. His personal experience of extensions of consciousness were the bases of eloquent disquisition. They were also the bases of his poetry ; and they went, as did the experiences of William Blake, into pictures that hung on the walls of the room in which I sat on a table among brushes and tubes of oil-colour. Thenceforward, and for sixteen years, I was a regular visitor to AE's home, first at Coulson Avenue, afterwards in a more commodious house in Rathgar Avenue in which he spent the rest of his Irish life.

My early training in business practice in Belfast stood me in good stead in my new employment in Dublin. I began as a routine ledger clerk; but the heads of the firm soon detected some quality in my work that they valued, and before long I was put in charge of a special job. But of these things it is unnecessary to write in detail. They were the mere external accessories of my inner life whose purpose was aeons beyond them. All the same, they were essentials of destiny; for if the coal and shipping office in which I analysed and synthesised figures from 9 to 6 with an hour's interval, had not been located round the corner from the campus of Trinity College and a newly opened vegetarian restaurant, certain formative influences in my life and the lives of others might have had their advent delayed or their development thwarted or twisted. I soon discovered that the gate of Trinity College led past unlovely though impressive lecture-halls and hostels to a tree-shaded grass margin round a play-field, on which margin, in intervals deducted from lunch-hour, one could read, mark and memorise passages in Walter Pater.

One of the first acts of my phase in Dublin was to take steps to insure my not too certain life. The report on me of the examining doctor was such that my application for a policy was rejected. Something inside me was outraged at the classification of its physical vehicle as "a bad egg" at less than 25 years of life. At the same time I recognised that I had no case for appeal or protest. I had carried a bronchial disposition up from childhood. I had acquired a dyspeptic tendency that might have carried me on to a Carlylean style. I had perpetual sore throat and post nasal catarrh. As adjuncts to these pathological conditions I had been fitted out by maternal solicitude with a heavy overcoat, a specially knitted wollen muffler, an umbrella, goloshes, a sandbag to keep the draught out of my combined bed-sitting-room, and a hot-water bag. With such paraphernalia I was headed by a loving, shrewd, but hygienically ignorant mother on the not too primrosy path to a premature grave. But there was a side of me that did not see sense in getting born and petering out before I had really begun to live. I knew I had a special charge of mental energy.

I had exaltations of imagination and feeling. I saw that poets were rare and valuable beings, and that humanity might be the loser if the poet that had been acknowledged by apparent judges in myself missed fulfilment. The rejection by the insurance company proved my physical salvation. It transformed a mere passive sense of outrage into a pugnacious determination to find health. I began to read medical books, but they nauseated me with their pedantic jargon on disease. What I wanted was health. I turned to magazines that were despised by "the profession." Though I got fed up with the grape-cure, the banana-cure, the abhorrent Salisbury-cure, and others, none of which I tried as they all sounded crazy, still I picked up here and there enough knowledge, and better still, enough courage, to flout maternal solicitude at the safe distance of a hundred miles. I flung the sand-bag into the garden below my room-window and slept with the window some inches down at the top; I lost my umbrella and did not get another; I presented my muffler to a friend; went out on walks without my overcoat; and generally speaking committed suicide in a number of ways daily. Certain of the health literature that I had read pointed to diet as the basis of good living, and counselled the giving up of flesh foods. About the same time as I moved to Dublin the owner of a Belfast vegetarian resaurant opened a branch in College Street, near my office, which offered me the opportunity to make an experiment in dietetics. My first veg day-a-week gave me such a comfortable afternoon that I soon increased it to two and thence to six. Sundays proved a difficulty. My host and hostess were more or less pious people who offered thanks to God at each meal for "blessings bestowed" on them, some of which were in the form of what they called "meat" but I came soon to regard as "dead animal." But a rapid improvement in my health, and an equally rapid realisation of implications of an aesthetical and idealistic kind in the matter of diet brought me to a decision. Thereupon I found that my diminishing physical ailments were cancelled, in the conviction of my guardians, likewise of my parents, by an obvious onset of softening of the brain or some other variety of mental malady. But the pugnacity that I had



developed carried me through weeks, and months, of increasing health and vigour, and ultimately reconciled the fatal prophets to the inconsistency of my continued existence. In the second year after my adoption of a fleshless diet, I applied again to the insurance company but without referring to my previous trial. I was examined by a different medico. He reported me as a first class life. Some weeks after, I was asked to undergo another examination as it had been found in the London records of the company that I had been refused previously. I was put through all kinds of exercises. The doctor said I was even a finer life than he first thought on a routine examination, and he could only confirm his first report. I was duly insured for a sum to fall due when I attained sixty. It did so, and I spent it in literary enterprise.

My preparation for whatever was destined to emerge from the unfulfilled genius of Ireland was not particularly Irish in my first years in Dublin. Externally my knowledge of the country was enlarged by excursions, including Blarney where I performed the superfluous operation of kissing the Blarney stone in order to acquire fluency of speech. Though I kept up my acquaintance with the Irish language movement by attending meetings of the Gaelic League and making elementary studies from new primers then appearing, my natural desire was to put Ireland into poetry, perhaps drama, in English. But my growing contacts with AE, while on the side of knowledge and ideas they expanded and elevated my mind and pointed towards answers to unspoken questions, had a contracting and depressing effect on my imagination and poetical expression because of the packed inner experience and compelling beauty of his poems. Imitation of them would be the insincerest form of flattery. I had to be myself no matter how different or indifferent.

But poetry had, I saw, its affiliations with the other arts; and some familiarity with these was certain to enrich the mental and emotional nature of any poet. Architecturally and sculpturally, however, Dublin was a desert. Her cathedrals came from the continent via England, and had suffered in transit. Her houses of Parliament came from ancient Rome. Her universities came

from God-knows-where. Her flat-faced residences were boasted of as Georgian, which veiled their unimaginativeness with a spurious sentiment. The oldest archaeological remains in Ireland of which I could read and see illustrations were simple early Christian oratories, pleasing to look at but nothing to brag about. The palaces and other dwellings described in the ancient Irish manuscripts that were being dug out of the cellars of learned institutions had, by reason of their perishable materials, left nothing but their descriptions, and no one had had the patriotic enterprise to reconstruct an Emain Macha in the Phoenix Park to house the future head of a future free Ireland. Musically Ireland, as Ireland, was as silent as Tom Moore had asked the Moyle to be. If she ever had had a native drama it had not come down to us. Such of her recent writers as had written plays had achieved reputations in England—Goldsmith and Sheridan for example. Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire" had been performed in London. And there was some talk of another Irishman who was threatening to do things to the *English* theatre: his name was George Bernard Shaw.

At the time of which I write, therefore (the late nineties) the materials for cultural sustenance especially in music and drama, came from or by way of England. The theatres of Dublin and Belfast came within the circuit of London companies and occasionally of eminent individual artists. When such opportunities came I spent as much as I could spare out of my salary beyond the two pounds a month instalment on my Belfast law-case in my cultural education. I heard a pianoforte recital by Paderewski, then on the long high plateau of his fame. In the same year I saw Forbes Robertson, Beerbohm Tree, Lewis Waller and F. R. Benson in famous dramatic parts, and longed for such art to incarnate in Ireland. I heard operas, but felt they were beyond the human and technical possibilities of the country then; also the great oratorios that were not outside the reach of the choirs of St. Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedrals. And I risked eternal damnation as prescribed by my kind-hearted parents, by hearing a Palestrina Mass in the Pro-Cathedral and getting impregnated with incense

as I sat and knelt for what felt hours on the stone steps below the altar. What I heard and saw, all Dublin heard and saw, for the intelligentsia of the metropolis had preserved a reputation for artistic appreciation; and among the audiences there were, although then unknown to me or to themselves, a number of young men and women who, like myself, were undergoing a process of preparation for participation in something that was going to happen in the creative consciousness of Ireland before long.

My friendship with Catholics in Belfast and Dublin was partly pure human and partly ulterior. I could boil at stupidity behind the back of the stupid; but somehow, when I was faced by a living individual, no matter of what brand, all volcanic activity gave way to interest in humanity; its amazing varieties which I perceived to be set up by all kinds of things that did not matter and were always in flux though the movement might be as invisible at a given moment as the opening or closing of a flower; its equally amazing similarities with their intellectually exciting suggestions of a possible unity behind and permeating their variety. I suspected that such a unity, could it be realised in thought and imagination, would supersede other attempts at unification, which were, I began to feel, doomed to failure because they mistook an imposed uniformity (religious, political, economic or otherwise) for the unity-in-variety which appeared to me to be an essential condition of existence. These ideas and others came to me in flashes, and made life exceedingly interesting. I found, to be sure, that my Catholic acquaintances knew little more about Catholicism than my Protestant relations and friends knew about Protestantism. But this did not bother me over much. Ignorance of one thing or another was common: the only apparent difference between their ignorance and mine was that they were content with theirs, whereas I accepted mine as a challenge. Apart from this, the search for the reality behind the external Ireland led me, through historical circumstances, into Catholic conditions. True, Sir Samuel Ferguson, the real father of the revival in Irish literature, was an Ulster Protestant; Dr. Douglas Hyde, the founder of The Gaelic League, was a Connaught Protestant; the two new

poets of Ireland, AE and Yeats, were of Protestant origin; and there were others. But sixteen centuries of Catholic domination in religion, through which the life of the majority of the population had passed, had carried with it the memory of the original Irish civilisation and culture. Organised Irish Protestantism had turned its back on Ireland. Organised Irish Catholicism was Janus-faced; religiously it turned towards Rome, but it had eyes and sentiment for indigenous legendary remembrance. I had been reared in the belief that Catholicism was not only biblically false, but was the fertile mother of every kind of superstition. And then I made the discovery that such superstitions were rooted in the silt of a long stream of traditional imagination. I became a habitual sitter by the side of that stream.

But my interest in human varieties as aspects of a conceivable unity, while it gave me what I felt to be the basis of a true tolerance, then so badly needed in Ireland, did not lead me into a flabby indifferentism in matters of action. I conceded the necessity of various forms of belief, and would have welcomed (as I afterwards did) other formulations than those that I was aware of. I graciously allowed everyone to follow the faith they knew. But my tolerance stopped at that. Any attempt to enforce belief, or to use religious or social power for incongruous purposes, caused some entity within me to jump to its feet and clench its fists.

New friendships moved events towards the future. On one of my week-end visits to my parents in Belfast I followed an intuition to call at a book-shop and see the latest things in poetry. The young man behind the counter disclosed himself as a real book-lover, and warmed up when I disclosed myself as knowing AE and being in touch with literary premonitions in Dublin. He invited me to his home. We saw a Shakespeare play together. He lent me one of the rare bought copies of Francis Thompson's first volume that made me drunk with its tremendous imagination and staggering vocabulary. I lent him my set of press cuttings on various significant literary happenings. The effect of it on him was an overmastering desire to get to Dublin. I found a place for him in another office run by my employers. Our friendship was not confined to books; indeed there were very few among my

literary acquaintances who were merely book-worms : nature had keen attractions in the short Irish summer. Hence frequent excursions by train or tram and foot on Saturday afternoons to one or other of the beauty-spots around Dublin, with a running accompaniment of talk on art and literature. Before long the glamour of books lured my fellow-townsmen, George Roberts, out of coal and shipping into publishing. Collateral friendships had brought him to the notice of a young literary man of means, J. M. Hone. The result was the publishing house and press of Maunsel & Co., Ltd., of which I was the first Secretary, in spare hours and without emolument. Before long the new house began to make history by bringing out books, particularly of poetry by new Irish writers, that created reputations out of all proportion to the size of the editions. (My attendance at Maunsel's office brought me into occasional contact with personalities that were doing things in literature : "Pat" (Kenny) more often than others, as he was a bit hennish over his first literary egg ; in due time, J. M. Synge, bringing in the proofs of "The Aran Islands" and uttering the world's most curious laugh, a pulsating whistle between his teeth environed by a gentle smile, and speaking in a tone and vocabulary that then carried no hint of the fact that he would become famous for the biggest and best collection of curse-words in any Irish book, or perhaps any book in any language ; one a tall, leggy, dark young man who was passing from Presbyterian Belfast through Dublin to London to try his luck in journalism, and who won the try under a nom-de-plume besides his birth name as Robert Lynd.

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## CHAPTER V

### FREEDOM

(M. E. C.) The last piece of advice of the wise Headmistress of the Victoria High School to me was that I should not be so independent. Life would be easier for me if I was more like

other girls. I listened to her politely, and often recalled her words. But my nature was free and original in its bent. I could be happy only in doing what I felt was right in principle, not because other people did it.

In 1898 I began to break my shell from the inside. I was finished with the shielded life of a community. I started a four year specialised course of study in music: composition, orchestration, piano and organ playing, musical history and biography, and analysis of musical scores. This in the Royal Irish Academy of Music, Dublin, filled the main activity and thought of a jolly, widening, cultural period of expansion of mind and experience such as fell to the lot of few girls. I found myself racing on my bicycle about "dear dirty Dublin" in the autumn of 1898 thinking myself the luckiest, freest and happiest girl in Ireland because I had a clear course before me of musical study which I had always longed for. For the first time I was my own mistress. I had found lodgings which I was to share with the newly arrived first trained kindergarten teacher, who had been engaged as a historic experiment by my uncle by marriage, the brilliant headmaster of a large boys' school housed in Sandymount Castle, once the famous home of the ancestors of W. B. Yeats on the Butler side.

I studied privately for my First Arts examination, preliminary to specialising for my First Musical, and finishing with my Mus. Bac. I soaked up new experiences like a sponge. What worlds of interest opened out to an intelligent girl of nineteen! Dublin had always been a city of intellectual and artistic preoccupation. Its interests lay in ideas rather than industries. It valued wit and gifts of entertainment more than blue blood or money bags in a newcomer. In those day the art of conversation ranked high. It would have been considered a social failure if three hours could not have been filled up with sparkling talk. Those were pre-bridge and pre-radio years. And what a range of subjects: literature, poetry, the latest plays, players and playwrights, politics, Home Rule Bills, Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland, the Parnell scandal, music Irish and European, the renaissance of Irish culture, the Gaelic league, Irish myth, folk-dance, song, costume. As an organised aspect of life it was all new to me and

fascinating. As warp and woof of the life of the western Irish, had we children not danced, in country lanes and at crossroads, quadrilles, polkas, jigs and reels for the joy of kicking up our heels and being swung round? And this I now saw becoming a serious matter for the winning of competitions. And did not everyone in my family circle and amongst the people of the countryside know a ballad or one of Moore's Melodies, or play a fiddle or melodeon or concertina, or a tin whistle or jew's harp? So my pleasure in going, as often as funds or invitations would carry me, to the theatres in Dublin was but a natural extension of my early life in rural Ireland.

At the same time I began to feel drawings towards international life. I was nourished at the Academy of Music by more than just the musicianship of my piano master, the Neapolitan pianist, composer and conductor, Signor Michele Esposito. I lived in a world of musical intoxication; steeped, as I became, in Chopin's Studies, Scherzos, Sonatas, Bach's "48," Beethoven's later Sonatas. There was also Dr. Jose 'for theory', always genial and courtly; and Dr. Culwick, portly, heavy in build and slow in mind and action, my professor in counterpoint, fugue, and orchestration; director of my musical theses, with a compendious musical library in which I read avidly. Later I expanded on the scientific side of music, as I had to take a course in acoustics in the Royal College of Science. There I came under the widening influence of Professor W. F. Barrett, and through him came into knowledge of Psychical Research which was to play so large a part in my future. But the peak experiences of those years were the dynamic contacts with "the Signor" himself, the man who for over a generation had trained the musical talent of young Ireland, brought Ireland into step with continental music through his orchestral and celebrity concerts, and organised the national festival of music, the Feis Ceoil.

These were my years of expansion on the artistic side; also my years of work on an academic and professional side. I was preparing myself for economic independence. It was a period of enjoyment both physical and aesthetic. I was a product and part also of the same process of growth as pushed

Ireland herself through cultural self-consciousness into hunger for self-government, and through patriotic aspiration into courage and strength to fight for freedom.

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I was born with an extra store of physical energy, a strong constitution, ability to sleep soundly anywhere, to digest almost anything, and hardly to know headache or toothache. I possessed unending natural curiosity to know as much as I could about everything and everybody around me; more the curiosity of Eve than of the scientist. I always wanted to see over the edge or round the corner of the road, or into the other people's houses or minds. I always wanted to change things into better shape. I was always ready to be a pioneer in making the change. I liked men. I liked women. I liked people in groups. I even enjoyed crowds. It was natural for me to give myself out fully in the service of anything in which I was interested. I never shirked hard work. I never asked any co-worker to do more or other than I was myself ready to do. For all this radio-active make-up of mine I should have been equipped with wings as well as my strong feet and hands. But a bicycle was my invaluable helper, and enabled me to treble my usefulness and my enjoyment of life. I have always loved machines: my hand-sewing-machine, my typewriter, my bike, my watch, my gramophone, my nut-mill, trains—but not ships.

As for mental equipment: I always thank my stars for my natural courage. Adventure on all planes called to me, possibly because I hardly knew fear. The press and drunken men alone struck terror in me! Danger, the unknown, a test, an examination, a trial, a fight, have always stimulated me and raised my coefficient of capacity.

The humour that is tucked into every occurrence of circumstance always kept me high above depression. I might flare up, but I didn't sulk. I always had ease in writing letters and in putting ideas on paper. I began being a secretary when I was thirteen, and continued the service to society after society till, at sixty, I was elected President of the All-India Women's Conference, which I had created a decade previously. The



thankless job of collecting funds for philanthropic causes has dogged my footsteps. It has been my good luck always to be a voluntary worker for such causes; which was well, as my impersonal enthusiasm for work made me its servant, not any self-interest like monetary necessity or personal ambition.

My musical precocity had brought me on to public platforms as accompanist to my father from my first decade, so that audiences were built into my edifice of life. But three things held me back from supreme achievement: I lacked a good verbal memory and a faculty for foreign languages; also an impressive appearance. I was small, and plain—and had brains. For a person who was later to travel round the world I had the lucky heritage from my father and grandmother of being at home with anybody anywhere, from royalty to scavenger, from duchess to dustman. How many times I've got myself out of difficulty by a smile or a bit of Irish blarney! I have never felt any sense of real separation between myself and others. I am fundamentally aware of our equal human-ness.

I was the eldest of a family which started with four girls. I was so sensitive and intuitional that I knew my little sisters were unwelcome as they monotonously came along. Boys were wanted and expected. I felt acutely the injustice of this attitude and atmosphere. As I grew older I saw that much more freedom of action, movement and friendship were allowed to my brothers (for boys duly came) than to us elder four girls. It seemed utterly unfair that they should also be given more money than we were. A sense of natural equality with the masculine world was my birthright. I never had any use for the word "protection." Who did I need to be protected from? I had too high a respect for the boys and men I knew to think I had anything to fear from them or any other male creature.

I saw also that my mother suffered because she had no money of her own. There was no scarcity of it in our home, but it belonged to father only. He had never given her a regular allowance, weekly or monthly, even for household expenses. It was the custom of those days in our town to run accounts up with shopkeepers. My mother had to present the various pass-books

to my father and ask for the amounts. There were black looks on these occasions. He grumbled at the amounts, and talked to mother as if it was her fault. We children always took her part. And it was there and then that my girlish determination began to try and change the financial status of wives and mothers, who all worked so hard and got no money for themselves. I saw that it was counted a kind of curse in those days to be born a girl; and I used to wish deeply that I had been born a boy. It was a joy later to find that such inequality and injustice and limitations were the results of circumstances which could and would be changed, and that there was true love and understanding in which the inequalities of sex relationship disappeared. One of my missions in life, Equal rights for men and woman, was finding me.

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## CHAPTER VI

## IRISH DRAMA ARRIVES

(J. H. C.) We have to go back to 1899 to take up the story of the revival, or creation, of Irish drama, which, together with the collateral <sup>ve</sup>moment for the revival of Irish literature, became ultimately known to the world as the Irish Literary and Dramatic Revival.

Late in 1898 or early in 1899 a circular was sent out by Yeats and others announcing a proposed experiment of three one-week seasons (one each year) of drama by Irish writers on Irish themes. This was all that Ireland could at that time rise to in indigenous play-writing; but, worse still, there was no group of native actors who, in the opinion of those behind the venture of The Irish Literary Theatre, could enact plays of a high literary order. There was, in fact, such a company, but it was unknown to Yeats, who was the principal figure in the new venture; and also unknown to myself, though I was destined to uncover its possibilities and put it on the way to becoming the future expression of the

movement. Two plays were rehearsed by a selected English company, and "Countess Cathleen" by Yeats and "The Heather-field" by Edward Martyn were announced for first performances in the modest but historically famous Antient Concert Rooms on May 8 and 9, 1899. ✓

Prior to the unique event, which everyone knew was going to make history, a send-off was given in a reception at which all the brainy world was present, and some of the possibilities, including myself. Before the speeches there was an informal movement in which everybody met everybody else. I noticed a quaint figure of a man dawdling about passing a remark to this one and that. He struck me as particular, though I could not say why. He was notably well dressed, carried himself with ease, but his pasty face and vague eyes, and particularly his straw-coloured hair that looked as if it had been pitchforked on for the occasion, seemed a contradiction to his air of distinction. I asked an acquaintance who the comedian was, and learned that he was George Moore, the novelist who was more famous than some people thought he ought to be. A few minutes later I was making some notes in a pocket book relative to the occasion. To my surprise the novelist came over to me and remarked on the importance of the occasion. "Only a great poet," he said, "would have brought me from London." The reference, I knew, was to Yeats, and I warmed to the novelist for his generosity to a poet. I pondered the phenomenon of so famous a person wasting an opinion on me—and then had a nasty glimmer of an idea that he had mistaken me for a pressman.

The coming performances suddenly became a matter of burning national interest; not, however, because of a realisation of the significance of the birth of Irish drama, but because an Irish critic resident outside Ireland had discovered that an incident in "Countess Cathleen" was "an outrage on Catholic sentiment." The Irish Cardinal banned the play without reading it. Charges in the press and replies by the author did what dignified advertising could not do: the house was filled with partisans of both the critics and the author. The offending incident (a famine-demented peasant in a past era kicking a holy shrine to pieces in

revulsion against "God and the Mother of God") had been deleted, but it carried a wake of waves in the text, and as each of these appeared, it was received with a storm of hisses by a group of young men who had been instructed by a morning paper to chase the play off the stage. But an answer to the protests broke from another group of young men who, from the point of view of literature or drama, would hardly have noticed the hissed lines, but who began to see in them some hidden excellence that stimulated loud applause. In the duel of hiss and cheer, cheer won. I can give my word as to the victory, for I was one of the victors, and possessed as spoils of conquest a hat with a broken rim through which I had clenched my fingers when waving it in wild applause at nothing in the play but something in the rising spirit of the Arts in Ireland as against the spirit of obscurantism and dishonest censorship. From the point of view of publicity the occasion was a howling success.

The next night discovered Ibsen with an Irish accent in "The Heatherfield" by a mild-mannered patriotic landlord, Edward Martyn, who, on another occasion, in my hearing, advised a very juvenile would-be dramatist, Padraic Colum, not to imitate Ibsen, but to get some Ibsenish plot that fitted into Irish affairs.

The first season of The Irish Literary Theatre, pathetically puny though it was, brought a dynamic influence into the life of Dublin. Imaginations were touched. Many looked forward to the second season a year later. This was undertaken on a more ambitious scale, the performances being given in the Gaiety Theatre with every facility for proper staging. The week opened on February 19, 1900. Another play by Edward Martyn, "Maeve," was a psycho-vivisectional study of a woman "whose emotions were all in her head." It was preceded by a series of tableaux on a legendary theme, "The Last Feast of the Fiana," by Miss Alice Milligan. The tableaux were accompanied by stanzas of lyrical prose, and gave a fascinating glimpse into the elder Irish world, but none of drama. On the second night of the season Ibsen again appeared, under the name of George Moore. The play was called "The Bending of the Bough." There were rumours that its authorship was either a composite affair or a plagiarism; and

some confirmation of one or other of the rumours appeared to be found later when Mr. Martyn published "The Tale of a Town." Both plays, it was whispered, were pilfered from AE who told the original story to both Moore and Martyn.

The second season had nothing of the warmth of the first. There was nothing to protest against. But it carried cultural interest a stage higher. Literary activities related to my increased desire for the highest expression of Ireland's genius had pushed me beyond being appalled at the foot of poetical eminences. The well had filled up again, and had overflowed in a number of poems that I was encouraged to offer to a London publisher, Ireland being then as far back in indigenous book-selling of the literary order as in indigenous acting. In due time my third book of verse, apart from my share of "Sung by Six," was published by T. Fisher Unwin. Neither the Thames nor the Liffey showed any inflammable signs over the event. But it was useful to myself in enabling me to realise that in "The Voice of One" I had passed out of the stage of juvenilia.

The year 1901 began propitiously with, "Cash in hand, 6s. 1½d." There were certain liabilities which an official balance sheet would have had to include, two pounds a month for the law case, four-fifths of which went to sustain hard-working lawyers; and, I think, a balance on Fisher Unwin's printing bill. But, after all, liabilities are only liabilities, "Cash in hand" is something solid to go on with. Apparently I went on, but whether in faith, certainly or recklessness I cannot now say. A diary records, six weeks after "6s. 1½d.", "Henry Irving, Merchant of Venice, with Gretta." Obviously (to anticipate another phase of my life) one could not parade one's girl friend before one's literary friends in the pit or among the "gods." From my memory of the level from which I saw the stage I deduce that I flaunted her in the orchestral stalls, which were the best seats not requiring the regulation dress that I did not then possess. Ellen Terry played Portia; and by one of those freaks of fractional remembering in the midst of voluminous forgetting, I can hear only a woman's voice saying the word "quality" as I suppose only she could say it: "The quahility of mercy." Irving fills all the rest

of memory with the witchcraft of great personality. and the art that uses the powers and characteristics of one personality to create a personality in the imagination whose psychological reality makes, for the time being, the substantial actualities around one appear like pallid phantoms. I can still feel the cold shiver of sympathetic anguish that came over me when Shylock (Irving) returned to his home expecting to find his daughter waiting for him, and knocked on the door by which Jessica and her lover, unknown to the old father but known to the audience, had fled. To a repeated knock and the cry "Jessica" there was no reply. Another knock woke hollow echoes in the simulated empty house, and the curtain came down to end a moment of intense heartbreak.

I was specially susceptible to dramatic ideas at the time, as my imagination was working on two compositions, a libretto for an opera on the life of Maeve, not Martyn's Maeve, but the ancient Queen of Cruachan in Connacht; and a blank verse drama, "The Clansmen," based on the story of Ben Madighan. I had been led into collaboration on the libretto with Mr. George Coffey, chief archaeologist of Ireland. For some months we worked together, at his home, at my lodgings, at the home of Signor Esposito who was to compose the opera. Ultimately we got to the final curtain—and that was as far as we ever got. Some time before the finish an aloofness crept into the collaboration. A story went round that my collaborator had read some verses from the libretto with the air of "An ill-favoured thing, but mine own," and that George Moore, who knew of the project from Signor Esposito, had murmured, "The author's name is Cousins." What happened with the libretto lyric was that my putting of agreed incidents into songs had been worked over by my collaborator, who derived a sense of proprietorship in the work, and being tall, twice my age, and eminent, had put special unction into his elocution. Of the fate of Mr. Coffey's copy, or Signor Esposito's, I know nothing. My own was hopelessly lost, and no line of it remains in memory. Anyhow I had got weary of the attempt to adapt my lyrical pliability to a stiffish pomposity of diction that my confrere favoured. I was

feeling my way out of sapless conventionality of poetical speech and towards what I had read the Chinese had put down as the first necessity or art—rhythmical vitality.

But whatever futility hung over my sittings with the archaeologist for operatic verse, I owe to my visits to his home two experiences that brought me close to the pulse of Ireland's life. One of these belongs to the interval between the second and final seasons of The Irish Literary Theatre; the other will emerge in its proper place when the dramatic "half gods" had disappeared in the wings and the whole gods were arriving. I had seen Yeats afar at various functions, sneered privately at his velvet jacket and forelock as signs of pose, and squirmed at his throaty voice and superior accent. Time and friendship modified these, though I was then 28, for I was persistently behind the calendar in my outer expression, while examining my environment and its funny denizens with a maturity of judgment that I lacked the force or egotism to pronounce, but that I saw confirmed at times with an inner satisfaction that gave me hope of future liberation into expression. I was now to come nearer to Yeats. On June 23, 1901, when I was at Coffey's for work on the libretto, two visitors unexpectedly called; one was Miss Sarah Purser, connected high up with Trinity College, interested in Irish crafts, and destined to become famous for stained glass, auraed by personality, and coruscating with conversation; the other was W. B. Yeats. The subject of Yeats' call on Coffey was the Irish Literary Theatre. The previous two seasons had been in May and February. June was now almost past and there was no sign of the promised third season. Something had to be done. We discussed the matter; and I must have sounded fairly intelligent, though reserved, for Yeats invited me to join a committee that he was forming, and wrote my name into his list. The aim of the committee was not only to make publicity for the third season of the Literary Theatre, but to work towards an Irish National Theatre.

In the interval between these meetings with Yeats and the third season of the Irish Literary Theatre symptoms of the cultural awakening showed themselves. (Young poets gravitated

around AE. One evening four of us coincided at his home; Paul Gregan, Seumas O'Sullivan, George Roberts and myself. My diary puts "inspiration" to the occasion, and inspiration to young poets is an infective and expansive ingredient. A week a year for Irish drama in Ireland, played by English actors, is an index of the depth to which the country had sunk—no, not sunk, but been depressed by an extraneous civilization whose former policy of denying the people their proper cultural sustenance, yet preserving as much of its physical capacity as would serve the material needs of the overlordship, had been only slightly mitigated under the pressure of political agitation and the animosity of Greater Ireland located in America. At the time of which I write, now happily a thing of the past, Ireland was not culturally dead, as visiting artists knew to their profit; but she was at a degree of poverty that only permitted enjoyment of ready made art-expression imported from London, and had little interest in and less capital for the creation of indigenous art-expression in complicated forms. Some years previously an annual festival of music, the Feis Ceoil, had been founded, and had brought forward promising vocalists and instrumentalists. I recall the stir made by an awkward country boy from Connaught who seemed to be able to climb beyond the tenor clef with ease. His prize-winning gave someone the idea that he should be sent abroad for training. I added my shilling to a subscription, and with its help he ultimately made his way into the list of ten artists whose names on the front of the Albert Hall in London were sufficient to fill the immense building: his name was John Mac Cormack. At a later Feis I heard a young man with light pompadour hair and hardish grey eyes, the son of a singing mother, render "A long farewell" seraphically. But he moved from music to letters, and in 1925, in Paris, I heard a lady warmly commend to another her purchase of a book on the ground that the author was "frightfully famous." My curious eye sought the name of the author: it was that of the former singer, James Joyce.

Dramatic interest was rising. In June I attended two rehearsals and the performance of "The Colleen Bawn" (the fair girl) by a company of amateurs managed by two brothers, Frank



Fay, an elocutionist of solemn appearance and Shakespearian tendencies, and William Fay, said to be an unemployed actor-manager, a born comedian. In August a new patriotic society, The Women of Ireland, gave a first performance of a historical play, "The Deliverance of Red Hugh," by Allice Milligan. Tableaux vivants were also given, for which Miss Maud Gonne, in her queenly way, read the story. Yeats was present, evidently, like myself, on the trail of Irish National drama, if nothing else.

My work as a poet moved forward a little through my friendship with Signor Esposito. The proposed opera had been forgotten. He was now engrossed in harmonising old Irish airs. Words had been put to these, and he had come up against copyright restrictions. He played, on one occasion, a number of harmonised airs to me, and asked me to try to put words to one. The air was funereal and the harmonization simple. It would have been fairly easy to put words to the melody alone; but the progression and changes of mood of the accompaniment had to be followed by a story and words that reflected those of the original. This added a complication that at first seemed beyond my skill. One set of verses, good enough as verses, did not fit. I had to drop the attempt. Three months later a legendary incident known as "The Washer at the Ford" sprang complete into my head. When I took it to the Signor he made me write the words into the music-script to send to Denis O'Sullivan. That magnetic baritone sang it to a large audience with great acceptance.

On September 23 (1901) I attended the one and only meeting of the Committee of the Irish Literary Theatre; and on October 21 its third and last season opened, again in the Gaiety Theatre. (Heretofore the actors had been chosen individually from the English stage; but on this occasion the main piece was put in the hands of the Benson Shakespearian Company. "Diarmuid and Grania," the first title on the bill, was announced as under the joint authorship of W. B. Yeats and George Moore. The partnership was regarded by certain of Yeats' admirers as a descent into Hades. But some consolation for the degradation of a spiritual poet to the companionship of

a literary scavenger, as Moore was then considered, was attempted to be found in the hope that the fall of Yeats might bring about the redemption of Moore. Moments of poetry elicited the whispered exclamation, "Ah! that's Willie." Other phrases were attributed to "dirty George." But it came out, as a disturbing rumour, that the typical poetical Yeatsian patches were by Moore, and the typical Moorish splashes of realism were by Yeats. Be this as it may, some interchange of quality was apparent in the succeeding independent works of the collaborators. Moore passed from "Esther Waters" and bald ugliness to "Evelyn Innes" and beauty-spots: Yeats passed from "Countess Cathleen" to heroic endeavours towards modernity in throwing chunks of ugliness into "Deirdre." Neither of them proved a success at being the other. The first night of "Diarmuid and Grania" was a great social event. Everybody who was anything, and a great many who were nothing but wished to be something in the Ireland of ideas, was present. The play passed on to an applauded conclusion; but there were stirrings of discontent in the minds of many at the end of the first act. At the end of the second act the discontent was vocal among the auditors. The old bardic tale, with its picturesqueness and chivalry, was evidently undergoing a reversion of the process of bowdlerisation; it was being vulgarised into a mere story of a young man breaking faith with his host and abducting his wife. In addition to this disqualification in the view then prevailing in Ireland, the play disclosed the defects, so contrary to the Irish temperament, of being dull and slow. There were calls for the authors at the final curtain. Yeats, being the less garrulous but more explanatory of the duad when opportunity offered, came before the curtain, and spoke of the efforts of the promoters of the Irish Literary Theatre to break down the "vulgarity" of the English commercial theatre. Some of the audience took this as a subtle joke, and laughed. But Yeats was deadly serious.

Then followed an event unique in the history of an imaginative and active people, the first performance on the regular stage of a play by an Irish author in the Irish language performed by native

Irish speakers. In a land of enthusiasm there have been few occasions to excel that one in the expression of a national hope. It had nothing to do with politics: all shades of political opinion were in the auditorium. It had nothing to do with religion: Catholic priests and Protestant parsons sat under the same roof; the actors were Catholics, the author a Protestant. It was a simple upsurge of a unifying wave from the depths of a race's consciousness, and it touched everyone with the joy of regeneration. Something had come to life, something that was experiencing birth in its body and rebirth in its soul. The play that thus opened up the authentic drama of Ireland, that is, drama dealing with the actual life and imagination of the people, written in the speech of the people by one of themselves and played by the people, was a one-act play, "The Twisting of the Rope," by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the President of the Gaelic League, who himself played the part of Hanrahan. This person had set his heart on the girl of a house where he was a caller. It was desired to get rid of him, and a plot to that end was arranged. An imaginary accident made it necessary for a hay-rope to be twisted. Hanrahan's known pride as a rope-twister was played upon, and he was set to work with his back to an open door. As he twisted the rope and bragged and flirted, he had to move backwards, until he finally went through the open doorway. The door was slammed upon him, and the curtain fell on his vociferous curses. A simple story; but its dressing and dialogue and the energy and delight of the actors were irresistible, and a scene of ungovernable enthusiasm followed, in which I too was carried away.

So ended the three annual seasons experiment of the Irish Literary Theatre; and it was manifest that it was not an end but a beginning. It had not brought out any work or author of transcendent dramatic genius; but it had stirred up public expectation, and created a need for national expression and given some indication towards its fulfilment; above all, it had put the Irish language on the stage.

In the week following the last season of the Irish Literary Theatre, on November 1, 1901, Lady Gregory was at home at 9 Merrion Row to those connected with the adventure. All the

celebrities were present. Yeats spoke on Art. The movement was given a social status. But the question some of us asked one another was, whether its "status" was a "standing" where it had come to terminus, or the pause that is part of a stride. I had seen possibilities of continuity, microscopic though they were, in the amateur performance I have already referred to. I hoped for others. Then destiny stepped in and laid on me a service which I have never ceased to take pride in.

In the office in which I was employed, there was a fellow-clerk, Thomas P. Fox, whose off-duty interests lay, I had found, in much the same direction as mine. He moved in the literary circle of William Rooney, a patriot-poet who died young. Among the clerk's friends was Frank Fay, to whom I have referred above. That is one converging line of destiny. The other was this. The Theosophical and oriental interests of AE, in which a fleshless diet was recognised as a condition of occult progress, brought him frequently to the "Veg" restaurant where I now habitually had my midday meal. The possible presence of AE when not on tour in the interests of farm produce on a co-operative basis, and the dim hope of an occasional call by Yeats when not in London, drew others to the restaurant. One of these was Harry Norman, a fellow-worker with AE in the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, who had aided and abetted my destroying my hat at the first performance of the "Countess Cathleen." From him I learned that AE had written the first act of a drama on the legendary tale of "Deirdre." He quoted a phrase from the act, "I think we two are exiles in this world," which took possession of my imagination, and in some subtle way appeared to reverse the direction of my thinking. It enabled me to realise that while, in conveying ideas to others, one had to move from the known to the unknown in order to be intelligible, the processes of reality moved from the unknown to the known. Rational processes could not take the consciousness to this realisation: the imaginative expression of the intuition could do so. The news of AE's effort in Irish drama was the second converging line in dramatic destiny. I did not speak of this to AE at the "Veg," for he was

always overflowing with ideas which he expounded across the narrow tables of the restaurant. On one occasion he leant over towards me with shining eyes so far that the hanging ends of his voluminous butterfly tie trailed into his plate of soup. I drew his attention to this. He rescued the tie, squeezed out the liquid, and went on and on and on.

Just when the two lines of destiny coincided my diary does not indicate. But it was somewhere shortly before November 25, 1901, when I saw a performance of an English farce by a group of young actors trained by Frank Fay and stage-managed by Willie Fay. I had seen a rehearsal at the invitation of Frank whose personal acquaintance I had only recently made. Occasionally he called at the coal office for a few words with our mutual friend, Thomas P. Fox. On a call at this juncture I asked Frank Fay if he had any special desire to act in Irish plays. I can recall the look of enthusiastic hunger that came into his serious face. The new spirit had touched him and turned his repertoire of English farces to dust. But, he asked, "Where are the plays?" I recalled the rumours of AE's first act of a play on "Deirdre," which I now knew to be no rumour but fact. I had the play on one side of my mind and the actors on the other. I suggested to the actor that he and his brother should go with me to AE's house. We did so, and made a compact with AE that he would finish the drama, which he had set aside, and that the Fays' company would put the first act in rehearsal immediately, and ultimately undertake its full performance. I myself, on the invitation of Frank Fay, began rehearsing the small part of Ainle, one of the brothers of the Red Branch hero. The other brother was played by Fred Ryan, an auditor's clerk, who later put the first modern social play on the Irish stage. Another character was played by a short, shaggy-headed lad with an extraordinarily eager face and quenchless curiosity for literature. He was then reading and talking Ibsen, and vague prophecies as to his being a possible future playwright imparted a certain unspoken mystery to him. He was then eighteen, recently imported from the Bog of Allan to the Irish Railway Clearing House. He is now known the world over as poet, dramatist and essayist—Padraic Colum.

Every trouble in our training was cheerfully undertaken. The rehearsals were less theatrical than theurgical ; solemn functions when an attempt at fun could bring down sharp rebuke from the serious Fay brothers. Through constant drubbings for faulty enunciation and wooden gestures from Frank Fay, who saw to our elocution, the company was in due time infected with a portentous feeling that it was continuing Irish theatre history, if not actually making it. We talked in terms of "the movement," discussed dramatic theory and cognate subjects "off," and walked home with shining eyes and heightened colour to dream dreams of great plays in which the world should see something of the glory of Ireland, which was within and in front of all our desires. I shall leave "Deirdre" in rehearsal to speak of certain happenings that were shaping and colouring the life of Dublin for some distinctive and worthy achievement, and doing the same in my own life.

The group around AE in the Hermetic Society discussed "Reincarnation and the eastern idea of after death," and carried me some distance towards tolerating an idea that had at first hearing of it moved me to deep repugnance. I resented the thought that I had been and would be someone else. By and by, through such discussions and reading I came to see that this was a wrong interpretation of a doctrine that had had the assent of countless millions for thousands of years in Asia, and had been held by the early Christians, and was implicit in certain passages of the New Testament. But this weight of evidence only brought me to tolerance. There was something in my make-up that prevented my perfect assimilation of anything that came to me through the intellect alone. I could understand ; but it needed a synthesis of the mind, the emotions, and some living application and creation in the imagination, to give me a vital realisation of any proposition, and take me to acceptance or rejection. One morning walking to a tram-stop on my way from my lodgings to the office, thinking of things far removed from reincarnation, I suddenly saw myself as myself coming from myself, through the gate of parenthood, moving towards the gate of death, to myself. I recognised paternal and maternal transmissions in

characteristics of body, mind and feeling, but saw my-self as the spectator and user of these, modifying them according to the genius and purpose of my real self. Certain problems were involved in this realisation, such as "free will" vis-a-vis the scientific determinism through which I had worked in earlier years. A discussion, also at the Hermetic Society, on "Universal Sacrifice" helped me in another way. I had long suspected the current doctrine of the Atonement because of its localisation of a transaction for which both uniqueness and universality were claimed by the rival phases of Christianity. Yet I felt that, under the queer mixture of human disobedience, and celestial bad temper leading to delegated crucifixion, there lay some imperfectly expressed mystery of the universe and life. This became the more likely when, in my studies in the old Celtic mythology, I came upon the legends of Cuchulain who, like Jesus, had a "reputed" father, the earthly Prince Sualtam, and a "real" father, Lugh, the God of Light and Master of all Arts. I came to realise that the localisation of universal truth was, in human conditions, an inescapable condition of expression; that all such expression everywhere had therefore to be interpreted by the intuition and imagination; and that any attempt to treat the local expression of universal truth as in itself final and universally obligatory was a fundamental error. My reaching of these convictions, and others, was not a result of any struggle in my mind or emotions. The only struggle I had was in my boyhood when my friends were getting "converted" wholesale on certain Sundays and were seemingly nothing the better of it on Mondays, or at latest on Tuesdays, and ready to go again to the "penitent form" on the next opportunity. I tried hard to get converted, but failed. It took some time to discover that, in the sense of having turned away from the things of the flesh to those of the spirit, I had been converted before I was born; in other words, was a congenital idealist.

Looking back to this period of my life, I am struck by the very little influence that was felt by my mind from events that were happening outside Ireland and appeared to be regarded as of importance elsewhere. I was not peculiar in this want of resonance. Things were pending, as we now know, in the inner

life of the section of the people of Ireland who were conscious and articulate. In a sense all Ireland had been for centuries conscious of a wrong that had to be righted ; but their expression and action had been frustrated by superior power ; and it was beginning to be felt that the era of parliamentary juggling was moving towards the same futility. " Nationality," AE wrote, " was never so strong in Ireland as at the present time (1899). It is beginning to be felt, less as a political movement, than as a spiritual force. It seems to be gathering itself together, joining men, who were hostile before, in a new intellectual fellowship ; and if all these could unite on fundamentals it would be possible in a generation to create a national ideal in Ireland. . ." This growth was not to be accomplished through creeds and churches, but through the setting free of the divinity that is inherent in every fragment of nature and humanity. Yeats wrote : " The arts are, I believe, about to take upon their shoulders the burdens that have been laid upon the shoulders of priests, and to lead us back upon our journey by filling our thoughts with the essences of things, not with things." This was a declaration of war that ranged me intuitively on the side of the artists, but the artists with vision. ]

In the same year (1899) war broke out between Britain and the Dutch Republic of South Africa. The Boer War was repugnant to the general mind of Ireland, which hailed the Dutch farmers' victories in the first stages of the war as being those of liberty over tyranny. Those of us who had come under the influence of the growing imaginative ideal of Ireland, as expounded chiefly by AE, had no interest in either side of the pro-Boer wrangle in England. While peace negotiations were going on from March to May of 1902, some of us were immersed in the organisation of the Irish National Theatre Society, to whose first programme, in November of the same year, I contributed the two one-act plays, " The Sleep of the King " and " The Racing Lug."

A full-dress rehearsal for a private performance of a scene from AE " Deirdre " came off on the afternoon of January 2 at the Coffey home. It took two eminent men to work the curtain between the dining-room-stage and the drawing-room-auditorium, to wit, T. W. Rolleston, whose name found its way into



anthologies, and E. E. Fournier, a brilliant scientist and Celtic revivalist. Miss Gonne supervised the costuming. George Moore pervaded the outskirts of the proceedings.

The first performance of any part of "Deirdre" was given the next night. Everything went admirably; but I am not sure if it was then, or at the dress rehearsal, that AE, in the part of Naise, nearly jolted us out of our heroic habilaments when, to drive something home in true Ultonian (Ulster) fashion, he dashed his long wooden spear with a rebounding crash on the stage's "scanty plot of ground," the effect on our nerves being heightened by his towering figure, shaggy hair and beard, strong and somewhat raspish voice, and intense absorption in the part.

The Fay company's rehearsals of the full-size "Deirdre" in the Coffee Palace theatre proceeded with growing mastery and enthusiasm. Everybody learned everybody's else's part for sheer love of the thing. The lack of a suitable curtain raiser worried the management. But their worry disappeared when it was whispered that Yeats had had a dream, and had put it into a one-act play, and that Maud Gonne would have the central part. The play, "Cathleen ni Houlihan" (Cathleen, daughter of sorrow) was read to the company. I shall not in this life forget the thrill of patriotic realisation that went through me at the final lines, after the departure of the "poor old woman" (symbol of Ireland at the end of the eighteenth century in which the play was set, and not less symbolical in 1902) when an unsuspecting lad put prophecy in a sentence in reply to the question:

Did you see an old woman go down the path?

I did not, but I saw a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen.

We knew that Ireland had attained freedom in the spiritual world and would soon attain it in the physical. When Miss Gonne joined rehearsals she brought to our work a curious sense of a "presence," of something to live up to: she became not only an actress but an incarnate responsibility.

The first public performances of the complete "Deirdre" and of "Cathleen ni Houlihan" came off on April 2, 3, and 4 (1902) in St. Teresa's Hall in a by-street in the centre of Dublin. They

were a great success. Applause was generous in the hall and the local press. A brave array of special correspondents from London and other British centres had dared the terrors of the choppy Irish Sea. We were all very proud, and very sorry that our work had come to an end. We knew that as an organism we were capable of anything in the way of hard work and sticking together. In our enthusiasm we had settled and unsettled every canon of dramatic theory and practice; we had trampled on one another's corns till there were none left; we had seen Frank Fay quarrel with Willie Fay, and fling his part on the floor forever, and turn up as usual at the next rehearsal; we were proof against all disruptive influences because our hearts were set on the service of Ireland. We had rejoiced in our revival of the beautiful and heroic past; we craved now for something living. I left the hall on the first night in the company of Standish O'Grady. He was entirely opposed to the staging of legendary heroes. He was afraid it was an act of degradation to the level of puny Dubliners for which the spirits of the heroes would avenge themselves. Perhaps they did years later.

On the last night of the plays, while Frank Fay was putting the finishing-touches to my make-up as a hero, he expressed to me his sense of pity that the work so well begun should come to an end. His question was the same as he had asked me before, "But where are the plays?" He begged of me to try something to keep the company together. I promised to try, but held out little hope, as I did not feel drama to be my work. But the time-spirit was still busy. Next day the boy Colum read to me the first act of a play that he had sketched. It was the real thing, strong, human, racial. The same evening at the Contemporary Club, the Fay Company together with AE, Yeats and Martyn, met and discussed the possibilities of starting a National Theatre.

Then a curious thing befell me. A week later, on a Sunday morning (April 13), I awoke in my lodging on the edge of Dublin Bay to find my mind possessed by a vivid re-creation in dramatic form of an event which had made a deep impression on my child-mind years before. (A fishing-boat with an uncle and several distant relatives of my own had put out to the fishing-grounds

from Carrickfergus under a large sail called a racing-lug. The lug had been taken under protest as the outcome of a charge of cowardice by one of the younger members of the crew against the cautiousness of the oldest member in face of probable "dirty weather." A squall struck the boat, the big sail jammed and could not be lowered. The boat capsized, and three out of the seven were drowned, including the young man who had insisted on the lug. Something in my head shaped the event with miraculous rapidity and certainty. I seemed merely to be the spectator of a mental process which happened to be in my own brain; and when I arose, dressed hastily, and began to write it out, I felt that I was but a transcriber. I called my transcript in drama-form "The Racing Lug." On the same afternoon the Fays called to see what I had done about giving them a play. A week had gone by; there had been talk of a national theatre, but they could not wait on talk; they felt the deprivation of having nothing to keep the company at work. I confessed having made that morning a rough draft of a one-act play on north of Ireland life. Willie asked to see it; and while he read it Frank and I discussed the question of blank verse in an Irish theatre. He was very anxious to have a short poetry play to give scope for rhythmic declamation and for command of speaking and grace of movement. He drew my attention to the legendary story of Prince Connla and the fairy maiden who called him away from his earthly kingdom to the Land of the Ever Young. When the brothers were taking leave I asked for the rough draft of the morning's work. Willie refused to give it to one who would spoil it by improvement. [It was, he said, hot from the mint and perfect; one of the strongest one-act plays he knew. I must meet the company that evening and read it to them.] We met in the sitting room of Miss Maire Quinn who had played Deirdre with a delicious northern accent. When I finished reading, thirtyfive minutes. there was silence that sent a shiver of failure up my spine. But I noticed that the cigarettes and pipes that had been lit had gone dead out, and that there were queer glistenings in some eyes. Next week "The Racing Lug" was put into rehearsal; and on the strength of new work for the company, and more in the

middle distance, a move was made to a small hall at the back of a shop for rehearsals. Shortly afterwards I had finished a one-act blank-verse play on the subject to which Frank Fay had drawn my attention. In doing this my mind showed that it had moved towards a view of things from a level of consciousness different from that of the realism of "The Racing Lug." I had reached the interpretative view of life and its movement from spiritual origins to a spiritual fulfilment; in other words, had found a mode of expression for an inborn intuitive relationship of my inner self with the nature and technique of the universe. ]

The Fay Company had now two new plays, and work was proceeded with regularly during the summer months of 1902. I was again the instrument of destiny in carrying on the history of the dramatic revival, though that instrumentality was obscured in the development of personalities and ambitions that took up the work of the movement later. On Saturday afternoons the company made occasional excursions to Bride's Glen (the glen of Brigid), a beautiful spot some seven miles from Dublin. Here in a grass-plot two great trees made excellent "wings" for rehearsals of "The Sleep of the King," my poetical play.

Three more new plays turned up, Early in August we read a morality by Yeats called "The Hour Glass," and about the same time put into rehearsal "The Laying of the Foundations" by Fred Ryan, the first presentation of modern sociological thought on the Irish stage. A new phase in Yeats' dramatic development was shown in a quaint farce, "A Pot of Broth," in which the Aesop fable was presented in Irish circumstances and idiom.

With "Deirdre" and "Cathleen . . ." ready and others in various stages of readiness, we had a strong challenge to hard work. But the effectiveness of our answer depended on more space; also for storing our growing wardrobe and properties. I had made a crown for King Con the Hundred-Fighter out of pasteboard, clips, tinsel and beads of glass, that from the front looked eligible for a place among the royal jewels of ancient Ireland. I had painted a bench for "A Pot of Broth." After much discussion we organised ourselves into ✓ The Irish National

Dramatic Company," and took a hall behind a butcher's shop and a public house in Camden Street. We entered the hall on August 8, 1902, and our career began officially by the rehearsing of "The Sleep of the King."

We were now started on our work as a definite organisation, with all the advantages of co-operative effort, and all the possibilities of menace from divergent and developing units. Outside we heard of a growing output of plays. "The Enchanted Sea" by Edward Martyn did not come our way, and we were not sorry because of its unrelieved gloom. AE read a play to us by Miss Eva Gore-Booth, but difficulties of stage-management, such as getting a crow to fly across the stage, and a fog to enter and condense into a living figure, were too much for even our enthusiasm.

While the rehearsals were proceeding I had paid a visit to Boyle, county Roscommon, to the parents of my fiancée, and in surroundings of great natural beauty had heard a tale of love and war, with all the glamour of the romantic past, that seemed to offer a subject for a play. While I was turning this over in my imagination, preparations were begun for the production of a series of plays at the annual festival of a national society. "The Sleep" and "The Lug" were on the proposed bill. At intervals in the rehearsals Colum and I found occasions for going out to a small shop where at a table in a corner we discussed drama, and particularly our own dramatic intentions, though I was never quite sure of fulfilling mine, over thick rank coffee or highly gaseous lemonade. I also got an idea for a comedy on north of Ireland life and later worked it out. My fiancée was at work on the composition of an anthem for her degree examination, and on October 15 was declared a Bachelor of Music of the Royal University of Ireland.

A lecture was given by Mrs. Annie Besant in a small hall on October 1—her birthday, a date then unnoticed by me, but later to become a red-letter anniversary in my calendar. My early instruction from my parents was that a woman called Besant was an agent of the Devil, and doubly dangerous by her immoral association with the atheist Bradlaugh. But by the time my life

arrived at a distant view of the "bad woman" I had abolished hell, except as an occasional expletive, and with it its president, the Devil. I had a private suspicion that I was myself a bit of an atheist; a suspicion that was strengthened by my studies in sixpenny Rationalism, in Theosophy, and, curiously, by my bedtime reading of the sermons of the Reverend Frederick Robertson of Brighton, who put Truth in a position in front of its utterance in the Bible. Mrs. Besant's lecture was on "Theosophy and Ireland." I gathered the idea that clairvoyance, or revelation, or both, declared a long process of racial and cultural evolution out of which Ireland was ultimately to emerge as the spiritual mentor of Europe, even as India had long ago been to Asia. Mrs. Besant, then fifty-five, short, grey-haired, pleasant yet serious, and intelligent of countenance, spoke with facility in plain language without notes in an attractive full-toned voice. [I learned from her lecture that Theosophy was a much bigger matter than what I had derived from small manuals—and so was Ireland: which was quite a lot to learn in one afternoon, and took some time to turn from what later was called "wishful thinking" into a conviction in my own mind. Shortly afterwards I read her "Esoteric Christianity" and got a deeper view of the realities behind dogmas.]

The first performances of the Irish National Dramatic Company were given, appropriately, in the same hall as the first performances of the Irish Literary Theatre three years previously, the Antient Concert Rooms, at the festival of Samhain (harvest), October 28 to November 2, 1902. On the first night, in order to find our feet, we repeated "Deirdre" and "Cathleen. . . ." On the second night we presented our first original bill as a society. "The Sleep of the King" was given its first performance, and the long and faithful rehearsal sent it through without a missed word. The casting was perfect: Miss Maire Walker as the beautiful Fairy Princess; Frank Fay as the solemn old King; P. J. Kelly as his noble son and heir; Dudley Digges as the mysterious Druid. The verse was spoken with perfect enunciation and fine tone by the actors. The Fairy Chorus of invisible children, singing to an archaic Irish melody, greatly heightened the effect of the play. I

had my first experience of a curtain-call, and felt rather a fraud for receiving so much applause for so small a contribution to so great a cause. Edward Martyn clapped me on the back in the green room with much commendation. W. B. Yeats lifted his hand and uttered solemn words in his minor-canon voice: "Splendid, my boy. Splendid. Beautiful verse beautifully spoken by native actors. Just what we wanted." The suggestion that we were contributory to him, and not he to us gave a twinge to some of the company who were within hearing: the first sign, I think, of the tendency to fission that had haunted Irish history, and was destined to do so some years later. The second item of the evening, to which mine was the curtain-raiser, was "The Laying of the Foundations" by Fred Ryan, an intellectual document in human personification that was warmly received. "Deirdre" was repeated on the third night, and with it, for the first time, "A Pot of Broth." The discovery of Yeats as a humourist, albeit by derivation, was a delight, but also somewhat of a bewilderment to those who had hoped that the poet had got over the tendency to literary mesalliance after "Diarmuid and Grania." On the fourth night "The Racing Lug" had its first performance. Again the casting was perfect. Miss Maire Quinn was Nancy, the wife of the old fisherman; Frank Fay was old Johnny; Maire Walker was their educated daughter, "With your long words that run on as many legs as a lobster;" and P. J. Kelly, a Catholic youth who impersonated the Presbyterian clergyman with remarkable conviction. Dudley Digges created a living character in the young fisherman, Rob, whose bravado had led to the tragedy. We looked to him for great things, and he accomplished them. At the fall of the curtain there was an extraordinary silence in the hall, which sounded like a total failure. Then someone began to clap and call "Author," and ultimately I had to appear when the applause had grown to great warmth. But I was afraid it was only a courtesy call and that my day as a dramatist had ended sooner than I had intended. I learned, however, that the tragedy of the piece had overcome the audience, and that a shiver had gone round the house when the clergyman stopped the wag-at-the-wall clock announcing

without words that the old woman had died, a custom that I had got to know among the people of whom the characters of the play were types. The clergyman had tears in his eyes and the girl was sobbing against the cottage window when the curtain fell. It was a weird experience to all of us, and showed me that realism had emotional limitations that had to be observed if art was to remain artistic. I never felt happy when I heard afterwards that this little piece had been played by any of the amateur companies that began to arise throughout the country. Later it went to England as a holiday item in the bill of a resting company of the actors with Henry Irving and John Hare, and evoked, for reasons beyond my understanding, "five curtains". "The Lug" was afterwards played in Belfast at the opening of what became the Ulster Literary Theatre. Some of the original cast travelled from Dublin. The homely phrases that the audience had often heard in daily life, when put on the stage, roused familiar notions that obscured the story, and caused the tragedy to be laughed at right through. "The laugh mistimed in tragic presences" (Watson) was our greatest difficulty for many a year in Dublin as well as Belfast. We had to educate our audiences to hear without a titter references to a woman having a child, one of the stupidities bequeathed to us by the fifth-rate plays and musical comedies that formed the bulk of the people's dramatic entertainment that came to them from England.

The audiences all through the inaugural performances of the Irish National Dramatic Company had been small, but we prided ourselves that they had been very select. On the last night of the season, Saturday, the public of Dublin discovered that interesting plays were being performed, that the very authors themselves could be seen walking about quite tame, and that the actors were actually Dublin people that may be some of them knew. The hall was packed. "A Pot of Broth" went down with gusto; and Yeats awoke to find himself a popular laughter-maker. The rest of us, not excluding AE, were snuffed out. But the society was on its feet, and that was all that mattered.

Drama dominated the end of the year 1902 in my own record, after the Samhain performances. I finished the north



of Ireland comedy, "Sold," and read it to the company who received it cordially and began rehearsing it on November 28. The Connacht romance "The Sword of Dermot," was also finished, and read with approval, but held over pending the production of "Sold." An invitation performance of "The Laying of the Foundations," "A Pot of Broth," and "The Racing Lug" was given in the little Camden Street hall on December 6. A rehearsal was called for December 12, but turned into a discussion that my laconic diary described as "disputatious and unsatisfactory." On December 18 I checked the proofs of "Sold" for publication in the Christmas number of "The United Irishman." The editor, Arthur Giffith, editorially declined to apologise for giving so much space to the play, as it was "the first real comedy of Irish life," by which he meant the life of the people as distinguished from the sophisticated drawing-room comedies of a previous generation. The life and death of "Sold" belong to a later year.

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## CHAPTER VII

### MEETING HERSELF

(J.H.C.) The breaking of my engagement with the Belfast girl broke little else; not because symbolical "hearts" at twentyfour, even if they go to emotional smithereens mainly because of frustrated instinctive imagination and outraged egotism, have a knack of ticking on towards the future; but because, as I came to realise in my growing understanding of humanity and myself, my demands on life were much less biological than psychological and based on an intuition that one gets what is coming to one, no more and no less. I accepted the inevitable past. In waiting for the inevitable future, therefore, and occasionally scrutinising the face of life for signs of its approach, I was not to be hurried by any of the domestic possibilities that were now and then visible in social springes set, almost too obviously, to catch an eligible

woodcock. I was not impressed by feminine piety. I knew it to be, in the circle in which I moved, largely habitual, also wholly ignorant of the stupendous matters involved in glibly spoken phrases out of translations of ancient scriptures that were intellectually a closed book to my acquaintances. I was acute enough to see that while the new scientists had strewn the religious landscape with the fragments of theological superstructures, they had done nothing more serious than cover up untouched foundations with removable debris. Neither orthodox nor heterodox scientists had the wit to deal with religious fundamentals as facts to be questioned with scientific fullness. The founders of the Society for Psychical Research had to work under orthodox scientific suspicion. The materialist interpreters of science were no wiser than the classicals. I was not then aware of the mass of evidence tending towards establishing survival of death that had already been scientifically gathered and sifted. In my immediate social circle there were no convincing answers discernible to the questions I had to put to myself by one side of my mind and answer as best I could by the other side with my share of knowledge and intelligence. Feminine companionship, if it was to outlast preliminary curiosity and novelty and subsequent familiarity, had to offer me more than the transient attractions of feature and form. It had to offer mutual search for reality. But reality was the last thing I could expect in conversation. There was no organised grey matter behind blue eyes or brown to share seriously in any of my notes of interrogation.

About this time She appeared. I can only say about. I have no memory of the date of so epoch-making an event, for the simple reason that I did not know that it *was* an epoch-making event and that she was She. My diary is not helpful save by implication. On July 10, 1899, it says: "Roses for Miss Gillespie 2s 6d," and on November 7: "G. G. birthday." The implications are that the said lady had come across the horizon in the boat of destiny prior to "roses, roses" (Browning), and that destiny had made considerable progress in four months, having moved from a respectful name to familiar initials.

Then or thenabouts the Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Ireland came off. I attended one of the public meetings to enjoy the oratory of some of the famous pulpiteers of the church of my upbringing. The lady of the birthday was there also, on the balcony, I on the floor. Towards the close of the meeting destiny made me catch her eye, and a spontaneous movement of my head symbolised the idea: "We are going home the same way and if you are alone we may as well go together;" which we did on the top of the tram from Nelson's Pillar. It was a pleasant journey by a vivacious and intelligent young lady of 20 (I being 25) in a picture hat and summer dress, and a "budding poet." Yet Plato was deputising for destiny, at least pro tem. I had observed that anybody could fall in love, and sometimes crawl out again. I had myself done something of the kind, and had decided on no more conventional falling in love. I determined that if and when it should come my way again I would *climb* into it, though such an ascent would mean the assembling of mountaineering paraphernalia, and the study of the geological and meteorological condition of whatever skirted eminence destiny swung across my path. The study that had proceeded from "Miss Gillespie" to "G. G." coincided happily with my own cultural evolution in evenings together at performances of Shakespeare and Wagner. A definite stage in my climb into love came on July 1 (1900). I had acquired the occasional and growing privilege of seeing her home to her lodgings and having a few minutes' good-night with a hearty handshake. July the first was special, because on the morrow she would travel on holidays to her home in Boyle in the legendary west. When I saw her to her gate, under an umbrella in a shower, she asked me what she would tell her parents. I told her. Her response was: "You may kiss me if you like." I had been liking in anticipation for some time. She went, she told, she returned. A diary entry for September 1 of the same year ("Killiney, G. G. ring") indicates that the climb had got within sight of the summit. We sat on a shelf of rock, with white gulls as applauding witnesses and the green sea edged with white at our feet, and She, whose initials then dropped one and became "G" for Gretta, selected a

gold and diamond circlet that told the world she had chosen her life's partner.

The period of our engagement was, from my side, not just a matter of getting to know the ins-and-outs, the pros-and-cons the ups-and-downs of the individual who was destined to broaden me into real manhood by stimulating in me the reactions of latent womanhood, and for whom I was to do a complementary service. The common division of humanity into the Genesitic "male and female" may have been good enough for the Garden of Eden or other legendary place of remote origin; but it seemed too crude to my taste. A watch on the processes of my mind had disclosed to me what I had taken to be a law of life: that any knowledge of her that I might acquire through the externals of speech and action, arose from responses of the "her" within myself. Such responses might be between the fundamental man and woman; but I was awake to the presence of a considerable admixture of feminine receptiveness and creativeness in my own make-up, and aware of a certain touch of masculine power and initiative in her's that, when I first saw her masterful handwriting, made me brace myself for adventure. I saw affinities intermingled with differences that seemed to come from innumerable criss-crossings of the super-physical nature, that were perhaps memories, as Idas said to Marpessa in Stephen Phillips' poem,

Of births far back, of lives on many stars.

My daily duty consisted in receiving and paying monies belonging to others. Incidentally I got oblique looks into human perfidy and the inherent dishonesty of "business" that induced a secret determination to get out of it and back to education when opportunity or impulse arose. Her days went in the study and teaching of music with an eye on a degree. Spare hours in evenings and half and whole holidays were occasions of cultural exchange. She, essentially a musician, imbibed the poetry and drama that I, essentially a poet and secondarily a dramatist, was concerned in; and I imbibed the music that was life to her. Nature was to both of us an inexhaustible delight through its mystery and beauty, its multitudinous accomplishment and its revelation of the collaboration of simple forces of expansion and limitation.

In the dusk of April 8, 1903, a jaunting car conveyed a man on the verge of thirty across Dublin. The event was not unusual in what Lady Morgan, a literary-minded society leader of a century or so earlier, had called "The car-drivingest city" in the world. What *was* unusual was that the man, though quite sober (otherwise he could not have done what he was doing, though the doing of it might itself have suggested intoxication to the uninformed passer-by), was balancing a large mantelpiece clock perilously on his knees as the car swirled round corners and skidded in tram-tracks. I can vouch for his sobriety despite appearances, for I happened to be the said man, carrying an almost eleventh-hour wedding-present from a friend to complete the exhibition in a hotel where "Miss Gillespie" and her mother, up from the west, were to stay over night; from which they would sally forth the next morning to the wedding of the eldest of a family of a dozen, divided equally between sons and daughters, to the eldest son of four brothers; and in which the wedding breakfast would be held. I was at Sandymount Methodist Church in good time. The day was Maundy Thursday. My "best man" was Harvey Pelissier, a musician who saw that I was all in order, including lavender gloves and ring in vest pocket for the decisive moment. The organist who was to play the bride to destiny was in his place, Tom Keohler, who brought poetry to the occasion, as Pelissier brought music—not to mention the musical bride and her singing sister Annie who was her bride's-maid, and the poetical bridegroom. The tall handsome father, on whose arm the bride came up the church aisle, may be added to the musical side of the event, not only as instigator and supporter of the bride's musical education, but as a technical aid by causing her, from an early age, to accompany his throaty baritone at local concerts, and as a chronic strummer on the banjo outside legal hours. And there was her tall goddess-like fourth sister who was to do things in painting. The Rev. J. W. Ballard, something of a poet, who had baptised me, officiated. At the wedding breakfast, the new "Mrs. Cousins," when the customary dainties fabricated from tortured and murdered creatures began to be served, gently but conclusively announced, in presence of parents and relations and guests,

that from that moment she joined her husband as a vegetarian. I had not asked, not even suggested, her doing so. I had not even hoped that my assurance to her of complete freedom in all our relationships would be met by any concession from her side. I had reached the conviction that only in such freedom, individual, collective, international, could the unity of spirit and feeling be engendered through which richness of character, benignity of action, sufficiency of substance, with their inevitable fruitage of peace and happiness, would grow. I had sensed her nobility of spirit, her natural idealism, her impulse to disinterested service seeking fulfilment through a clear mind and aesthetical temperament; and I had made up my own mind that our marriage would be, on my side, neither a racial expedient nor a personal satisfaction, but a high privilege and spiritual responsibility. Her voluntary determination to join me in the purification of our physical lives, in setting ourselves right with the creatures that shared life with us on the planet, was to me an invisible marriage, deeper and more binding than the ritual of conventional respectability through which we had just passed.

We left the hotel in a shower of rice. In one of the main city thoroughfares by which a cab took us towards the station for Killarney on the four-day honeymoon which was all my employers would give me, the cab pulled up, and Pelissier's face came fiercely through a window and hissed, "Have you a knife?" I had not specially equipped myself in the Nietzschean manner of not forgetting a whip, or its equivalent, when one went near a woman. But I did happen to have a knife among the odds and ends in a pocket. He cut a string at the back of the cab, and left a long line with an old shoe at its end for the first collector of wedding souvenirs who turned up before the official street cleaners. It was no sixpenny novelist's shy maiden who accompanied me on my honeymoon, but a free-minded young woman who saw no sense in being self-conscious on an occasion through which all the world and his wife had gone, and would go for some millions of years to come, otherwise there would be no one left to keep count of the years. She carried her wedding bouquet from the station entrance to the carriage in full sight

of the universe and stacked it on the parcel-rack with its festive ribbons dangling in the breeze.

The country through which we passed on that spring afternoon was new to us, and presented many natural and human features for exchange of reactions. In the dusk, hills loomed up with their customary suggestion of interested presences, and touches of silver indicated streams and lakelets. But knowledge of these had to await a new day. We arrived at Killarney in darkness, odorous, whispering, hill-haunted, star-strewn darkness, at the hotel managed by a lady bearing the ancient and geographical name of MacGillicuddy. But if she was a descendant of the chieftain after whom the range of mountains somewhere beyond present sight was called MacGillicuddy's Reeks, she had not added dietetics to ancestry. We had sent word in advance that we did not use flesh-foods of any kind. Her brilliant idea of alternatives was a combination of cabbage, rhubarb and cheese; either of these in its own place would have served nature's purpose, but the three for a single meal were incongruous. Anyhow we had all life before us for making good temporary deficiencies in feeding, which was half a habit if half a necessity. There was a large slab of the wedding-cake that we had cut together at the breakfast in Dublin in her trunk to fall back on—and to share with the other visitors in the small hotel. And after a chapter of Maeterlinck's "Wisdom and Destiny" and a night's unruffled sleep, we awoke to Good Friday fresh in body and mind and ready to take all we could out of our brief first visit to Killarney.

The holy day was given to a compendious view of the lakes and their surrounding mountains on a jaunting-car whose driver had a good story for every quarter mile. At twilight we walked to Ross Castle on a lake-side. A distinctive young man, who had left a cycle against a wall and was absorbing the mystic beauty of the hour and place, just had to relieve his feelings in conversation. When he left us we had acquired two new pieces of information; that he was a nephew of the King of Portugal (which he may have been for all we knew), and that cycles could be hired in Killarney town by the day, even as he had hired his. Next

day we were "over the hills and far away" on wheels, through scenes out of many an old song, and back by the barren but impressive Gap of Dunloe. Sunday being Easter Day we went to church, or, more correctly, she felt she should go to church, and I felt I should go with her; and all I remember of the service was the falling of a quantity of rice out of the fallals of a bridal hat on the floor of the pew as the bride knelt in prayer. As I had to be at my office-desk on Tuesday morning at 9 to receive and pay-out other people's monies, we had to leave Killarney on Easter Monday afternoon. Pending the availability of a house we took up temporary lodgings in the home of a quaint middle-aged pair, the man of whom had attained the eminence of being a Poor Law Guardian. A small parlour on the ground-floor gave us some preliminary experience in the life of cultural acquisition and scattering on which we were entering. We read together; and what we read we assimilated and gave out in occasional symposia of friends some of whose names became known in literature. Our bedroom was on the top floor under the slates; and if we could not see Dublin Bay, there being no side window, we could at least see stars through the skylight, when there were any stars to be seen.

## CHAPTER VIII

## MEETING HIMSELF

(M. E. C.) Romance comes natural to me. Like any normal high-spirited girl of nineteen I liked the companionship of young men, and I met plenty of them in that first year of freedom in Dublin after four years of boarding-school life. I had a clear idea that it would be a tragic fate to become an old maid. I knew I would like to get married and enjoy a life-companionship with a man whom I would respect and love. I also had formulated my ideal quite vividly: he must be tall and dark, a professor with a beautiful voice. Contrary to my dreams, when he materialised



he was small and fair, an accountant in a business concern, and, worst of all, possessed a marked North-of-Ireland accent which we of the South and West detested.

I did not fall in love. I had to be dragged up into it. Often I asked myself why it was that in that first year of knowing him I had such a dislike for him. I cried with disappointment the night after he proposed to me. But I knew he was good and clever and full of the highest ideals. Also I was queerly humble about myself and strangely worldly-wise. With three lovely younger sisters I thought this was probably my only chance of marriage. I must not rashly throw it away. I knew he was a poet; and I loved poetry. Perhaps a poet might work out as well as a professor. I decided to give him a trial. We often met at the house of a mutual friend. My interest was aroused in him by his poetry and later by his dramas, also by his love of all beautiful things. For six months I forced myself to suffer his company so that I might, as I told him, "learn what he was really like." But scandal began to wag its tongue about us. So I agreed to an engagement, but made the provision that I reserved the right to break it at any moment. Fortunately we had no money, and I had to finish my Mus. Bac. course. So there was no temptation or forcing into marriage. In the three years following 1900 I was completely won over.

Looking back to those days, how simple and rusticated the world and life seem then to have been, and how young we ourselves were! Motor cars, electric trams, aeroplanes, were rare birds. There were no cinemas, no radios, no electric light; gas sufficed our needs. We had not awakened to problems of woman suffrage or slum work or child welfare schemes. Every week-end in the summer we took a Saturday afternoon trip to one of the pretty spots on the sea-coast north or south of Dublin. In the winter we visited the Botanical Gardens, the Parks, the Museum and National Gallery, or went to plays or concerts or lectures. Every Friday evening he whom I then thought of as my Poet waited for me to see me home from a teaching engagement with a bunch of flowers in his hand; not many, but choice, a tree carnation, Parma violets, lilies of the valley; the writing

of whose names recalls the wafture of their respective fragrances.

It was stimulating to listen to AE expounding Indian philosophy, and art, and the idealism of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. Harvey Pelissier I found piquant. Leslie Pielou attracted me by his suggestion of a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, always immaculate and courtly. In comparison with such contemporaries my wee North-man shrank as a personality. But I was learning to appreciate his depth and purity of thought, his genius in expression, his understanding of the need for every human being to have freedom to grow in their own way. And we explored together, and grew together, he in literature, I in music, and both in the fine art of cooperation.

Some time in 1901 I got one of the jolts of my life up till then. Books of the higher criticism, on rationalism and socialism, came my way. I read them with growing interest and knowledge—and before long the whole conventional religious edifice of belief crashed. My people, especially my father, had believed in the literal inspiration of the English Bible. My free reason refused to accept such credulity and the faith based on it. For two and a half years I was an entire but humble agnostic. My fiancée brought me to a lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant some time during that period; but I was neither attracted nor impressed by either her subject-matter or her personality. Little children can feel superior to their elders; and I was still but a little child in wisdom.

When Paderewski gave his first recital in Dublin I was raised to the seventh heaven of happiness. His playing of "*Reflects dans l'eau*" was my first hearing of Debussy's compositions. It introduced me to a new world of tonal effects. I bought a copy of the piece next day. It took me a fortnight to read it, picking it out from bar to bar laboriously; but I rejoiced in its strangeness.

I worked hard at my musical subjects. Before being allowed to sit for examinations in the specialised aspects that I have already detailed, a thesis had to be accepted. For the final examination I set one of the Psalms to music for four voices, with full pipe-organ accompaniment, eight-part harmony in some sections. It was a miniature cantata; but somehow I

never had pride in it then or later. I early realised that I was not a born composer though I had some skill in music-technique. In October 1902 I was qualified to receive the degree of Bachelor of Music of the Royal University of Ireland. My father and mother came up from our home town for the Convocation. It was a great day for my family, and for my ever helpful and devoted fiancée who had often to stand my nerviness and tiredness during those years of study.

The six months previous to our marriage was a testing time for me. I had to leave Dublin and retire to the bosom of my family to be taught how to cook, to collect a trousseau, and learn household management. I was then the eldest of a dozen children. The three nearest me were away from home ; but the home atmosphere had been for years one of continuous babies, growing parental friction, a queer mixture of autocracy, kindliness, love of music and beauty, an irrational kind of religious faith, a sense of congestion. One could see everywhere what a lottery marriage had been ; how many blanks had been drawn. What was my guarantee for life-long happiness in such an inescapably close relationship ? It had taken me half of our three years engagement to grow content with Fate's choice for me. The second half of the engagement had built up knowledge, respect, admiration and affection in me for a truly worthy man ; and it had made us enjoy one another's companionship and dependence on little mutual services. In those first years I used to analyse my lack of emotional care whether he turned up or not as I continued my piano practice and he happened to be later than our time of appointment. And now, so near the fatal or heavenly day of marriage I still had some region of indifference or coldness or uncertainty about the future in me which I was rather ashamed of as being unworthy of him, and not the fictional sort of emotionalism that a bride is expected to have. Imagine then the effect on me of the question of an old friend of my mother's : " With all these youngsters around you, Gretta, are you not afraid to get married ? " Actually I was not afraid ; but I had a clear knowledge of the uncertainty of circumstances, and how they could alter cases. In those engagement days we hinted at control of our future. Jim

had once clearly promised, "Anything about the coming of children will be entirely left to your choice." I believed him. I knew nothing of the technique of sex, but I had utter trust in his knowledge, his will and his integrity. So the question of my mother's friend did not ruffle my feelings as much as it might. Even at that early date I had settled in my mind that every wife should have been so educated that she could earn her own living; so that economic helplessness should not tie her to marriage, and force her and her children to remain with a man or in conditions that were a hypocrisy, a degradation, or a bad influence on the children. Now that I had secured the unusual degree of Bachelor of Music I knew I could always earn my livelihood. But deeper than these Jim and I had realised that our surest unity was in our similar aspirations to build purity and beauty and harmony into our lives and into the world.

In our case the length of our engagement had given us time to gear into one another's ideas about things naturally and inevitably, not violently and not too many together and pell-mell. One of the first things that I disliked about this Mr. Cousins was his vegetarianism. Yet he did not draw attention to it or preach it. He simply didn't eat fish, flesh or fowl. Somehow he managed to get enough vegetables, fruit, nuts, cereals, to satisfy his hunger and keep him healthy. Although I argued against this food-faddism at first, and had no natural inclination towards it, I found certain points connected with it appealing to me. The Dublin Vegetarian Restaurant was a rendezvous for the literary set, of whom AE was the leader. We frequently joined these idealists for lunch, and later met a number of Hindu vegetarians who had come to Dublin on medical and legal studies. By these things the soil of my free-thinking mind was harrowed; and one day about six months before my final music examination I suddenly realised as in a blinding light of unarguable Truth: "If it is not necessary for health that I should demand living creatures, small and large, to be slaughtered, and their flesh to be cooked for food for me, then it is murder, and a crime for me to be a party to such cruelty and wickedness, and as soon as I am free to order my own food I will be a vegetarian." That vow was taken by my Spiritual

Will to my Highest Self after a moment of illumination. From that decision I never went back. I had set the compass of my life to the pole star of determination to do all that in me lay not to violate the Law of the Sanctity of Life. Of course I told Jim, and the resolve and its reason made him deeply happy. It was like a betrothal of spirits. He never doubted that I would live up to my vision of a bloodless, slaughterless dietary, just as I never doubted that he would carry out his promise about sex-relationships. So we were very happy between ourselves, like wise children.

We were very Irish about money. We had reckoned that Jim's pay, as clerk in a coal and shipping office, would keep us in food and rent and needed recreation. Our wedding outfits would keep us in clothes for two years. Our furniture we would pay for on the hire-purchase system. Wedding presents would help considerably, and my father's wedding cheque would buy a piano. How simple it seemed; and how simply it worked out. Our desires for objects kept within the cash we could depend on. "Miracles" happened now and then, and what they brought we quickly spent in "extras", such as our first trip to London together, the same to Paris and Normandy, and so on in ever-widening range.

We were ready for starting the great adventure, the smallest kind of cooperative society, and the most fraught with unknown results from the most intimate and sustained mental and physical relationships possible to humanity. What an amazing driving force is that of Life! The "life-force" was then a fashionable phrase, due perhaps to Bernard Shaw's virile use of it. It had, as its allies, the "glamour" that girls retained in the way of dressing their hair, a certain delicacy which called for protection; and its stronger ally was undoubtedly the ignorance of girls as to the facts of sex.

The mutual happiness that Jim and I had in one another's company we brought to our wedding day in Dublin, April 9, 1903 (Holy Thursday), and we have not lost it in forty years (1943). The cynicism behind the phrase, "How to be happy though married," was displaced, in our case, by the affirmation, based on experience, that, begun in happiness, based on love, knowledge

and spiritual aspiration, marriage is secondary, not primary. We learned how to be married though happy. At the wedding breakfast in a fashionable hotel I started being a vegetarian. The bride and bridegroom got little to eat compared with the other guests ; but they were happy to look the animal kingdom innocently in the face, and depend on the wedding cake to keep them alive till they reached Killarney, where their full freedom began to make their lives according to their New Order of Peace on Earth and Universal Kinship.

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## CHAPTER IX

## STAGE AND ROSTRUM

(J.H.C.) Our joint life began with drama and music. The National Literary Society, that had sponsored the Irish Literary Theatre, had awakened to the fact that it had not, as part of its own activity, produced an indigenous play. It chose as its first play "The Sword of Dermot", and asked me to find the actors and superintend its production. I turned naturally to the Irish National Dramatic Company. The invitation had reached me some time before my marriage ; and, as "coming events cast their shadows before," and sometimes their radiances, my preoccupations had loosened my active interest in the company's doings. There were stirrings of jealousy over a play of mine being given precedence to others ; also discontented gossip concerning what was described as the scheming of Yeats to pocket the company and establish a dramatic dictatorship which certain of the members resented. I knew of actors who had arisen outside the company, but I counted it a matter of honour to give the company that had inaugurated the Irish theatre in its fullness, save in language, the opportunity to act in the first play of the society that had sponsored the movement in its pre-natal stage. My proposal to this effect was discussed at a meeting, from which I absented myself, and declined. But it was resolved that, while the company as such

could not undertake the production of my play, its members were individually free to accept parts—which they did. A number of weeks before my marriage were divided between that event and the rehearsing of the play. The felicity that the event promised was mottled by the anxiety and irritation of rehearsing actors who missed rehearsals or turned up at the last moment, particularly the deep-voiced manager of a mineral water manufactory who was word-imperfect up to the dress rehearsal and assured me he would be word perfect on the night. And he was, and so were the others. The play went without a hitch before a full house. Congratulations were thick and warm. Gretta played the incidental music. Maire Quinn and Dudley Digges played the lovers who, in their death, united two clans that had been at feud for generations. (They had been first in feeling the influence of approaching dictatorship and in seeing signs of a diversion of the company from the idealism that had been its first stimulus, and were belligerently keen to have my work given what they felt to be its legitimate place. Fission was in the air, and the success of "The Sword of Dermot" outside the National Dramatic Company, of which Yeats was now the directing force, increased the pull in opposite directions.)

The fissiparism that grew like a disintegrating weed between the fibres of effort in Ireland, and was in full flowering in the political affairs of the time, received reinforcement towards a split in the fabric of Irish drama when a play was read to the company. The author was John Millington Synge. Yeats and Lady Gregory were eloquent sponsors of one whom they regarded as a new dramatic genius. But when the reading was over, there was more silence than applause; and at street corners and tram-stops on the way home, opinions were expressed that "The Shadow of the Glen" (the title of the play), should have something better to give to a movement that was in its idealistic childhood than a story of marital disagreement that came, it was rumoured, from a source outside Ireland. [Much of the antipathy to the new drama was a reaction of Catholic sentiment against what was regarded as an untrue representation of Irish life. I recognised the skilful construction of the play and got a certain

exotic pleasure from its artificially picturesque language. But I felt its humourless morbidity to be charged with disease, while Ireland needed creative health.

The tendency to split fiery off fulfilled itself when Synge's "Shadow of the Glen" was given its first performance in the Molesworth Hall on October 8, 1903. There were stiff lips in the audience. I knew those who were spoiling for a fight, as the harsh, soulless, wingless story of infelicity, and deceit and heartlessness was told through perfect acting and flavorful speech. Memory does not tell me at what moment protest arose; but the two women who had made stage history, Maud Gonne and Maire Quinn, and Dudley Digges, who had done the same, left the Hall.

The sequel of the split was the formation of a company under an Irish name translated "Theatre of Ireland." Through the insistence of friends I accepted a place in it, but on my side insisted that the place should call for no initiative or responsibility; and so I became its treasurer. New personalities interested me. A little man with piercing dark eyes and a croaky but distinctive voice, disclosed himself as the person who was contributing to "The United Irishman" weekly brilliant, gyrating, frog leaping, profundities that for their disinterested joy in expression took on the guise of men and women in the streets and slums of Dublin, and in other streets, grass-paven, flower-bordered, sun-and-moon-litten, that are forever open to the Celtic imagination, in season or out of season. His name was James Stephens. One memory crosses over from the old to the new. Our leading lady in the first company was Mary Walker (Maire ni Siubhlaigh), with the appearance of an ascetic angel, a light bell voice, but a little stiff in action; and as gentle as gentle could be. One evening, while a rehearsal was proceeding (this was before the split), a short, chubby-cheeked, bright-eyed, smiley girl was conducted behind the stage. I asked who she was: a new member of the company. Something in me said, "You will go far, young lady," and I wondered how our beautiful and quiet Mary would fare. The newcomer was Sara Allgood, who became one of the first character actresses of the day.



My interest in the new company sagged under the weight of others; domesticity that had the glow and warmth of spiritual adventure; research into the realities and powers of the psyche; poetry; and a change from the disagreeable tyranny of commerce back to the congenial tyranny of what was officially called education. Here, however, I shall conclude this account of my connection with the Irish stage with incidents that signalled from destiny that my career as a dramatist was, as far as Ireland was concerned, closed.

Amongst those attracted by the new dramatic company were three brothers from the north, George, Jack and Fred Morrow. The first went to London and inscribed the name "George Morrow" famously over "Punch." Jack and Fred put their creative artistic faculties into house decoration. Their office was half-way between mine and the vegetarian restaurant; and as likely as not I would be found on a relatively comfortable arty seat transacting matters as irrelevant to the plate on the door as were mine when I found a reason unrelated to coal and shipping to look in as I passed to vegetable duck or from it. By that time the company from which we had seceded had gone professional and been provided by an English patroness of drama, Miss Horniman of Birmingham, with a permanent home, The Abbey Theatre, rebuilt on the site of the Mechanic's Theatre and the Morgue. "The Abbey" had conceded occasional use of its stage to the seceding company. A matinee performance of "The Turn of the Road" by the Theatre of Ireland Company happened to be attended by the eminent English actor-manager, William Mollison. He was so struck by the play and the players, that he had the cast and its "fit-up" transferred to the Gaiety Theatre for the evening performance in the same bill as his own professional company. The reception of the play by the common or garden playgoer was enthusiastic. Protagonists of The Abbey explained that Mr. Mollison had intended to see the Abbey Players, and, being unaware of circumstances, had mistaken the seceders for them. We of the secession flattered ourselves that our actors had won intelligent favour on their merits. To make possible mistakes impossible in the future, the Abbey was thereafter closed

against us by Miss Horniman. Before long the secession petered out.

"The first real comedy of Irish life," as Arthur Griffith had called the County Down play, "Sold," when he printed it full-length in "The United Irishman," brought down the final curtain on my dramatic episode in the land of my birth. The Queen's Theatre, on whose stage the young Henry Irving had mouthed some of his early lines, was to be 'demolished and rebuilt. Its last day in its old incarnation was given to new Irish drama. A new local company staged two plays, one a piece of political history and imagination, "Remy Dhu the Raparee," the other, "Sold, a Comedy of County Down Life." The company, being young and confident in inexperience, had rehearsed my play without reference to the author. At the matinee I learned the weird ways in which the meaning of a phrase can be made dead or half dead or half alive by the misplacing of a stress and the rising or falling of an inflection where it should fall or rise. Luckily the afternoon audience was small and unimportant. No one laughed at the comedy, not even I. I got the cast together after the performance, and spent a hectic eternity chivvying the actors around to avoid various stage sins, and showing them where to bring down an accent like a paver's beater or where to avoid one like poison. By the time the theatre was crammed for the "night show" the cast was keyed up like "the harp that once . . ." or a fiddle-string for a country dance. My pink face had gone turkey-red. I stuck to the script; and after the political play had grouched itself into thinly applauded silence, I took my place at "prompt" fiercely determined that the big crowd beyond the footlights would miss no word or line, even if I had to bawl a "fluff" myself. The curtain fell on clean hearty applause, and I was hailed as the invoker of healthy laughter. That was the first and last of "the first real comedy of Irish life." The number of "The United Irishman" in which it appeared receded week by week, and week by week life went on into other absorbing interests.

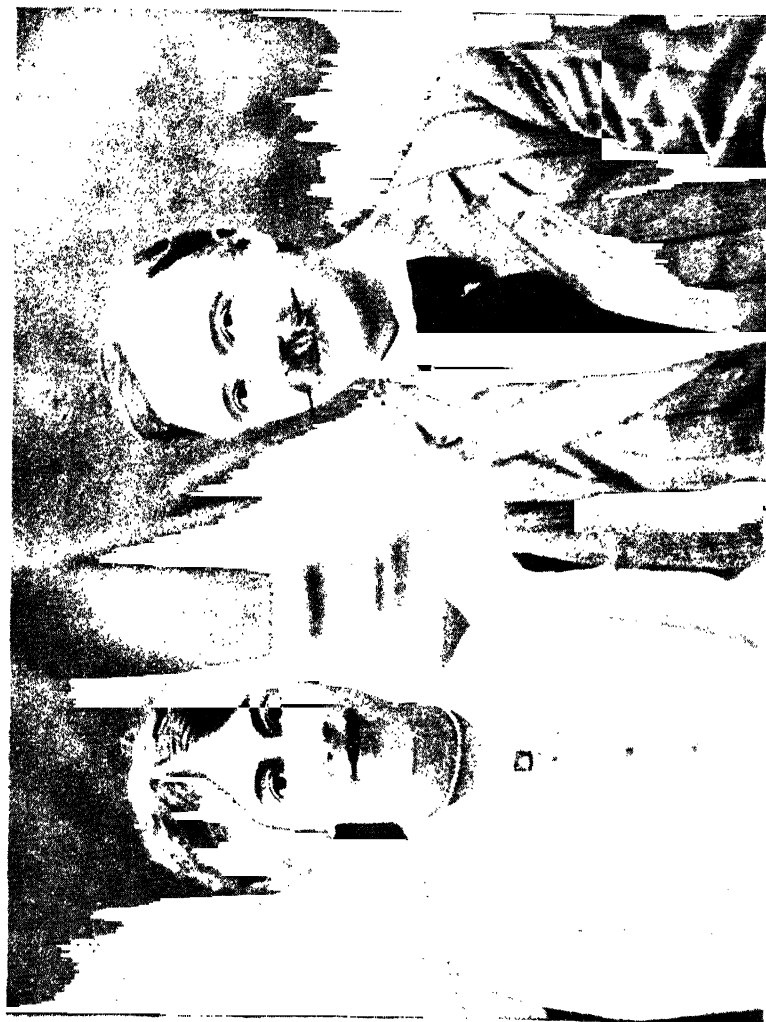
The two or more groups now carrying on the revival in drama, though theoretically separate, were one in ideal.

Exposition remained with the Abbey, and the arch expositor was Yeats whose talks were attended by all and sundry. With all his faults he was our Yeats. We got accustomed to his Oscar Wildean rig-out and forelock ; and with prejudices out of the way we realised that healthy rain was in his cloudy periods, and that oblique and acute references to all sorts of English and continental writers that none in Dublin knew anything about, while probably necessary to deludher Cockneys with the "style" that he was fabricating, could not hide the fact that he had a considerable amount of thought of his own that was worth thinking about.

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Thus ended my theatrical phase ; here beginneth my second rostral phase. The gulf between the making of a living and living a life had widened ; but the widening was not on the ground beneath my feet, it was in my mind which had the sensation of being in my head and above it. I was not ungrateful for the discipline that the necessities of business (punctuality, alertness, accuracy, reliability) had done their best to rub into me. I realised that inevitability had been at work ; that certain historical matters would not have found a place in history if I had not been totting ins and outs of other people's money behind a glass partition in an office on a certain day. Presumably the Time Spirit would have found persons through whom to carry out its intention if I had been elsewhere when Frank Fay called at the office of a coal and shipping company in Dolier Street, Dublin, and a few minutes' chat made me the father and him the mother of Irish drama in its real family circle. But no one else was where we were at the time when we were there. The events were inevitable : so were we. But inevitability, as I had begun to understand it, was not a straight line on a flat surface, or even a zig-zag line on a wavy surface. It was, in fact, not linear at all. My symbolical stream of life had uncountable tributaries, many, perhaps most, of which I had no knowledge of. It had also uncountable distributaries through the people whom it passed.

One day, in response to I know not what impulse, I sent out eighteen enquiries with intent to get away from circumstances of employment that had served their turn and had become a



1 "WE TWO TOGETHER" 1913



weariness of the mind and a barrier to the needs of the imagination and its expression. I received two replies, one a flat negative, the other an invitation to call on the Headmaster of The High School, the only institution of the name in the city. The said Headmaster (a first glance decided) ought to have been in a book instead of at a desk. He was tall, large, bald, bearded, raucous, cold-eyed, gowned, bespectacled, infallible, almighty; his despatch box was an inverted university cap, his mace of authority a cane. In that first glance I saw that I was face to face with everything opposite to what my experience and thought and intuition had brought me to regard as the proper instrument of education, an educator. But I squared my invisible shoulders to face destiny in any of its guises on relatively congenial ground; and education, even as it then prevailed, was less uncongenial to me than besting your neighbour on six days of the week and thanking God for His mercies on the seventh. In ten minutes I was appointed assistant master; and after a month's notice I showed the back of my hand to coal and shipping, and on August 21, 1905, stood at a locker desk while the Headmaster, in the artificial sentimental voice deemed appropriate for such occasions, opened the day's work with "prayers," as all eyes in the clock-room, perhaps two hundred pairs, were centred on the new teacher instead of on deity.

The first day of my new rostral phase was given to seeing my new world. In it I found that the positions and lighting for small boys learning the elements of writing were as wrong as they had been in my own school-days; and I found that a youngster by any other name would smell as sour. And I learned something else that threw a reflection between my new world and another of the worlds that revolved about my central sun. My inquisitive eye roved at intervals around the lists of names on tablets on the upper half of the walls, and my mind noted a circumstance for enquiry. At the end of the day the Headmaster asked for my impressions. "I noticed that some time ago the same name appeared in four successive years as winner of the first exhibition in the Intermediate examination. He must have been a clever boy." "Oh! that fellow, Charlie Johnston. He

was an Olympian. He might have gone to the very top, but he made a fool of himself by marrying the niece of the charlatan, Madame Blavatsky." I had already learned that the poet Yeats had been a pupil of The High School. Later I disinterred ancient registers and found his name. Johnston, Charles, made a good second. Elsewhere in this narrative he will appear, a shadowy denizen of one of my other worlds. But of his beginnings it may here be said that he became the instigator, under Yeats's suggestion, of the first Irish Lodge of The Theosophical Society.

The High School, Dublin, was the feeder school of Trinity College. "Trinity," whose official name was Dublin University, was an ancient foundation for the bringing of English culture to a people whose ancestors took Christianity to England before Rome butted in and changed the course of history; a people that had sent to Europe scholars who kept the lamp of learning alight through the "dark ages." The High School was one of a number of institutions endowed by a certain English philanthropist for the bringing of Protestantism to a hopelessly Catholic country. The school was run by episcopal clergy and laity. Its special pride was indulged in the entrance in photographs of old-boy Bishops and members of the Indian Civil Service. My association with heterodoxy in thought and politics had still to be under the rose or the shamrock. I had to justify myself in knowledge suitable to the young and in a gamut of communication from the lowest to the highest forms. But if The High School was unaware of my extra-mural interests, the literary movement got to know of my presence in it and acted accordingly. The two sons of AE came on the roll-call. The elder, Brian, largely built like his father, soon found in the science laboratory reasons to doubt the existence of the fairies that his father painted and wrote poems about; the younger, Diarmuid, lightly designed like his mother, was a quiet, studious little boy for whom the disposal of fairies could wait. Others were, a son of T. W. Rolleston, who had scholarship and expression that took him among the classicists and into anthologies of verse; and a son of Standish O'Grady. And there were the two sons of the Catholic poetess, Katherine Tynan, to whom Francis Thompson addressed his poem "The

Sere of the Leaf" (1899). One boy was being brought up as the son of his father, Hinkson by name and a Protestant; the other was being brought up as the Catholic son of his mother. The Protestant boy attended morning prayers in the clock-room; the Catholic boy avoided unauthorised and officially ineffectual Protestant prayers by putting finishing touches to his home-work in the cap-room while his brother prayed, as schoolboys pray.

The qualification that had taken me into The High School without academical certificates and with distant experience in the teaching of merely practical subjects was the reputation I had acquired through my published poetry. The Headmaster, William Wilkins, had himself written verse in his young manhood, and probably had not forgotten the disciplines of thought, feeling and verbal expression that it encouraged. A volume of my lyrics had been brought out by T. Fisher Unwin in 1900, and in its title, "The Voice of One," with its biblical tang, and its London sponsorship, gave no hint of anything but literary respectability. I did not know if "W. W." had any notion of the subtleties of the contents of the book, and I did not enquire. It was enough to be entrusted with the responsibility, at one end of the gamut, of giving an idea of the essentials of English grammar to the youngest class in the school, and, when, at the other end Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" became a text for the highest class, to have the book thrown over to me with, "I can't make head or tail of this. You can take it. It's in your line."

In the school were two sons of the Headmaster on their way to Trinity. One was in the Coleridge class, if not both, and through him or them some rumour of intellectual and literary excitement and pleasure went abroad. My inner light had been shielded from the wind by a bushel. But it is a good bushel that that has no slits; and apparently mine was not completely light-tight. One day they came to my home on the quest of curiosities. They had heard rumours, one or the other said, that I had queer ideas and queer ways, and they were interested in queer things. The pair invited themselves to one of the curious meals they heard we indulged in. While obviously enjoying it they made dietetic and intellectual decisions that led to trouble. Mother,



daughter and two sons (all the family except father) became vegetarians and took up heterodox studies.

Then the great change came. William Wilkins' retirement automatically retired the staff. The classical master, John Thompson, M. A. (Cantab.), an Englishman who could not, in spite of his name, be mistaken for anything but a classics man, became Headmaster. He had more real education in his tassel than W. W. had in his whole gown. Before taking charge he called me up to assure me that I would be retained, and that he had something special for me to do. I began doing it after the summer vacation of 1908. The Intermediate Education Board, had elevated geography, enlarged and scientific, to the rank of grant-earning subjects. But the new Head's favour for it was not mercenary. He realised its educational value and some enthusiasm that I had shown for it. He appointed me geography master, and had my class-room rearranged and equipped for its new purpose. Something in the subject made me enjoy myself and something in myself made me enjoy the subject ; and the High School geography room became a centre of educational interest.

A school inspector turned in one day when a class was messy in the making of the parts of a relief map of the north of Ireland. He saw the state of affairs and said it was exactly what he wanted to see, as he had come to learn how to inspect geography classes after the new manner. Home took on a new interest to the students (whatever their parents may have felt) for the making of ground plans in which dog-kennels assumed a special importance. Meteorological instruments in a wired case on the outer wall of the classroom earned me the reputation of 'weather prophet,' a reputation which I passed on by showing small boys how to calculate from the rise or fall of the barometer and thermometer and hygrometer and the direction of the wind the chances of a dry afternoon for a football match. In the elder classes I got boys to invent diagrams to illustrate why the moon rises fifty minutes later each evening, and similar happenings that had previously called a thousand times for notice in vain. To save the bother of making two diagrams to show the movement of the earth's axis we evolved a movable cardboard diagram ; then

revolutions and rotations ; and by and by the appreciative Head got us a carbide lantern (its perfume haunts me still), and with closed windows and a vertical projector we had all the planets and moons hard at work on the ceiling ; a congregation of orbs that no night that I have seen in Europe, Asia, Africa or America, or over the Bay of Biscay or the Mediterranean Sea, or the Gulf of Siam or the Pacific or Atlantic Oceans, has ever exhibited, but was there shown to the illuminated eyes of youth, who learned certain of the laws of nature through impossible representations of them : and of such is the kingdom of true education. At the end of the first year of my new department I had collected enough materials to make a much needed text-book ; and in 1909, through the enterprise of Maunsell and Company, of poetry fame, became the first author of the kind in " A Modern Geography for Irish Intermediate Schools." The most understanding reviewer of it was Thomas MacDonagh, the Poet who said, with a twinkle, that Yeats would ultimately be known as his precursor, and who " died like a prince " seven years later in the penultimate phase of the seven-century struggle for Irish freedom.

One day a high-up education officer came unheralded and unattended to the geography room of The High School, and sat down at a desk at the back with a don't-mind-me gesture. He surveyed the walls, hung with, among other things, our own day to day records of the weather which, being Irish, showed temperamental ups and downs. He evinced no sign of recognition of the fact that his two sons were in the class ; and they were equally fatherless. When the class departed, he broke the news to me that he had come to decide from observation whether or not to offer me the post of demonstrator to Professor A. J. Herbertson of Oxford, who was coming to give the first half of a month's vacation course in the Royal College of Science to geography teachers. I had no formal equipment for the work, though I had collected a ramshackle mass of knowledge that sprouted in all directions, and had an uncanny way of suddenly shaping classroom cosmoses out of my superabundant chaos. I was, however, appointed. At the end of the first day of the course, I felt that Herbertson was not making exposition of a learned geography but discovering it.

His cheeks glowed with an entirely unscientific pink ; his eyes shone with a radiance that was not reflected from such academical surfaces as oceans and continents. At the end of his half of the course, he asked me to write a geography of Ireland for publication in Oxford. But destiny changed my own geographical position and interests before I could do more than an introductory chapter.

Professor Herbertson was followed by Professor Grenville Cole, a poetically minded geologist of high repute. He assumed that I would be his demonstrator also. I demurred on the ground of unfitness ; but he would take no denial. My reading for a section of my Intermediate text-book had, I knew, given me somewhat more knowledge on his subject than any of the teacher-students possessed ; and a habit of picking up peculiar bits of stone on cycle runs with Gretta during vacations in the granite areas of Donegal and Connemara and the limestone areas of Kerry had given me the ability to distinguish between quartz and porphyry and other things. So I had all the airs of an expert, and got through without any geological howlers echoing back from observant and witty Irish minds. Yet, under the appearance of omniscience proper to a demonstrator in any subject, I was a chronic sponge, and observed and held an immense amount of knowledge, igneous, carboniferous, metamorphic, and otherwise, for whatever use, if any, my horoscope had in mind.

Shortly after the close of the course I received a letter from Professor Cole expressing cordial satisfaction with my work, and announcing that he had nominated me as lecturer on the teaching of geography and geology in a nuns' training school. Twice a week for five weeks I taught myself how to teach in the Eccles Street nuns' school. The bright little superior sensed that I was tired after a day's work in The High School, and had tea and bread, and butter awaiting me, and a nice chat on education and the literary movement of which she knew I was a member. Theory, illustrated, was in a classroom ; but practical work took us all over the place, and brought me, with the neutrality of scientific enthusiasm, into nooks and crannies and among feminine accoutrements where, as a virgin forest was once defined by a supposed Irishman, "the hand of man had never set fut," and brought the

nuns themselves in the pursuit of knowledge, into unanticipated positions such as leaning out of a skylight in the roof to drop a line to the ground as a check on the accuracy of a demonstration of how to measure the height of an object with a known base-line, a clinometer and a piece of squared paper. Leave-taking was almost Shakespearean in its "such sweet sorrow." We seemed to have forgotten what we were in the world of biological and social and religious distinctions. The bright little superior called me into her office, handed me an envelope, and said how sorry she was that our course was at an end, and that, although she knew I was not of their faith, she had had a holy medal blessed twice that morning by their father confessor, and hoped it would bring me good luck. Which it, or something else, or both, certainly did.

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CHAPTER X

THE UNIVERSE ENTERS

(M. E. C.) The end of our three years' engagement had come. The end of academical and practical study for my degree of Bachelor of Music had come. The era of living in lodgings was over. One tide of life had come full in.

I took up some teaching of music, more to fill up my time than anything else, and I gave much time to practising, in the first days, *entracte* music for the performance of my husband's drama "The Sword of Dermot" then in rehearsal. The visits of the actors to us in the late evenings were a new sensation for me : I was introduced to the world of drama.

There the tide turned. I had lots of time on my hands in our first summer vacation, no study, no teaching, my mind ready for flowing to the ocean. I got hold of the first two volumes of "The Secret Doctrine," and read steadily through it, so many pages a day, in the most favourable conditions for such study. I entered a new universe and a new universe entered me. I didn't understand in detail a tenth of what I was reading.

But I got an expansion of consciousness about time, space, ethnology, cosmogony, symbolism, magic and religions that would last me for this life. It was a strange experience going through page after page of that unique presentation of the spiritual history of the world, nature and humanity, without anyone to discuss it with, for Jim had no time just then even to dip into it. Though I understood so little yet, the bigness, strangeness, newness of the subject matter, the virility of the style, the curiosity it awoke in me, held my interest without flagging.

I got the third volume of the work in such a strange way that again I was upheld to read it right through. In our first year together in "The Bungalow" we started experimenting in psychic things, the planchette being our first instrument for "communications." After I had completed the second volume of "The Secret Doctrine", one night the planchette wrote out that I should call next morning at a friend's house and ask her for a loan of the third volume. I knew she had a copy, and also knew that it was kept very secret and only put into the hands of advanced students in The Theosophical Society, of which I was not a member. However, next day I mounted my cycle and rode across the city in faith but in considerable nervousness about making my request. Also the time of calling was unconventional and might be awkward. When I rang the bell the lady herself opened the door and exclaimed, "Well, Mrs Cousins, how lucky that you catch me in. I had gone down town, but kept hearing an interior voice telling me to return home as someone wanted me there. It was so strong and insistent that I turned back and got here only a few minutes ago. It looks as if I was directed to meet you." When I told her that I had been psychically directed to request her to lend me the third volume of "The Secret Doctrine" she at once put it into my hands, and I brought it home on the carrier of my cycle.

Another instance which showed the turning of the tide of my mind was the impression made on me by "The Perfect Way" published the same year as "The Secret Doctrine." This was a subjective interpretation of the Bible and Christianity written by Dr. Anna Bonus Kingsford and Edward Maitland. I read it twice

in the early years of 1904, also Dr. Kingsford's book of "illuminations" called "Clothed with the Sun." These reinstated esoteric Christianity in my life, and were complementary to the oriental occultism I had been drinking in through Blavatsky's vast sweeps of occult knowledge. Then, as if to round out our view of the spiritual life, Dr. R. V. Khedkar of Kolhapur, in India, came to our home every Sunday evening of 1906, and often on Wednesday evenings, and read through "The Bhagavad Gita" with us and a few friends. From his Sanskrit copy, reinforced by various translations, he tried to make us understand the Vedantic philosophy by questioning in the Socratic manner. The way he tied us up in logic and made us contradict ourselves used to irritate us exceedingly, but it kept us intellectually humble for life. H. P. B., A. B. K., Dr. Khedkar, between them changed the whole content of our minds regarding religion. They widened, deepened, subjectivised our understanding. They taught us tolerance through realisation that there is a relativity of morals and truth. They taught us optimism because of the technique of the doctrine of reincarnation which answered more questions than anything we had come across before, and seemed to make more sense in the pattern and purpose of life than we had ever imagined. Probably my experiences in these years were typical of those with which the western world was being flooded just then. There was undoubtedly a stirring of the waters of the seeking mind. A revolution of thought was being brought about by new serious publications written by people who were first-hand researchers, occultists who had unique psychical powers, mystics who had direct illuminations and interpretations, exponents of all the arts, who bridged the centuries, and like AE painted the Sidhe, or like Ibsen probed beneath the conventions in "Ghosts," and shocked the theatre public into thinking about social problems, or, like Bernard Shaw, then in his beginnings, laughed them into a new mode of unifying themselves with members of all classes. And Ireland itself was a focal point in just those years, and we were right in the middle of it. The Irish Literary Theatre, the National Dramatic Society, the Abbey Theatre, the Theatre of Ireland, in their succession, had actors

and actresses who visited our weekly at-homes. I remember a Sunday afternoon when George Moore, looking like a faded chrysanthemum, came and had tea in our back garden under our one and only tree. James Joyce was a favourite of mine though he was reputed to be a "bad boy." I delighted in his lovely tenor voice especially when I accompanied some of his Irish songs with nobody but ourselves to hear in our little drawing room. Padraic Colum came, and others. It was the day of the Irish renaissance. Ireland put herself on the map of the world of great literature. Along with the dramatic and poetical movement was the national musical movement, the Feis Cecil, in which two of my sisters and a brother won medals.

Our house looked on a green grass field across the road from the upper windows. It belonged to the butcher of our suburb. I was strengthened in my vegetarian principles by seeing the number of cattle that used to go into the field, only to be driven to the slaughter-house to appear in the steaks and joints in the butcher's window. Every time I had to enter the shop to order materials for the carnivorous half of my household I grew more and more happy that Jim and I had adopted a bloodless diet; and I longed to spread our slaughter-free mode of life. So it came about naturally that the Vegetarian Restaurant became a place of propaganda. In January 1905 the Irish Vegetarian Society was organised, and I became its Secretary. Albert Broadbent, Secretary of the Vegetarian Society in England, came to Dublin to launch the work, and stayed at our home. That was the beginning of a stream of vegetarian and humanitarian lecturers who visited Ireland, and whom we entertained. My secretaryship of the society brought us many friendships with well worth-while people, leaders of reform movements in England and Scotland.

My collaborator has told of the discovery and development of my psychic faculty, but some account of this from my intimate experience will supplement his external account. He was the scribe of our studies, as his psychic force was inimical or negative to the vibrations of the other members of our group. Later, through the planchette, I was told to take a purple pencil and experiment with automatic writing. Doing so, I found I could be used by

some extraneous force and consciousness for the receiving of interpretations of myths, Bible stories, visions and what were called communications on general matters, and illuminations on higher matters.

As an example of communication I recall the coming for an hour an evening for some time of an entity who described himself as a Persian astrologer of many centuries ago, who directed my hand to draw the figure of my horoscope and then interpreted it. He wrote that he had been directed to carry out this task by influential spirits who were interested in my life, and who wanted me to have the encouragement of knowing my horoscope without having to spend a long time in getting to know the science, of which I knew only a few rudiments. The few horoscopes that I had seen had been drawn in the circular form. But the Persian astrologer, both by automatic action and instruction, made a rectangular figure of a kind unknown to me. I sent the complete manuscript to Alan Leo, the best known English astrologer of the day, for his verdict on it. He thought it so remarkable in its technique and so accurate in its delineations that he published it (under a nom de plume, *Noinin*, Irish for Marguerite) in "Modern Astrology." I was so ignorant and so receptive, without prejudice or scepticism, that I naively let it all flow through my loosely held pencil and flaccid muscles of the right arm, and allowed non-cerebrated information and direction to use up its urge to write through my passivity and mediumship.

Ever since then I have known as a fact of first-hand experience that psychic mediumship is a truth of nature, and that I was one of those who had the type of organism suitable for its purpose. In those experiments I never went into trance or lost consciousness. I had the faculty of will and concentration to stand aside, as it were, from self-thinking and self-direction, and lend my vocabulary and mechanism for writing and hearing and seeing, to be used by some other consciousness, or some other layer of my own complex self, as if I were a mirror or a photograph negative which received impressions not till then known by my daily working brain-self.



Leslie Pielou, who was a vegetarian and had married my sister Annie, was my special collaborator in the development of my psychic gift in those years in Dublin, particularly when the evenings of my husband were engaged in literary activities. I would lie on our comfortable sofa, and Leslie would use magnetic passes to get me into such control of the restless automatic mind that I could hold it in a deliberate mirror-like receptivity to a condition of reinforced super-consciousness for an hour to an hour and a half. Later I recounted what I had seen and heard to Jim who recorded it in shorthand.

Naturally all these contacts with extensions of knowledge about occult explanations of the universe and about esoteric Christianity and other world religions and the continuance of personality after death and research into the psychic world, raised many problems and adjustments in our minds. These we discussed and argued about interminably, it seemed, in those first years of our joint life. Then about 1907 I realised that we had ceased speculating, that we had grown quiet. We had entered an ocean which was so full of new affirmations and new orientations towards the bases of life and thought that it gave us contentment and a working programme that lasted for many years without serious disruption or challenge.

It was providential that there were so many interests claiming my attention in those first years. I remember that I grew white and thin during our first married year. People thought this was due to my being a vegetarian. But I knew it was due to the problems of adjustment to the revelation that marriage had brought me as to the physical basis of sex.

Every child I looked at called to my mind the shocking circumstance that brought about its existence. My new knowledge, though I was lovingly safeguarded from it, made me ashamed of humanity and ashamed for it. I found myself looking on men and women as degraded by this demand of nature. Something in me revolted then, and has ever since protested against, certain of the techniques of nature connected with sex. Nor will I and many men and women of like nature, including my husband, be satisfied, be purified and redeemed, life after life.

until the evolution of form has substituted some more artistic way of continuance of the race.

## CHAPTER XI

## WORLDS WITHIN WORLDS

(J. H. C.) I had been brought up in the belief in two worlds, this and the next. This world seemed fairly substantial. Yet it sometimes went off into large pieces that, though they claimed their own identity, appeared to my mind, in its early inquisitive stage, to deny a fundamental solidity. I was aware of a Protestant world that would have no truck in this world or the next with the Catholic world; and vice versa. A recently born scientific world threatened what it regarded as a senile theological world. A not very tidy mass with which I had some parental association was shaping itself into a Labour world, and trying to focus a red eye on a bloated Capitalist world. All the same, there was "this world," which, unless you were very careful of your steps, would get a hold of you by evil tentacles that the pulpit called worldliness, and conduct you willy nilly to an exceedingly hot section of the "next world."

There was also the question whether "next" had the meaning of next door or next minute. Prayers for the dead were, in my circle, called "popish superstition," it being obvious that their eternal habitation was unalterable. If so, I asked myself (I dare not ask anyone else at the time) what was the use of a day of judgement, seeing that judgement had already been made. Something in me was quite certain that "this world" came from somewhere and was going somewhere; and that the "next world" was simultaneous with this, and accessible anywhere at any moment: it was both next door and next minute, and was inextricably mixed up with this world, if one could only get at it.

Behind headaching speculation there was a chronic and increasing desire to *know*. The universe might, as some said,

be a thought in a mammoth mind; but thinking, unless of a like magnitude, could not, I thought, elucidate its mystery. I felt it was a living thing; a congeries of facts, not a series of logical lines or a group of materials for scientific experiment. Yet fact was only to be reached through the mind in association with other facts. Was it a fact that the dead were absolutely dead, as the obituaries and histories recorded; or only relatively so, as believers in the resurrection affirmed; or were they, as asserted by small groups of people whom my friends thought looney but I privately regarded as intelligent, very much alive? The question was crucial in my mind. Its answer, I vaguely sensed, had bearings on all other questions. I had worked my way through materialism, rationalism, blind faith and blind negation. In Theosophical writings I saw glimmers of light. But the light appeared far away, and the way thereto terribly long and full of strange machinery and places and peoples—rounds and chains and globes and races and planes, and rebirths. The First Object of The Theosophical Society, universal brotherhood, I accepted whole-heartedly as the first natural law of human relationships. I saw that the Second Object, comparative study of religion, philosophy and science as interdependent phases of the Life within all lives, was the true technique of group relationships, though it did not specifically include creative expression in the arts. The Third Object, the study of the deeper laws of nature and their application in the development of one's powers beyond the present normal, pointed in the direction of the knowledge I desired. Contact with AE, who had been one of the founders of the first Lodge of The Theosophical Society in Dublin and was in my time the chief exponent in Ireland of Theosophical experience and thought, though circumstances had caused his dissociation with the Society, brought me preliminaries of mental concentration through symbols out of Celtic tradition. But the demands on my time and attention for the earning of my livelihood, the creation and production of drama under the calling influence and inspiration of the literary revival, and the occasional reception of poetry, prevented any systematic effort in individual development. I had to content myself with the physical and neural transformation of

my external vehicles that a bloodless diet and abstention from alcohol and tobacco were bringing about; and the transmutation of my mental and emotional nature through simple exercise in thought-control and the ascension of will and ideal over desire.

This was about where I was when time had brought me through the instinctive and intuitive drawings towards the full man-woman life, and over the individual and social barricades that made the preliminary adventure an excitement and a discipline, to a free togetherness in which my wife and I agreed that our partnership would be different from others, and that the first step in the difference would be a persistent joint search into the realities involved in birth and life and death. Our equipment consisted of open, alert and retentive minds, and, as far as we knew, complete honesty and absence of ulterior motives or prejudices. We were mutual in our physical and mental disciplines. We read books that would have made our parents on both sides turn in their graves if they had been dead.

One day buying a newspaper in a shop, I saw on the counter a magazine called "Modern Astrology." I had a vague idea that astrology was a complicated mathematical affair and therefore not interesting to my mind. But the number contained an article on "Astrology and Karma," and anything that bore on the matter of action and reaction was grist to our mill. I took the magazine home, and the interest went the other way round. The oriental and discussable subject of Karma took second place to what appeared to be an available method of ascertaining whether there was or was not a control over human happenings outside the individual will. This, we perceived, had bearings on the question whether that phase of life which we had come to identify as consciousness could operate apart from its physical instrument. If it could, then there was a reason for supposing that it could not only operate beyond instrumentality but, in the case of the human being, survive its physical embodiment.

But the event that brought us the apparent possibility of direct contact with what were called super-normal phases of life, and getting through them, as we hoped, a fuller understanding of things, was my casual buying of a planchette as a Christmas

present for Gretta. I had heard the instrument referred to as a game for getting what were called "spirit messages" which no one took seriously as messages, and no one believed to come from spirits, since the majority of our friends consigned spirits to heaven or hell, or an intermediate state to await judgement, and a small but very superior minority consigned to nothingness nowhere. I had annexed the planchette ostensibly as a game, but privately treated it as an accessory to our enquiry.

In our researches by means of the planchette, Gretta became the medium, I the observer and recorder. We made an ideal team. We soon learned that I was of no use on the mechanical side of the operation: the lightest touch of my finger would stop the movement of the board. We further learned that the "messages" that came on the writing-block from the pencil fixed in one end of the small two-wheeled board on which her right hand lightly rested, no more originated in the instrument than did a poem in a pen or a drama of Bernard Shaw's in the shorthand in which he composed it. Any positive movement of her hand, or any weight beyond the minimum needed to move the planchette, broke the line of communication. Physical comfort and passivity were the external essentials of reception. The internal essential was mental and emotional repose. There was no degree of trance or renunciation of personal awareness; only a voluntary cessation of active speculation. My share of the collaboration was to note every circumstance that reflected light on our central problem, whether or not demonstrably extraneous consciousness could operate without the instrumentality commonly taken to be necessary to it. Happily in this I had the service of a quick and watchful mind, and a memory that I had trained in earlier years to a high degree of certainty and retentiveness; and my observations became the subject of criticism when she had passed out of the state of quiescence to her usual mental brightness.

Apart from much material of a metaphysical kind that had its own literary and intellectual interest, and prophecies on which we set no score, there were incidents that indicated a will and intelligence beyond that of the "medium." The "communicator" would stop in search of a word. I would suggest one, Gretta

another; the planchette would write one different from and better than ours, and thus impart a decided third-party feeling to the occasion. Many times, when a communication was in full flood, it would unexpectedly break off with "No more tonight;" the dynamic impulse that had worked vigorously through Gretta's hand would, for no reason apparent to us, and contrary to our wish, withdraw itself in a series of weakening circles, and nothing that we could do would bring it back. We were constantly on the watch for signs of possible self-suggestion. [Despite the eminent names and offices of communicators of instructions in occult discipline, or on the origin and content of the ancient Irish mythology, we had in the back of our minds the possibility of such communications being reflections of our interest in these matters from some as yet unfamiliar stratum of Gretta's consciousness, though much of the communications was quite new to us.]

An incident that appeared to be interpretable either (1) that Gretta's consciousness was aware of circumstances of which her normal mind was not aware, but that could be touched by some means like the planchette; or (2) that extraneous consciousnesses, who were aware of things unknown to her, could make them known in similar ways, was the following. On a cycling tour in County Down we stayed overnight in the cottage of a friend seventeen miles from a railway station. Next morning he had to go to Belfast, and gave us the freedom of his cottage until we cared to start on the next stage of our tour. The cottage was so quiet that it appeared to us a favourable place in which to continue our experiments in psychism. I had the planchette and an exercise book with me in anticipation of some days farther on at the seaside. For isolation we seated ourselves in what would be called the drawing-room, which we had not before entered. The stitching between the leaves of the exercise book, however, so interfered with the travelling of the pencil across the double page that we got irritated, and gave up the attempt. To our surprise the pencil went down to the left bottom corner of the paper, and in tiny writing wrote: "You will find a card in the drawer of the sideboard." There was no sideboard in the room;

but a table covered by a cloth and a collection of bachelor oddments might be what was meant. Gretta went over to it to look for a drawer. There were two under the cloth. It had been a sideboard in its young days, but it was ending its days as what was called a what-not. The first drawer opened contained nothing. The second drawer had in one corner of it a pile of cardboard table-mats that the owner had never used. We found not one cardboard but twelve awaiting us, the ideal base for our experiments.

Naturally, among an inquisitive and imaginative people with whom we were intimate in various phases of life, social, humanitarian, dramatic, our interest in research into the problems of life and death became known, and the pull of affinity brought us new friendships. Among the juniors was a young man whom I at first vaguely and distantly knew of as an enthusiast for Celtic studies and the cultural unification of the surviving units of the Celtic world, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Brittany. I had seen him in kilts heading a procession in Dublin, and had attended a meeting organised by him in which the music of the Celtic regions was prominent and moved me deeply. He struck me as being a bit too stagey. By and by we realised that he was a coming scientist, and growing knowledge of his work showed us that he was a scientist with imaginative speculation, and interested in psychic and metaphysical things. In due time we came together, and we watched the ascension of E. E. Fournier d'Albe to eminence as a scientific thinker whose thought was based on knowledge and experiment. Later he became a collaborator in science with Sir Oliver Lodge. Arising out of our joint interest in what we had come to refer to as psychical research, Fournier devised a way by which the extent of the medium's personal connection with the machine of communication could be scientifically tested. For the complete dissociation of medium and machine, he put on the upper side of the planchette a smooth card that slid off when physical pressure was applied to it; and he put an insulating glove on the medium's hand. To eliminate the possibility of physical pressure being applied without being detected, he removed the two wheels on which the planchette ran, so that the

machine could not be moved in the normal way against the pressure of the back of the tilted board and the pencil in front. The scientist prescribed the drawing on paper by the pencil in the planchette of a circle as the figure whose outline presented obstruction at all points. In these conditions, any clear movement of the planchette would evidently be caused by some force other than normal. Those of us who were present were keenly intent on what was evidently a crucial experiment. Gretta placed her gloved right hand on the card resting on the planchette. After a moment the pencil slowly moved through the left-top quadrant of a circle, and with some deliberation, as if tightening up or taking breath, turned the corner to the left-bottom quadrant without any displacement of the card. The physically impossible was done.

On the matter of our personal researches by the planchette, Professor Barrett was of opinion that, apart from the origins of communications, they were useful means of getting at the content of the subliminal self, which probably knew much more than the normal self did. But before we left Ireland, Sir William, as he had become, and others, got a much extended knowledge of the range of mechanical automatism under circumstances more serviceable as scientific data than our private researches. A Branch of the Society for Psychical Research had been established in Dublin. In connection with the Branch a research group of intelligent, informed and highly placed men and women was formed. Its first work was with a ouija board that, under the joint hands of certain members of the group, moved over a sheet of glass from letter to letter on separate small squares of card placed alphabetically under the glass, and spelt out "messages" that recorders noted. With scientific acumen Sir William Barrett contrived masks that made it quite impossible for the operators to know the letters indicated by the automatic machine. To eliminate the slightest possibility of one or more of the operators guessing the letters from the movement of the board, Sir William, unknown on the first occasion to the blind-folded operators, lifted the glass and mixed the letters. There was no normal possibility of awareness of the communication.



by the operators, yet the communications went on as before. We were not members of this group ; but I was invited to be recorder on one occasion, and learned that the communications, contrary to ours, dealt mainly with events on the physical plane, some of which had been immediately verified. I saw an unknown concealed page, containing a sentence, correctly spelt out, as we confirmed when the experiment was finished.

In our own researches a time came when the planchette became unnecessary. We discovered that Gretta's own hand, when left free from any muscular influence save the slight grip necessary to hold the pencil, was moved in a manner entirely outside her normal volition, and wrote intelligible communications. With this development in method came a difference in the quality of the communications. Matters of time and place were to the new communicators only of interest to the extent that they were necessary to the exposition of themes lofty and enlightening on the mystery of a life within and beyond ours.

The interpretation of the Book of Ruth which came to both of us in various psychic ways, with its Kingsfordian psych-astronomical parallelism of the earth as the external personality, illuminated by the moon as the "Genius" that reflects light in darkness from the sun, the spirit, or, in Hindu terminology, the atman, expressed a view of life that appeared to us to be essentially a law of the higher nature of humanity. A number of illuminations, purporting to come from her Genius or mine, were as rich in suggestion as we could wish. We felt we had some kind of scripture in our keeping—and we kept it : kept it in our archives until destiny should, if ever, call it forth ; and kept it in the background of our thought from which, in suitable circumstances, it occasionally looked out for criticism or corroboration.

I have already referred to Charles Johnston. The emergence of this name had a significance for us which will be seen when I recall a dream of Gretta's in which Madame Blavatsky, whose *magnum opus*, "The Secret Doctrine," Gretta had studied and I had perused, had said to Gretta "You will do, but you must read the works of Charlie Johnston." No such name was known to us at that time. Shortly afterwards, at a post-prandial gathering

of musical and literary friends, in the home of the Espositos, a reference to St. Petersburg in a chat with Madame Esposito gave me a thought. "Have you ever met your famous fellow-countrywoman Madame Blavatsky?" "No," our hostess replied, "but I knew her niece very well. She was often in this room. She was married to Charlie Johnston."

Mrs. Standish O'Grady, wife of the author, received us one afternoon. She was whispered to be "very psychic." She was a lordly lady; and her voluminous handsomeness and her air of breed and background were something of a deterrent to us two youngsters. From current literary and dramatic gossip the conversation moved to philosophical and even deeper matters. Our minds were just then concerned with ideas as to the distinction between the intuition and the intellect. Gretta had been told in a dream that the attitude of Saint Paul to women, his silencing of them in the gatherings of the early Christian community which had been taken literally from an objectively translated text and had led to millennial foolishness in the Church and society, was intelligible and true if the saying attributed to him in "Corinthians" were read as a symbolical and psychologically wise instruction to bring the formulating intellect (symbolically the husband) to the aid of the receiving intuition (the wife) for expression. We felt this to be a true principle of the inner life. In our chat with Mrs. O'Grady, Gretta made a speculative reference to the relationship of intuition and intellect as symbolised by Saint Paul in woman and man. Mrs. O'Grady turned to her with a kind of suppressed vehemence. "Young woman," she said, "do you know what you are saying? I have been searching all my life for the real meaning of Saint Paul's utterance, and here you bring it out as if it was the simplest thing in the world!" We developed the idea, and spoke of the possibility of the intuition being of the nature of one's Genius, acting as illuminator between the mind and something beyond it. Mrs. O'Grady thought it a fine idea, and added: "Oh! yes, I remember; the Genius, 'the swan of everlasting,' is referred to in a translation from the Sanskrit by Charlie Johnston. I'll find it and lend it to you." The name again.

Before Mrs. O'Grady could lend us the translation, a stranger called on us with an introduction from one of the small group of friends to whom our home was what in India would be called an ashrama, or retreat for study of higher things. We exchanged thoughts on occult matters. Talk reached, as usual then, the Genius. Yes, he had heard of the idea before. It was in a book he had got from his society, "a translation from the Sanskrit by Charles Johnston." He lent us the book, and others. Madame Blavatsky's dream-order to study the works of Charlie Johnston was fulfilled, and fulfilled entirely from outside our own volition.

On a visit by the then well-known medium, Alfred Vout Peters, to Dublin, I proposed the question to him : Was it possible for a clairvoyant to get beyond the personality of an automatist and touch the consciousness beyond the automatist's ? We took two of Gretta's autoscpts out of a bundle of such, their contents being unknown to us, and folded them beyond recognition. After some silent moments, eyes closed, Peters said he got at once beyond the medium, but could not describe the communicator. He felt the writing emanated from a woman who had recently been on earth. But she was far away now, as she belonged to a higher order of persons than the ordinary. Yet she was interested in those who followed up her work. He could not make out what the work was. As if to answer his question, he saw a picture, a table with benches around it as in a students' lecture-hall. A small dog appeared on the table, and assumed an attitude of begging for mercy. We recognised the symbolical description as that of the special work of Dr. Anna Bonus Kingsford against vivisection.

The other autoscpt was also vague to Peters, but in a different way. It was not, he felt, from a person who had lived and died. Behind it was some great super-personal power. It was related to the ground under his feet, to Ireland of the past. He wanted to chant, to make poems. The scpt (one of many then and since) was signed by an entity who said he had never been in earth-life. He was leader of a band whose work was to restore the spiritual interpretation of life through individuals who

were sensitive to inner things, when the material element in life had reached ascendancy. We would find their agents at work in Hebrew history in the story of the restoration of that history, and in the Irish myth of Fintan recalling his incarnations as animal, fish, bird and man, and remembering the developments of nature in the successive eras of his life. The given name was then unknown to us. But it turned up unexpectedly when I chanced to see a copy of the Apochryphal Books of the Old Testament.

A second test that we were able to have made on a visit by Ronald Brailey, another London psychic, was a test by clairvoyance of an automatic communication in process of reception in the same room as the clairvoyant. Brailey sat quietly in a chair looking over Dublin Bay from the window of our drawing room. When the writing ceased, the clairvoyant said he had not the slightest impression as to what was behind it, probably because his attention had been caught by what appeared to be a special event taking place over the hill (Howth) across the water. A procession in archaic costumes circled in the air just above the hill. It was not a joyous procession but sorrowful. We could throw no light on the phenomenon. Next day's newspaper announced the death of the aged Earl of Howth, the last of an ancient line of Irish nobility.

Two years after the death of Gretta's sister Annie, Alfred Peters paid a second visit to Dublin, and stayed with us at Strand Road, Sandymount. On a free evening, with Gretta out on some of her activities, Alfred and I chatted alone in the gaslight in the drawing room. Apropos of nothing in our conversation (which was on old books and bindings and Robert Browning), he asked me to lower the light, and passed into what appeared to be quiet sleep. In a few minutes he began to address me, and I perceived that the address purported to come from Gretta's deceased sister Annie. She (accepting her identity) reminded me of the incidents at her death bed. She held my hand as I had seen her hold her husband's in the hospital. She said she did not recall these things to harrow me. But she had found a way of communication through the medium who was now, she said, in trance; and as

these were the latest memories of her earth life and I had been a sharer in them, she referred to them to show me that she was really Annie. She gave (though in the deeper voice of the medium) her typical happy little laugh, and said: "You know, Jim, I didn't think it was so easy to die."

Two years after this incident, on a week-end visit with Gretta to my parents in Belfast, I fulfilled a promise to address a body of spiritualists that had come into existence after I had left my native city. In the morning meeting (it was Sunday) the address touched in passing on the sentimental exaggeration of pain and pleasure to which people were prone, and the evil which this was likely to introduce into the values of life. Then a thought outside the notes of my address occurred to me. "Even in the matter of death," I added, "people exaggerate beyond the reality. for, as a friend said to me from the other side of life, 'I did not think it was so easy to die.'" The statement drew warm applause. At the close of the meeting Gretta came to the platform and asked me if I had had the phrase that the audience applauded in my notes. No, it had just jumped into my mind. Then she said that, sitting amongst the congregation accustomed to mediumship, she had become lucid and aware that Annie was standing beside her. Inwardly she heard her say: "Listen, Gretta, and you will hear Jim say something of mine." A moment later I made the statement that she recalled as having come from Annie two years previously through Alfred Peters. While we were speaking, a lady, an entire stranger to us, said to Gretta that she was a clairvoyant, and usually described spirit presences at the morning meeting, but illness had prevented her from doing so of late. However, she must tell her that, during my address, a spirit form had appeared beside the lady whom she now presumed to be Mrs. Cousins. The description she gave was that of Annie as we had known her, even to the detail of her manner of dressing her hair. Then the form vanished, and the lady turned her attention to the platform. And there was the spirit-form standing beside me, apparently saying something to me. In a moment I used the words about being so easy to die. The audience applauded, and the spirit-form joined in.

If I have conveyed the essentials of this series of related incidents, it will, I think, be clear that the tests usually applied to such matters, tests of telepathy (itself a recognised operation of consciousness outside its ordinary vehicles) and collusion give a negative result. We are left with the incontrovertible facts that (1) an individual who had passed out of life had communicated a sentence through a medium; (2) that the same individual later and elsewhere made her presence known to another and announced the reminding of me of the same sentence, which had not been in my normal consciousness; (3) that the reminding was appropriately accomplished; (4) that the individual was seen and accurately described by a total stranger who had no idea of the relationship between the spirit-form and myself or my wife.

Out of a number of incidents that I noted during the two visits of Alfred Peters to Dublin, I shall tell of one of special interest because of its association with individuals of eminence, as well as its peculiar way of demonstrating the survival of death. We invited Yeats to a seance in our home by Peters. He brought Miss Maud Gonne with him. Some twenty invitees were seated round our drawing room. These had assembled before the medium came in, and no identities were disclosed. Psychometry was the principal demonstration, the environment, personal and historical, of certain objects brought by the sitters and placed on a table without the knowledge of the medium. But the special incident on the occasion was not psychometrical. The medium squatted on the carpet, appeared to go into trance, and addressed himself in the broken English of an alleged Red Indian "control" to Yeats and Miss Gonne. They were accompanied, the control said, by a straight, tall, bearded man, over whom a flag connected with Ireland flew. Further than the description of the form the control could not go. Name and identity were beyond his knowledge. Then he saw a picture, a pig. But, he exclaimed, this was no ordinary pig. *This pig had shot himself!* The famous case taken by Parnell against a London newspaper to vindicate himself from the charge implied in the title, "Parnellism and Crime," had ended in the death by suicide of the "informer" on whose forged letters the charges had been made. *Pigott* was his

name. The pig shot himself. Some reminiscence of Parnell had apparently made itself known under conditions fairly though not fully favourable to communication between "this world" and "the next."

I can do no more than briefly indicate certain other aspects of Gretta's mediumship. Mechanical automatism rose into calligraphic automatism, and this into clairaudience mainly, with occasional glimpses of clairvoyance. In the winter months it became our custom after supper to draw up a sofa in front of the fire, and still our thoughts and feelings. In such conditions she (who had no fictional imagination, and then no special literary expression) communicated to me, as from some higher consciousness, the mythological stories that later I put into poetical form as "The Going forth of Dana" and "The Marriage of Lir and Niav." Occasionally her mind played eaves-dropper to mine. One evening she described a scene that passed before her eyes, an archaic birthday celebration in which harpers marched and played as a queen ascended a throne in a great pillared hall. "I hear it said that this is to be the next episode in the poem that Jim is writing. You have been troubled about it?" I had indeed, for the composing of blank verse renderings of the high themes I had got through her sometimes strained such poetical craft as I then had almost to breaking-point. The scene took its place in "Lir and Niav."

While I was writing this long poem, Gretta was experimenting with a kind of trance induced by passes made by our brother-in-law, Leslie Pielou. She described her sensations as going numb from her feet upwards, and going out through some exit in the top of her head and moving freely from level to level of life. On one occasion, on the level of the earth, she saw people being shot down by soldiers near a great palace. She was much perturbed, and cried out at what she described as a "rain of blood." Next morning, on my way to school, a newspaper placard announced, "Red Deluge in Moscow." This was the day when hungry Russians sought to appeal to their "Little Father" at his palace, and received a reception that had a similar sequel to Marie Antoinette's tragic advice about bread and cake.

On another occasion Gretta told me of having reached the plain on which the Irish Deities, the De Dananns, dwelt. Each enthroned God was accompanied by his Goddess. One of the latter came towards her carrying something like a casket in her hands. As the Goddess came near, Gretta knelt in reverence. The Goddess told her to rise and look in the casket. Side by side were a large ruby and equally large pearl. Gretta asked the Goddess to open her understanding. The Goddess said: "The ruby is my husband, Lir. The pearl is myself, Niav. Remember this when you return to your world, and tell it to Jim: he will understand." I understood; for while the "magnetic sleep" had been proceeding, I had been working on the poem in another room. A double figure of speech came into my mind, and I had much imaginative delight in shaping it into lines; a pearl for Niav, a ruby for Lir. Symbolically the pearl was the inner spiritual core of life; the ruby the executive mind. The two together represented the perfect unit, superhuman or human.

Among the automatic communications that came through Gretta was a series purporting to be given by an "American Adept." The "Adept" took up the position of teacher to us, with the special intention of developing our intuitions, through which we might reach knowledge of the nature of superconscious life and its denizens. There was, he told Gretta, a group of Adepts connected with India who were higher than his own group, and he would ultimately lead us to them. We had, by this time, a vague idea of "discipleship" and "initiation" as taught by Theosophists. But we were far away from it. We were not then even members of the Society.

Our one and only "ghost" (that is, an entity visible to eyesight as distinct from supernormal vision) happened in Connemara on one of our summer vacations. Outside Clifden, near the golden sea-weeded edges of the long narrow inlets of the Atlantic ocean, we shared the cottage of the Post-mistress of Ballinaboy, Mary Conneeley, hale and hearty and busy at seventy, and as proud as Punch at having a suffragette under her roof. Our musical gifts were in demand in local concerts. After one of these we drove home in moonlight on a side car. Running



along a part of the road where a high stone wall bordered the grounds of a family we had become acquainted with, our car was jerkily pulled up by the driver. Some distance ahead of us another vehicle turned off the road into the grounds. We assumed it was our acquaintances returning also from the concert. I commented on the queer ancient equipage they were using. Mebbe their own side-car was out of order and they were using an ould-fashioned one, the driver thought. The stone wall continued without a break far beyond where the ancient vehicle had turned off the road. Physically it would have had to mount some ten feet from the road. Whatever it was or wasn't, three sober persons saw it, the driver first, Gretta and I next. I kept the unusualness of the event in mind for future investigation. Next day the chief lady of the house came to have tea with us. Mary did the serving, with more countrified warmth than cityfied finesse. In scraps of conversation between her and our guest in Irish, of which I had a very elementary knowledge, I caught such words as *capall* (horse), *balla* (wall), *taivshe* (ghost). I asked our guest what she had been telling Mary, if it was not private. "Oh, just a local superstition that wouldn't interest you." "Wouldn't it? Ghosts and the like are one of my hobbies. If you tell me your story of a horse and a wall and a ghost, I'll tell you mine, perhaps of the same thing." It appeared, from her story, that some years previously the then resident of the house, who drove to and from Clifden in a high-wheeled, front-steated vehicle such as we had seen, had been killed in an accident. At intervals since then people got a glimpse of him driving about, sometimes in unusual places. Yesterday, in full light, as she was standing at the door of the house, on rising ground above the long boundary wall, she was astonished to see an equipage come, as it were, through the wall, pass along where a drive once had been, and disappear. She recalled the ghost story, and saw that this was one of its periodical appearances. I told her our story. We had seen the same "ghost" at the same place, though not at the same time.

∴ The recounting of the foregoing experiences of psychical phenomena (a few out of many) may suggest that such matters

absorbed the greater part of our interest and activity. This would be far from the fact. True, the question of the nature and operations of the human consciousness appealed to us as cardinal in their effect on the interpretation and conduct of life. We felt that knowledge of worlds within worlds was much more fundamental than a mere animalish association with this world, or uninformed sentimental reaching for or repudiation of the "next world;" and we were attracted by the currents both on the surface and in the depths of the ocean of thought.

My winning of a prize for an essay on Vegetarianism gave us the surplus money for a trip to London, and the opportunity of getting in touch with as many of the heterodoxies as we could crowd into a few days. We also attended a service in the City Temple, then the centre of "the New Theology" expounded by the Rev. R. J. Campbell. We were interested in seeing the County Antrim instructing London; but the white-haired, ascetic-faced preacher did not strike us as having the drive necessary for a religious revolution. Through the offices of Tom Kettle, then an M.P., we attended a sitting of the House of Commons, and heard him make one of those dull speeches that brilliant men can make when their hearts are not in their mouths. Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith were to the fore; but the proceedings left us with a cold academic feeling, and a wonder if the Ireland that we knew and loved, the Ireland of high imagination, sensitive feeling, and ardent age-long desire for freedom to live her own life, would forever be a subject of occasional debate in a foreign parliament.

But the happening that put a strong direction into the current of our life was an invitation to attend a Convention of The Theosophical Society at the British Headquarters in Albemarle Street, July 6, 1907, notwithstanding our protestation that we were not members. The function was a reception by the President, Mrs. Annie Besant. When our sponsor announced, "Mr. and Mrs. Cousins from Ireland," Mrs. Besant repeated "from Ireland" with a special smile and warmly shook hands with us. We passed into concentric circles of cordiality. During refreshments in the library we were told that the President

wanted us. She expressed pleasure at having someone from Ireland at the Convention. Being lamentably honest, we told her that we were not members of the Society; that we were regretably young; that we knew very little, though we wanted to know nothing less than everything. None of these considerations weighed with her. She loved Ireland, and was thrilled by its future as the spiritual leader of Europe. She concluded the ten-minute interview by ignoring me, putting her hand on Gretta's shoulder, and saying: "Go back to Ireland, my dear, and form a Lodge of The Theosophical Society, and when it is formed I will come and lecture for you." We returned to our seats against a book-case in the library. As we sat quietly absorbing the significance of the occasion, Gretta leant her head backwards. Under I know not what impulse she turned to see what her head had leant against. It was the two-volume edition of the *Life of Anna Kingsford* by Edward Maitland. "Oh Jim," she whispered, "I hear it said, 'Do you remember my telling you some time ago not to be too critical of members of The Theosophical Society, as you would be in the middle of it before long?' Isn't this fairly near the middle?" I recalled the reprimand that had come under the signature of Anna Bonus Kingsford. We felt ourselves involved in some super-mundane conspiracy. We returned to Dublin; but our estimate of our inability to take the initiative that had been delegated to Gretta outweighed, for the present, the sense of importance to which we might have succumbed. But no reason could be found for my remaining outside The Theosophical Society any longer; and my certificate of membership is dated, London, May 16, 1908. A number of our group joined me in forming a Centre for the study of the implications of the Three Objects and the experiences and speculations of individual Theosophists.

Mrs. Besant's offer to visit Dublin did not wait on the formation of a Lodge. A letter came to me some time afterwards in her simple, clear handwriting, saying that she would break a return journey from the United States at Queenstown and come to Dublin, and wished me to get up an afternoon reception and an evening lecture. There was nothing to be done but to do it.

There was also the High School with its management of episcopal clergymen to whom the name of Annie Besant called up odours of fire and brimstone; and the certainty that my career as a teacher would end as soon as they could make it end after the discovery that I was the devil in disguise who organized the visit. But I organised it. Invitations for the reception, in the Contemporary Club, on October 10, 1909, at 5-30 had to be few and chosen. Mrs. Besant spoke on "The meaning and value of Theosophy." For the evening lecture the Molesworth Hall was filled with three hundred picked invitees. Her subject was "The New Era." The hall-full of the most intelligent people in Dublin, with some exceptions, was very stimulating. I moved unobtrusively on the margin seeing that all was in order with as unconcerned an air as I could manage. I had written a confidential invitation to Sir William Barrett and asked him if he would take a seat on the platform along with a few others in compliment to the eminent visitor. He replied to the effect that he would have nothing to do with the eminent visitor or any of her works. Among the audience at the back of the hall I saw a figure that suggested the psychical scientist, but apparently veiling his identity. I made no sign of recognition. Mrs. Besant spoke for an hour with rich tone and clear enunciation, in perfect plain diction, with an occasional gesture, working out a logical theme to a fine peroration. The audience, whatever its attitude to her thesis with its Theosophical background might be, was obviously fascinated by the extraordinary combination of intellectual and oratorical power that handled vast ideas without a pause for a word, without a note--and without the use of felicitous phraseology and figurativeness that literary Dublin regarded as "style." Applause at the end was cordial and long. As she turned to leave the platform a voice at the back called out, "Ladies and Gentlemen." It was the voice of Sir William Barrett. I got cold shivers at the dread possibility of some controversy into which I might be disastrously drawn. But the crisis passed. Sir William called out, over the suppressed hubbub of departure and wonder at the intrusion: "I was invited to take a seat on the platform tonight. I declined the invitation, as I did

not wish to be identified with the ideas held by the lecturer. But I wish to say that, in my long life, in which I have heard the greatest speakers of English in the world, I have never listened to anything finer in substance and delivery than what has been given to us tonight, and I wish to express my personal thanks to Mrs. Besant and to the organiser of the meeting". Happily no name was mentioned. The morning after the meeting I received a letter from Sir William asking me to convey to Mrs. Besant, who had stayed over-night with us, his deep regret that an unbreakable engagement prevented his going to the steamer at Kingstown to see her off. She read it with a pleased smile. I do not know if the sincerity and genius of Mrs. Besant brought Sir William the experience of "conversion"; but some years after this, when our departure for India became known, on a chance meeting in a tramcar, he said to me that he considered the Hodgson Report on Madame Blavatsky and Adyar a black item in the Records of The Society for Psychical Research, and he hoped to see it expunged before the end of his life. He didn't.

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## CHAPTER XII

### AWAKENING TO NEW WORLD-FORCES

(M. E. C.) At the end of 1906 I was invited to speak at a vegetarian conference in Manchester. A conference of the National Council of Women was held in Manchester at the same time. The latter was to prove itself a turning-point in my life. It was the first large gathering of women I had contacted, at the suggestion of Ernest Bell, head of the publishing house of George Bell and Sons. It impressed me deeply with the possibilities that were latent in womanhood. It made me aware of the injustices and grievances which were taken for granted as the natural fate of my sex. Here I found a large organisation already challenging the continuance of inequality of opportunity between man and woman. I was spiritually excited and stimulated by the meetings

of that conference. I had never, in my insular life in Ireland, heard of the movement till I went to Manchester. But even as a child I had felt that girls and women did not get fair play in life. I was a born rebel against conventions which gave women less freedom than men, fewer opportunities, smaller pay, less education, lower status. The writings of Anna Bonus Kingsford had already affirmed woman to me as spiritually co-equal with man. This, I felt, was bound to demonstrate itself when the man-dominated era would have worked itself out to its uttermost. Advanced men and women had, between 1800 and 1905, used every method of constitutional agitation to bring women within the expanding circle of democracy. But their efforts had proved unsuccessful. Then Youth took the matter in hand in 1905. In that year Christabel Pankhurst, a young law student of the Manchester University, and Annie Kenney, a typical young mill-hand of Lancashire, became the voice of awakened womanhood in the opening years of the twentieth century.

I quickly understood all that was involved in the conference of the National Council of Women that I attended in Manchester, and on my return to Dublin I got introductions to the leaders of its members in Ireland. They were Mr. and Mrs. Haslam, a remarkable old pair, devoted to one another and dedicated to the cause of the advancement and enfranchisement of women. They were nearly seventy when I met them; always in the best of health; she a dynamo of energy, small and sturdy; he intellectual, tall, rather like a university don, a good speaker, very refined and kindly. I joined the local branch of the Council, and attended some drawing-room meetings at homes of the leading Dublin women.

We had moved in July 1906 from "The Bungalow" to a much larger house on the Strand Road, Sandymount, admirably suited for drawing-room meetings, and I was very happy to organise a suffrage meeting in my home in January 1907 at which Lady Dockrell, wife of an eminent business-man, presided, and Mr. and Mrs. Haslam spoke.

My publisher friend Ernest Bell sent me "Votes for Women," the organ of the militant suffragettes, weekly from its first

number in October 1907. I eagerly followed the doings of the militants with full understanding of their aims, methods and spirit. I felt so much one of them that I longed for some day and some way in which the women of Ireland might be colleagues in such a soul-stirring and needed movement for the freeing of world-womanhood from the shackles, injustices, inequalities and denial of citizen rights and responsibilities under which women suffered.

I happened to be spending some days in London with two of my sisters before I had met any of the members of the Women's Social and Political Union. I knew their names only by the publicity given by the newspapers to their novel political policy of not supporting the candidate of any political party at Parliamentary elections until women had obtained the vote, and by the success they achieved in their organisation of propaganda meetings for votes for women in the largest halls throughout the country. On the visit to London to which I refer, we found ourselves on a crowded footpath near Parliament Square where people were excitedly watching a small band of women evidently under arrest by a contingent of policemen who were marching them to a police station. They were, we were told, the leaders of the suffrage movement. In their simplicity, respectability, and quiet dignified demeanour they were deeply impressive. I was so hurt by the indignity to which these fine educated women were subjected that I cried for hours that night before I could get to sleep through an intuition of the struggle that women would have to make to secure any freedom from the subjection which they had had to endure through the ages. I suffered the insult in my own soul in sympathy with those self-sacrificing women whom later I met and knew and worked with, Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel, Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, noble elderly Mrs. Despard, and others. In a waiting crowd at the entrance to the Queen's Hall to hear a lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant I heard a lady tell another of the recent arrest of suffrage leaders. I showed that I was interested, and she invited my husband and me to attend an At Home at the Women's Social and Political Union in Clement's Inn the next afternoon

(July 1, 1907). I jumped at the chance. We found the leaders as magnetic, sincere and attractive as I had expected them to be. The occasion made the personal link. Time brought us closer together.

It was in connection with vegetarianism that Jim and I had taken our first trip to London together. We met not only those connected with the movement, but others in whom we were interested. We were proteges of the physical regenerationists, the Wallaces, and through them in their great house on Russel Square we met many bright new friends especially of the younger generation. The Wallaces' own family consisted of three sons and four daughters, all of whom were studying closely for the M.D., in order that the heterodoxy in which they were being brought up might be backed up by scientific knowledge along orthodox lines. We went to all the entertainments we could work into our spare time. In Covent Garden Theatre we were swept off our feet by hearing Melba, Caruso and Scotti sing in Puccini's "La Boheme." We heard De Reszke sing in the Albert Hall with Wood's orchestra. We had the luck to be at the last performance of Shaw's "Man and Superman" in the Court Theatre, and got our first full charge of the intellectual, but not emotional, genius of that rather gigantic Irishman. Two distinguished looking men in circle dress came up to our gallery for a while: one of them was John Galsworthy. A play with George Alexander as the chief figure was very accomplished but seemed to us thin. On my first visit to Westminster Abbey I reacted keenly to its aesthetic treat of architecture, sculpture, stained glass, music, rather than as an inspiration of religion. Amongst astrologers and psychical researchers and spirit mediums, past and future seemed to come near us. But amongst the Theosophists, suffragettes and vegetarians we felt on the terra firma of the present, with its insistence on work to be done today.

I particularly remember the pleasure I felt in meeting Alan Leo (a nom de plume), the then best known English exponent of astrology, and his gipsy-like wife Bessie who was also gifted in occult lore. They had been interested in me since they published my horoscope that came by automatic writing. The publication



had drawn the attention of H. S. Green, who, in a letter to "Modern Astrology," pointed out the difference between the "Persian's" method and the modern method, and asked me to try and get in touch with the communicator and ask certain questions. But the Persian had fulfilled his mission. He had bidden me farewell, and no effort on my part could bring him back, or (which is still more significant in relation to the suggestion that such phenomena are self-generated) any pretender to his knowledge. But an important point, bearing on the authenticity of the horoscope and of automatism, was a matter that had caught the attention of Mr. Green. The first coronation of King Edward VII had to be postponed because of an operation that had suddenly become necessary. This had not been observed by astrologers. Mr. Green had cast the King's horoscope by the Persian's method used in my automatic horoscope. The event was clearly indicated.

I spent a whole day with Miss Lind af Hageby and her co-workers for anti-vivisection and allied humanitarian causes. I found her a woman of most remarkable power and magnetism which she was devoting to rousing the conscience of the public about the horrors which science inflicted on helpless animals, and the thoughtless selfish demand, made specially by women, for the skins and furs of animals for fashion and warmth. Since the day I met her I have never worn fur or kid gloves or leather belts or bags, or feathers in hats. It was, I found, easy to find satisfactory substitutes for these without looking a freak or injuring one's health.

But such stimulating visits and others come to an end; and, armed with an injunction from Mrs. Annie Besant to start a Theosophical Lodge in Dublin (of which Jim has told the inception), and fired with a secret determination to rouse Ireland on votes for women, and buttressed by a set of new impressions supplemented by those buzzing in my husband's mind, we returned to our house looking over quiet Dublin Bay to Howth Head, and plunged into the Irish renaissance, with its own poets and patriots, reformers and rebels, and signs everywhere of new life and new egos to direct the nascent Irish spirit.

With his change from the commercial milieu to the conditions of teaching, my husband consolidated his position as a poet and dramatist. In 1906 he had published "The Quest," dedicated to me, containing myth-poems which I had received in outline psychically. In 1907 came the lovely book of sonnets, "The Awakening." In 1910 the same publishers, Maunsel and Company, who specialised on the new writers, brought out "The Bell Branch" of which I was as proud as if I had written it myself. The book was specially notable as containing three sonnets that got nearer the essentials of the women's movement, as demonstrated by the suffragettes, than any other poems of the time.

Looking back on the pattern of our life (not then seen) it was in the fitness of things and times that the interests of Jim and myself were in those first years engrossed in well and truly laying the foundation of a reformed system of diet. Our activities in connection with the vegetarian society kept us busy, and gave me in particular a strenuous apprenticeship in work for public welfare in a limited but responsive environment. My first speech at a vegetarian banquet lasted five minutes with my heart beating in my mouth instead of its own place. The occasion got world-wide publicity through a letter which Bernard Shaw sent to us including the famous sentence: "I have not tasted a fellow-creature for twenty-five years." We were to receive further publicity later from the curious concatenation of non-vegetarian names of our officers: President, Henry *Ham*; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Jonathan *Hogg*, Miss Maud *Joynt*. In such ways it was possible to get into the news, when serious matter concerning the cause was barred or got entrance by being paid for in some way.

In my psychic work the source became of secondary interest to the matter. An allegory, a folk-tale, a fairy story, or some unusual subject such as Group Consciousness, Heterodox Ideas on Karma, the Doctrine of the Genius, would unfold itself rapidly through my purple pencil, held without grip or guidance, putting down ideas, correspondences, interpretations hitherto unthought of by me, extemporaneously without hesitation. This was always a mystery to me, and proved itself to the mind as

"straight knowledge" of a spiritually exciting kind. I asked no questions of the psychic controls nor suggested a subject; so the element of unexpectedness added greatly to the pleasure and profit that this gift of illumination gave me.

Such was the more or less even tenour of our days, when my life was suddenly turned inside out by the overflow from Britain into Ireland of the militant suffrage movement.

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### CHAPTER XIII

## VOCATIONS AND VACATIONS

(J. H. C.) In our first flowering decad, the call to growth and efflorescence that came from the sun and rain and wind of environment required the conveyance of extra sustenance to the roots of our double tree of life if the call was to be adequately responded to. The main supply of sustenance was insufficient; that is to say, less figuratively, my pay wasn't enough. I had to dig for tributaries. Fortunately the verse-utility that a facetious agnostic had attributed to me in my Belfast period was common to both the poetical and prosaic sides of my double-crowned cranium, so that I was not limited in the directions of my dowsing.

Bernard Shaw was a notable, if small, con-tributary to sustenance. On one of my occasional visits to Belfast I received a telegram from Dublin urging me to return in time to make a verbatim report of a lecture he was to give on "The Break-up of the Poor Law." No local reporter would undertake it: I was the last resort. Last resorts have a stern duty placed on them. I fulfilled mine—and duly received two guineas for so doing. The clarity and pace of Shaw's speech were those of a man who wanted to be understood, not merely listened to. He had no platform tricks or rhetorical style. He made only a rare gesture, a stiff nervous jerk of an arm. I perceived that the "Shavian humour" that occasionally flashed out just couldn't be helped: it was his particular way of being serious.

But shorthand proved a more nourishing contributory to our tree of life than Shaw in securing for me the appointment for four years as Reporter to the Royal Academy of Medicine in Ireland. I knew nothing of medicine except the appalling taste of some of it, and the jargon and criss-cross ideas concerning it that I had picked up in food-reform and similar papers. But ignorance was never much of a deterrent to me in adventures other than physical. My job was to report the impromptu speeches of the doctors and surgeons on papers that were read at the sittings, and to transcribe them concisely in essentials, and as plain English as possible, for publication in a dozen or more technical journals. Four winter sessions of twenty-eight weekly meetings each gave me 112 interesting experiences and the same number of guineas. When I received my last cheque the Secretary of the Academy, a high up doctor, said: "If ever a man deserved the M.D. you do. You have taken out enough lectures to qualify you. Your only disadvantage is that you are not authorised to kill your fellowmen." Most of the medicos were very ordinary speakers; though perhaps this was because they were bound to the scientific accuracy and clarity that are fatal to eloquence. Dr. Oliver Gogarty had evolved from a talkative minor poet who in his student days pawned his fancy waistcoats to buy books, into a minor poet who was an authority and an expert on adenoids in children; yet even he said nothing even when he said it. For half a generation I put him down in my mental catalogue as a scientifically lost soul. But at the end of the half generation, on my first return trip from India, 1925, as I was renewing old pleasures in looking over the shelves in Hodges Figgis' bookshop, I was saluted from the rear by a voice: "Well, Cousins, after all these years!" Behind a protuberant front I recognised Gogarty. I pointed an accusing finger at his equator and said: "Well, Gogarty?" "Yes," he said, "when a man reaches middle age, it isn't the age that matters so much as the middle." I removed him from the category of lost souls.

The extra-scholastic vocation that carried over from Ireland to England, en route for India, was my appointment as, of all

things, a Bank Director. I have mentioned an Englishman who came to Ireland to teach us thrift. His shrewd way of doing the impossible was to start a bank. He invited me to become a director on the ground that I would be an invaluable adviser through my knowledge of people in Dublin and elsewhere who would want to do business with the bank. The fee would be two pounds a week; the duties, one directors' meeting of about an hour weekly. I succumbed to the temptation of being able to add what was then to us a large sum to our exchequer, and enable my beloved comrade to widen the hospitality that was as insistent in her as music was, and as poetry was in me. When it was found that the bank was losing money, the books went into the hands of the authorities, and I was found to be a debtor for an amount to cover my qualifying shares as a director which I had been assured would be all right. The bank was closed. The amount against my name was demanded by the liquidators. The short-lived addition to my income threatened to become a devastating substraction. Proceedings in bankruptcy brought my name more publicity in the streets of Dublin in an afternoon than eight books of verse and four plays had done. Anyhow, the stigmata of bankruptcy was only skin deep; and most of my interests were deeper than the skin. I lost no friends who would be a real loss, and I gained much unspoken sympathy. Insolvency followed me to England later on. One day on a seat in a small "park" in Garston, outside Liverpool, the impulse came to me to make a try at getting my bankruptcy annulled by writing a letter, I have forgotten to whom, setting out my side of the story of the bank that was to teach thrift to the Irish. Before long I received a document declaring to the world that I was as solvent as anyone else.

Vacations in our flowering decad expanded from a commercial fortnight to an educational two months when I changed from coal and shipping to literature and geography-cum-geology.

We prolonged the fortnights by Saturday afternoons and Sundays in and around Dublin. My third archaeological discovery (Ben Madiaghan and Inis Mahee being the first and

second as already recounted) was Swords Castle, a cycle-run north of Dublin; "Swords" being the clever official English translation of the Irish *surd*, clear, which referred to a holy well that was so clear that you could see the old boot that lay on the silt at the bottom. An article by me on the castle, illustrated by my own photographs, made the place famous for shilling teas and the exploration of old walls and towers, and in the season for as many apples as you could eat off the laden trees that filled the great space within the walls.

A minor archaeological discovery had more interior significances than even tea and apples. On a Sunday walk on Killiney Hill we met a mystical and artistic friend, Walter Hare, carrying a sketch, still wet. We greeted him and hoped he had had a good time, he being a good painter in water colours. He showed us the sketch—ancient looking stones that had a Druidical suggestion. We were surprised, as we didn't know of any such remains on the hill. We would never know, he said, while we took seriously a signboard, "Trespassers Prosecuted." He showed the way; and up a path and round a corner we came on what had, to all appearance, been some kind of Druidical centre, with a large stone that had been either flat or upright but had fallen out of its position, a stone chair, and other pieces that we could not identify. But what made the "discovery" somewhat breathtaking to us was the memory that, in one of Alfred Peters' seances, in which he had described the underground chamber at Newgrange, and given what purported to be its prehistoric purpose, he had said that we would one day find, somewhere not far away, an ancient stone on which the sun and moon were carved, indicating a pre-Christian cult. On the central stone was a large full circle on one half and a semicircle on the other, obviously the sun and moon.

An Easter vacation comes to mind as an anniversary of our marriage. One afternoon, at the day's end in the High School, a tallish man with a luminous face and coruscating beard on top of a suit of clothes that would have been respectable if the wearer had allowed them to be so, walked into my classroom, announced that he was William Sears, Editor of the "Enniscorthy Echo,"

and, apropos of nothing, declared that he was a vegetarian and a believer in what he pronounced *kerr'ma* (karma). Thereupon we walked down town together, and started a life-long friendship. The result of the call at The High School by William Sears was a cold but bright Easter week-end in a farmhouse at Borodale, a healthy walk from the town of Enniscorthy. I remember a stream scintillating among trees, and a broad river sliding between the private houses and public houses of a big busy town, and the pleasant smell of printers' ink in the machine-room of Sears' newspaper. But most of all I remember a starling and what it led to. The bird stood in the morning on the sill of the window of our bedroom. It lifted its beak skywards and made a metallic clicking sound. I asked Gretta what she thought it was doing. "Castanets." Its tone changed to a guttural repetition of the same plain pulsation, with its head drawn in between its shoulders and its breast stuck out. And now? "A drum. Castanets-drum. That's a poem." Two months later I met James Stephens in Mount Street, Dublin. He asked where I meant to go for my summer holidays. To Ballymore, near Dunfanaghy in County Donegal, where AE went annually to paint. He advised me to take the chance to discipline my volatile mind by practising French verse-forms. I had no French beyond the faded memory of a school-book. He would lend me a book of French forms done into English. In the beauty of Ballymore verse came on me. I remembered the injunction and the book, and memorised certain forms to get them into my head. The starling of Borodale turned up in my imagination, and a voice: "Castanets . . . drum . . . That's a poem." And so happened "Spring Rondel by a Starling."

I clink my castenet,  
And beat my little drum.  
For spring at last has come,  
And on my parapet  
Of chestnut, gummy-wet,  
Where bees begin to hum,  
I clink my castanet,  
And beat my little drum.

"Spring goes," you say, "Sun's set."  
So be it. Why be glum.  
Enough, the spring has come,  
And, without fear or fret,  
I clink my castanet,  
And beat my little drum.

Long after the little piece had been written and published (1910) in "The Bell Branch," and, as I thought, forgotten among the new fashions in verse, the poetry of modern Ireland had, I learned, percolated into the universities of England, and become a classroom interest. A volume entitled "Studies in Contemporary Poets," by Professor Mary C. Sturgeon, reached me in India, where I was teaching modern poetry in English; and in a chapter on "An Irish Group" the starling of Borodale turned up again, with the generous and heartening comment: "The lyrical virtues of that need no emphasis; the quick, true reflection of a mood: the lightness of touch and grace of expression. It is, however, mainly by qualities of form that one is delighted here—the art's the thing. To make a rondel at all seems an achievement, and to make it so daintily, with playful fancy caught to the nicest shade, almost compels wonder."

At Ballymore (I am following memory, not chronology) we had the upper storey of the farmhouse of Mrs. Bridget Lafferty. Our small window looked out on grass-covered hillocks between which gaps and paths went down to the sea. Portnablaghy, where jumped and wriggled the canvas currachs that, in the phrase of a local boy, would upset not only if you changed your place in them but if you as much as changed your mind in them, had all the ripple and sparkle and odour of the unsophisticated fishing harbour, with brown patched sails swinging idly from masts, and inhabitants from the oldest to the youngest saturated in the mystery and romance of the sea.

Our chief friend was the local postman, Andrew MacIntyre, a rolling stone that gathered an extraordinary quantity of an extraordinary variety of moss in the way of continental languages classical and modern, art-crafts, sewing and knitting. But his



special accomplishment was fiddling on a crude instrument with such skill and feeling that walks by lanes and meadows and bogs to the accompaniment of gay or plaintive airs, certain of which, and the words that went with them, were of his own making, was to wander through fairyland. I had, some months previously, given a lantern lecture on "The Celt at Home" in London. At the end of the lecture a lady informed me, with suppressed excitement, that she had seen some of the fairies looking out between stones in some of my slides. She much wanted to visit Ireland and see the fairies for herself; but circumstances did not favour the hope. At Ballymore Gretta had got into the rhythm of giving social functions for the neighbours; a dance to Andrew's fiddle in Lafferty's big kitchen, with refreshments consisting of strong tea in every kind of vessel (cup, mug, jug, saucer, tin) that could be mustered for a party much beyond the capacity of Bridget's dresser, and a half of an alleged currant bun each. A dance had been fixed for a night whose day began with a deluge that confined us to our attic and hope. Voices below and an unfamiliar step on the stairs indicated a caller; and a head followed by a dripping macintosh embodied the English lady who was keen on the Irish fairies. By an unexpected stroke of luck she had been invited to accompany an eminent lady on a visit to Ireland. Ulster had been chosen, and lateness of application had limited them to Donegal, and in Donegal to a farm-house three miles distant from ours. The owner of the house, had, according to the lady, made my lecture on the Irish fairies quite thin. Such a man! He had shown her where fairies lived in holes in the cliffs, and plucked for her some of the vegetation they grew and lived on. She was gathering splendid material for a book. So far she had not seen a fairy face to face; but this would come in due time. I changed the subject by inviting her to the dance that evening in Lafferty's kitchen. She suggested shifting the venue to her host's kitchen. And thus it came to pass; and I was glad of the opportunity to see for myself what truth there was in the general opinion that the said host, MacGarvey by name, was the chief liar of the townland and maybe beyond it. Andrew fiddled the Lafferty party round the three-mile road in a

clear period between the rain that had been and the rain that might be. The evening was less a dance than a concert. Light rain began at ten and counselled departure. Moonlight showed the magical masses of the landscape; and MacGarvey volunteered to show us the short cut across the bog, a mile instead of three by the road. When my eyes had grown accustomed to the narrow footpath, and could distinguish between bog-holes, turf-ricks, and cross-channels, where a stumble might show what a short step it is from this world to that, I stopped MacGarvey and asked him if he knew Mr. Russel (AE) who painted pictures of the countryside, and sometimes painted things that nobody saw but himself. "Now *that's* a rale gentleman," he replied, apparently as irrelevantly as I had asked the question, "and I say so, although he never stud me a drink." "And what about the English lady and the fairies?" "She knows the world and all about fairies." "Yes, but how much does she know herself, and how much have you told her?" "Well, Mister Cousins, it's the way with us we mebbe say more than the God's truth, just to plaze people that want to know more than you know yourself." "And what do you know about the fairies? Have you ever seen one?" "Damn the fairy or ghost or divil ever I've seen, or anything worse than meself, thanks be to God." Andrew's fiddle left us at Lafferty's door just before the rain came.

On a later vacation I got another version of the fairies and the visitors. We settled for a two months holiday in one end of the lanky cottage of Mary Conneeley, the post mistress of Ballinaboy outside Clifden in Connemara. Mary was well over seventy, full of energy, a very "small farmer" between official duties which were shared in by a daughter. When Mary came to realise that our knowledge and attitude in real Irish matters were different both from the priests, who knew little or nothing, and the trippers, who vulgarised everything, she took us into the arcana of the traditional Irish mind. Out of the "superstitions" that she told us of in twilit chats at her fireside between the ending of the day's work and her fireside prayers before retiring, I put one into verse, "Why the grass is short in Connemara,"

in which the accepted fact of "second sight" in Michael Walsh's clairvoyance is annotated by her own speculation that the shortness of the grass in Connemara may be due to ghosts of cattle feeding on it in the night.

The Connemara version of the relationship of the fairies to visitors, as distinguished from the Donegal version, came out when I quoted stories from the Irish myths, and described the Dananns as painted by AE. She rose into a reverent enthusiasm for "the Great Ones," who were spoken of only among those who shared a secret. "The little people" were good enough for ordinary visitors. This did not mean a repudiation of the fairies. It meant their inclusion in the hierarchy of the Celtic imagination with a difference of function, the fairies being connected with natural things, the "Great Ones" with supernatural.

At times Gretta gratified an atavistic desire to ride quadrupeds, and took Mary's donkey to the bog for turf, while I churned half a pound of better.

Visitors to Clifden other than those on holiday were few. One group came and made a stir. On an errand for herself to the town I thought I was "seeing things" or a play dressed up to take off the literary revival or the Gaelic League or both—Edward Martyn, Patrick Pearse, and The Honourable William Gibson (in kilts), standing in a triangle of frustration. I was recognised: the trio were apparently themselves. They were on a tour on behalf of the Irish language; but they could not get a hall for a meeting. Gretta had been luckier for woman suffrage: she had bearded the bishop in his lair with a fluttering heart but an immovable will, and found him not as bad as he might have been. Suggestions along these lines were over-ruled. Clifden was hopeless. They would shake its west-British dust off their shoes at the earliest possible train. I recalled the suffrage way. "Why not an open-air meeting?" "Where?" "At Errislanann cross-roads. I'll guarantee a hundred." Assent given, I jumped on my cycle, and from Clifden to Ballinaboy post office, and beyond it, I shouted to every man, woman and child, and probably every cow, the news; and when I got back to the "cross," the three linguistic apostles were on a ditch, supported by the post

mistress and the suffragette, a big crowd semi-circled in front of them, the meeting in full swing.

Our cycles were a boon to us. A gipsy tent (poles and canvas on the cross-bar and back-carrier of my cycle, food fundamentals on Gretta's back-carrier) enabled us to extend our "looking for miracles" to all-day exercise in sun or shower and a stop-over in the starlit vastness of night on the edge of the Atlantic wherever the spirit, or the whim, or fatigue, or hunger moved us. We came to the end of a day where tilled fields terminated in cliffs above oceanic rollers that broke in columns of spume and fell in white patches and streaks on undulations of darkness that might have been deep blue or deep green. We chose the edge of a field, and pitched the tent. A solitary man approached and gave us "God to you," and got from us (though Protestants) "God and Mary to you" in return. We apologised for probably being trespassers. He indicated that we were welcome to the whole townland, and was greatly interested in our "hotel." We learned that we were in a "congested district," but of humanity he was the only local specimen in view for miles. He went on his way with blessing on us for the night. A small boy appeared out of the semi-darkness and gazed awe-struck into the tent, from the roof of which a lit candle now hung with some suggestion of sacerdotal mystery. Another boy came, and a small girl; then more of each. We fraternised across two unknown languages. I gave the largest girl a shilling, and sent them off to the village to buy sweets. They returned with sticky mouths and an offer of some of the coloured remnants of their spree to us. We slept the sleep of the tired and happy. At dawn there was a stir outside. The man and some of the children had come to greet us. The man explained that the previous night's festival had upset the milk supply of the townland, as the children were cowherds, and on discovering "a rale gintleman and lady in a tent" (tents theretofore having been limited to circuses), they neglected their duties till long after the time-table. But we were forgiven, and as a sign they brought us a pair of freshly slain rabbits. We couldn't hurt their feelings, and so accepted the gruesome gift with thanks—and had a

funeral ceremony in a declivity of the field after the donors had disappeared on their duties.

Gretta, being amphibious, had brought her bathing dress on chance. There was enough water, God knows, between the coast and America to serve her purpose ; but house-high breakers were beyond even her will. A gap between cliffs and an old woman made her ask if there was any place near hand where she could bathe. Straight on, she said, we would find a quiet corner, and, she added, "Nobody but God and the say-gulls will see you." Smooth green water on an easy sloping sandy beach and a rock in a corner as a dressing-room promised an idyll. Gretta challenged me to taste the joy. But I had no dress for the occasion, and didn't want to outrage God or the say-gulls. Half of her costume winged like a great bird through the air. We wallowed for half an hour. On the rock we performed essential services to the body with a pair of nail-scissors that went with our small outfit. Later, when we needed them again, they could not be found ; we had left them on the rock, and we bade them farewell as a small enjoyment tax. Some years afterwards, on a short revisit to Connemara, I had a thought. We searched out our bathing-place ; and in a crevice of the rock I found our scissors, rusted beyond recognition, but capable of resuscitation. Neither God nor the say-gulls had disturbed them, nor anybody else.

Our longest miracle hunt from Ballinaboy was to Westport in the next country, Mayo, forty miles or thereabouts north. We had heard of an artistic church ; but the chief attraction was its vicar, the Reverend J. O. Hannay, who had made a stir in literary circles by a first book, "The Seething Pot," in which a sardonic wit played round contemporaneous persons and events, and suggested a new whip whose lash was laughter. I had written threatening a call, and asking permission to pitch our small tent in the corner of the garden which we assumed they had. Food, I explained, was unnecessary, as it would be on my wife's back wheel as usual ; though we might petition for a sup of boiling water to wet our tea with.

We got to Westport late in the afternoon, at the beginning of the long slow twilight of summer in Ireland, and had the tent

pitched on the expected grass-plot in the garden by the side of the vicarage ten minutes before a heavy shower that would have made the pitch impossible and sentenced us to extemporised dosses indoors. Sympathy (or perhaps the racial desire for a symposium at all costs when some agent of Providence blows in the opportunity) invited us to dinner with the family and a literary guest. Our peripatetic menu was not indented on as the house larder was wide enough to embrace our simple requirements.

The civilised habit of changing garments before retiring was waived for the occasion. But it was felt that our sleeping equipment of cloth spread on lumpy grass and folded raincoats for pillows, veered too much in the direction of Sparta. Rugs and cushions were accordingly carried in procession to the tent, and promised regal if restricted repose. After-dinner chat brought out the news that our host was working on his second book, a somewhat farcical presentation, we learned, of flavourous human life in the seaweedy setting of the west coast. . . . Showers kept us wondering at intervals during the night as to the prospects of the morrow. But early sunrise woke us cheerfully, and we were folded and packed before breakfast (in the house); after which we started for home, and George A. Birmingham went to his studio to proceed with the minting of "Spanish Gold."

The relative nearness to Gretta's family's holiday home at Rosses Point, with the foreground of the Greenlands, odorous with thyme and golden with granny's-pocket, and the background of Ben Bulbin, sacred to AE and Yeats, drew us to the district on short vacations. On one visit we approached it by a roundabout. With Knocknarea and Maeve's Cairn as objective we stayed overnight at an antiquated hotel crammed with hearty women dressed in their finery for a religious day. We were lucky to get a tight-fitting room upstairs, a quarter of an ordinary bedroom that, with increasing patronage, had been partitioned by light wood-sheeting into four tiny receptacles. Sleep was punctuated by what sounded like sharp explosions, but were collisions between a tossing head and the other side of the partition.

I have told of our honeymoon week-end in Killarney in April 1903. We spent the tenth anniversary in the same hotel on

the edge of our departure for England and later India, and the latter held out its hands in the person of an Indian medical woman who was doing the sights of Ireland in vacations from post-graduate studies. Her acquaintance was sent by Providence or something as a test of our allegiance to ideals. Indians, she assured us, were obnoxious people who worshipped idols and committed the other sins of the Ten Commandments negatively when not positively. What they needed was wholesale conversion to Christianity—in her case the brand bottled in Scotland, and as an expedient in this direction she was extending her medical qualifications. Before a week was out I had regained the pugnacity that deserted me then, and still does, in face of question-begging exalted into eternal truth, and sentimentalised imagination posing as attested fact; and meal-time cross-table talk boiled or fried down to an Indian woman of Hindu ancestry trying to turn an Ulster Protestant by birth into a Christian, and a Nonconformist Irishman trying to turn an Indian woman into a Hindu; and neither making an inch in either direction.

Half way between these two short Easter vacations in the customary part of Kerry we spent an epic two months in the more authentic part of the ancient kingdom of Kerry, at the hamlet of Ventry, west of the town of Dingle, in "the next parish to America." I had booked a room over Thady Kevane's shop, overlooking the strand round which the breaking rhythm of the Atlantic, softened by the intervening bay, made crescents of phosphorescent radiance at night, with the dim bulk of the Eagle Mountain blocking out a big share of the western stars. I had preceded Gretta by some days (July 6, 1908), she being then in training on the crescendo of the suffrage agitation in England. But I was not the only visitor to the Kevane establishment. A lady had come from Dublin to add Munster Irish to the other dialects that she knew. And what could Mary do (Thady asked, Mary being his wife) but take in the great lady who had come expecting to find a place somewhere, and they being the only people in Ventry that had a corner to spare? So Miss Eveleen Nicolls, M.A., whom I had met at one or other of the meetings within the Irish movement, had been inserted into the

small room beside mine some hours before I arrived. Community of interest drew us closer together than casual holiday acquaintances; and the discovery of deep affinities, also of stimulating divergencies, in the leisurely life when the soul has time and space for blossoming and revelation, made our week together a round of intellectual delight. She had taken the M.A. just before coming away for field studies in Irish, and her relief from time-tabled and restricted work found expression in discussions both in situ and in wanderings along the strand or among the bogs and little hills, and to the "ancient city of Fahan" whose remnants of bee-hive dwellings told of probably prehistoric races and places that stirred imagination. She was twentyfive, tall, stately; an embodiment of sweetness and gentleness, but a sweetness that had no mawkishness in it, and a gentleness resting on fixity and fearlessness.

On July 13 Miss Nicolls set out to find a settled abode farther away from "civilisation" where nothing but Irish would be heard. I accompanied her on her quest on my cycle, she being with her small belongings on an ass-cart. She had heard of a probable place at Dunquin, on the cliff above the Atlantic, ten miles from Ventry. But a death in the family had necessitated changes that left no spare room. While she sipped a cup of milk and chatted in Irish to the woman of the house I foraged for possibilities. The local schoolmaster had decide from afar that we were not "common nouns" but "proper nouns," and on seeing Miss Nicolls' name on her box at once established himself as adviser on the problem, for Miss Nicolls was a lecturer under the auspices of the Gaelic League at times, and so known to all Gaelic Ireland. Discussion sifted down to the one spare room in the house of the "King of the Blaskets" which was known to be vacant. The island had not entered her anticipations, but when it did it was settled, though no lady from beyond had ever stayed for any length of time; and Miss Nicolls set out to throw herself on the mercy of the islanders waving a *beannact leat* (blessing to you) in response to my promise to visit her with Mrs. Cousins as soon as possible after the latter arrived.



Keeping summer visitors was a recent enterprise of Mary Kevane's. The previous person of note (flattering association) to sleep in my bed was Mister Synge (John M., correctly pronounced Sing). It may have been there that Synge noted the phrases from the lips of the people on which he built his vernacular reputation; for there were as many cracks in and between the floor-boards as would have filled a play. A chastening thought was that it was in my bed he had lain after catching the cold which, it was alleged, had given him his death.

Thady was "the laziest man in Ireland," according to a city visitor of more rapid vibration. I had seen Thady dance, and knew what he was capable of when put to it. On an afternoon when the city man came to tea and dinner with us a travelling fiddler also turned up; and for a two-shillin' bit and food and a shake-down in the store for the night, a dance in the Kevane kitchen, after the neighbours had finished the day's work, was announced. At the due time I shepherded the visitor to a corner beside the fire, close to a flat stone in the floor which I knew to be Thady's favourite spot when the spirit of dance descended on him.

The kitchen was crammed. The couple of small windows and door were stuffed with heads and eyes intruding from outside. The fiddler worked his hardest on the edge of the kitchen table which had been pushed into a corner, backed by a squashed group of hefty freckled young women. The fire blazed. At the top of the inferno, when tension was worked up by a number of favourite reels and jigs, I gave Thady a nod that asked him to show his mettle. He removed his coat in the Thady manner as if it was a millennial cosmic process; and when he stood on the stone in shirt and belted trousers and heavy boots, he whispered an instruction in private Irish to the fiddler, and my didactic purpose proceeded. From slow through middlin' quick to *go tappy* (fast) the solo dance went to a climax of wild fiddling drummed by deafening clashes of thick-soled boots on a stone slab that sounded like rhythmical rifle-volleys. Towards the end Thady presented the appearance of an unmoving body poised above legs moving so rapidly that they had almost reached invisibility when

the fiddle gave a final screech. The dancer's head all but hit the ceiling that was John Synge's cracked floor, and with a mighty crash he stood straight on the stone slab, the imperturbable Thady. I looked at the visitor. With bulging eyes he said, "That's a miracle!" "No, not a miracle; quite ordinary in the appropriate circumstances." "I'll never call him lazy again."

On another such occasion at Ventry when an itinerant fifer (piccolo player) on a journey gave up an hour of a Sunday afternoon to an extemporised roadside dance, a barn door was lifted off its hinges and made a floor for the single and double dances, and a swept stretch of roadside for the *rínka fada* (long dance) for which a boy chose a partner by touching a girl's boot with his own. A line of a dozen pair of dancers in heavy boots made a great dust. But protest, in the guise of a parish priest, approached. The dance had ceased; but the recumbent barn-door and fifer and boys and girls standing shamefacedly in rows on opposite sides of the road told what was afoot. A domineering beefy voice in local Irish beyond my little knowledge was followed by the dispersal of the assemblage and the departure of the fifer to his next engagement.

In the week that followed, an assertion of the growing indigenous spirit led to comings and goings, and a whispered announcement that, on the next Sunday afternoon, took boys and girls, singly and in small single-sex groups, in various directions, seemingly going nowhere. But when we reached the cross roads over the hip of the Eagle Mountain, the longest dance up to date had begun: 48 pairs, 96 dancers, 192 booted feet on a dusty road moving in and out and round about to the tunes of a local accordion.

That was the penultimate day of destiny in the saga of "the lady of the Blasket." Miss Nicolls had been rowed across the sound by Seagan Og to attend mass in the chapel of "the next parish to America." She was a pious Catholic, and a somewhat im-pious anti-formalist. Before entering the chapel she sat, we learned, on a ditch making scandal by chatting with the men and boys that clustered around her heroic figure and national reputation. In the chapel men sat on the men's side and women on the

other: she sat on the men's side. Another "mischief maker" had been busy. On a walk some days previously Gretta had noted a ditch not far from the chapel as being (like many others elsewhere in Ireland) a grand place for a suffrage meeting; ditches in that part of Ireland not being excavations but walls of small stones gathered from patches of land between the walls, scaleable by the will. I knew something was afoot when Gretta invited me to accompany her to the chapel after twelve o'clock mass and pinned on my coat a button bearing the legend "Votes for Women." When the chapel was emptied of its worshippers, and these gathered in groups on the road by the chosen ditch for gossip, Gretta gave me goodbye with the panting nerviness through which she always forced herself to adventure for a cause. Miss Nicolls mixed with the crowd. I obscured myself opposite the place on the ditch that she headed for, and kept my eyes open for possibilities. When Gretta's clear voice rang out, "Fellow Irishmen and women," I knew she was off, and primed to do by blarney what she might not be able to do by argument. The phenomenon of an apparent lady on a ditch drew the crowd around her feet; and as suffragists, like good wine, needed no bush to beat about, quickly had their attention and before long their exclamations of approval for the then popular cause of "justice and freedom." Something in the air drew the priest out of the chapel. He took in the situation, and having halted beside me, and possibly misinterpreting my facial expression as that of a visiting worshipper, summed it up in what appeared to me to be the nub of male philosophy of the feminine from the first articulate cave-dweller down to the latest winkered and muzzled dweller in the caves crowned by spires with crosses or without: "It's a sure sign of the coming break-up of the planet when women take to leaving their homes and coming out in public." As I made no audible reply he turned to me evidently expecting a sympathetic response. The "Votes for Women" button on the lapel of my coat caught him in the eye, and he strode back into the chapel. The meeting was the talk of the countryside, and the Kevane fireside, for the rest of our holiday. Its intimate relationship with the fate of "the lady of the Blaskets" and our participation in

it was an arrangement to spend half a day with her on the island.

We walked to Dunquin early in the afternoon of August 13 (1909). A thick mist obscured the islands but there was no wind and the sea was calm. Seaghan Og escorted us in the curragh. As we approached the island landing place I observed that another boat appeared to want to reach it before us. Shouts in Irish were exchanged, and the stunning news reached us across the water that an accident had happened, and Miss Nicolls was being brought ashore in that boat. After four hours of intense effort to restore animation we had to confess death the victor. The body was carried up the cliff to her room in the house of Mr. Kane, "the King" of the island, where it was "waked" with lamentation and prayers the whole night long. There was no leaving the island for Gretta or me till next day, with an epic to be pieced together and the termination of it to be arranged. With one of those conspiracies of fate that are called coincidences, a neighbouring priest had come on a casual visit to the island, and had given great service to the locating of the body of Miss Nicolls and performing such rites of the Church as were possible under the circumstances. He and his friends left for the mainland in the dusk with information to our friends at Ventry and wires to the parents and the press from me. A second wake was simultaneously held in the cottage of the parents of a boy who had shared the destiny of Miss Nicolls. Between the two houses Gretta and I made our way in a chain of hand-clasped men along the edge of the cliff by a path that by day would have been beyond me, but by night was easy enough. Between the houses we gathered details of what had happened. It appeared that Miss Nicolls, knowing of our coming, had gone to bathe with one of the village girls to whom she was teaching swimming. Something happened to the girl, and Miss Nicolls swam vigorously to help her. A girl on the shore seeing that some trouble was afoot, raised an alarm. A boy up the cliff slid down it and went into the sea, in clothes and boots, and pulled out a second girl who had gone into the water in an instinctive attempt to help. He swam out to where Miss Nicolls had been but had disappeared along with the first

girl. He too sank. Three boats went to the rescue. The first girl had been found and was alive. The body of the boy was found. But the body of Miss Nicolls had been carried some distance by the change of the tide and had to be raised to the surface by a fishing line carried round it by one of the islanders. Towards dawn, about four o'clock, all was ready for our crossing to the mainland, with the measurements of Miss Nicolls' coffin in my pocket in two pieces of string. It left Dingle by side car that evening, and I wired Seaghan Og to have it delivered that night on the island, but not to close it. Next forenoon (Sunday, August 15, Lady Day in harvest) Miss Nicolls' father and mother arrived in response to a wire from me. I took them to Dunquin at the time arranged for the funeral boat-procession from the island to the mainland, and was deeply impressed by their calm interest in the proceedings and their acceptance of destiny and their share in what appeared to be an event beyond merely personal things. The procession was headed by the king's boat carrying the coffin of Miss Nicolls, unfastened so that the parents might have a last look at the face of their eminent daughter who had given her life to save a village girl. The second boat carried the body of the heroic boy who had thought nothing of himself in his desire to save "the lady of the Blasket." Other boats followed. The boy's body was buried beside the reputed grave of the son of Philip of Spain in the little graveyard of Dunquin where he had lain since the break-up of the Armada. While we waited for the burial, Gretta explored the vicinity for flowers, and made a cross of blue hydrangeas which she placed on the coffin of Miss Nicolls. From Dunquin to Dingle (twelve miles, if I remember correctly) the body was escorted by a procession of side cars and by many men and women on foot. At cross roads the coffin was laid on the ground and prayers chanted. Women keening came from villages. Half-way food was provided in the home of the priest of a roadside chapel. Mrs. Cousins, a Protestant, was put at the head of the table to preside over the meal. The coffin was laid in the church of Dingle towards evening, and next morning, after a Requiem Mass, was conveyed by train to Dublin for interment in Glasnevin Cemetery. My press wires summarised the event in

a sentence : "She lived a true patriot : she died a heroine ; she has had the funeral of an Irish queen."

The passing of Eileen Nicolls had its signs and portents. I was told of the appearance of an ancient ship some days before the tragedy ; it sailed out from Dunquin, from a point where there is no harbourage of any kind, and disappeared across the horizon ; and it moved some feet above the surface of the ocean. It was a ghost-ship, and memories of its occasional former appearances were associated with the death of eminent people. This brought out the story of a ghost-cat that had gone upstairs and disappeared in the room where Miss Nicolls had stayed in the Kevane house. Another portent of a notable death. But the subtle anticipations of destiny, as distinct from such objective and picturesque ones as ghostly cats and old-time vessels, waited until my return to Dublin at the end of our holiday, when we had tea with the bereaved yet wonderfully calm parents and heard the following. At a gathering of girl friends before Eveleen's departure on her Kerry holiday, the question had been asked as to the kind of death they would desire. Eveleen had answered, "To be drowned saving another."

Eveleen had been given a typewriter by admiring friends on taking the M.A. degree. But mechanical things annoyed her, and she passed it over to her mother. Mrs. Nicolls was a bright, energetic, speculative woman, and proceeded to learn typewriting. She got into the routine (she told me) of typing the Book of Job, in which she was then specially interested, repeating a number of times such verses as struck her. On Saturday, August 14, 1909, she closed the typewriter after a number of repetitions of a verse ; and just as she put it aside my wire came in announcing that an accident had happened, that we were doing our best for Eveleen, but to come at once. The verse from Job was, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

What shifts the Muse of History is sometimes put to in order to have herself made in the image and likeness of humanity, showed themselves in the dark up a *boreen* (path) after a *ceilidh* (caley, sing-song and story-telling) in Master Curran's house one

night. An ancient piano had stood silently in a corner for years for want of surgical attention and one who knew what God made pianos for, and the debilities that human ignorance imposes on them. Sacred and secular bashing of the middle register, to which the musical crudities of both Catholic and Protestant hymnology and the banalities of non-sectarian song were confined, had reduced its middle distance to deadness past all hope of resurrection. But there was potential life in its extremities, these being beyond the technical depredations of the general musical accomplishment of summer visitors. Anyhow, Gretta had been brought up on more or less bad pianos prior to her father's wedding-present; and when she struck up Irish songs that were identifiable though one half was of the nature of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" and the other half "a hundred fathoms deep," the *ceilidh* was hers. It was also partly mine, for there came occasions when my conviction that my singing days were over was post-dated, and this was one of them. I kept to the narrow path of patriotic song. Thomas Davis' ballad, "The West's Awake," was uproariously received.

After the *ceilidh* at Master Curran's, we took the longest-way-round walk home by a *boreen* that could be followed by holding tight to one another and steering between the sudden lower endings of a starred sky on either side that by day would be the tops of tall fuchsia hedges in full bell. We became aware that we were being followed, and slowed our not too fast pace so that the follower might pass or otherwise with a pious salutation. "Mister Cousins." "*Slan a walye* (safe home), Cooper, but aren't you going the wrong way?" His answer came from the darkness with some emotion beyond that of civilised alcohol or uncivilised potteen, for the *ceilidh* had been a temperance spree. "Mister Cousins. If you ever want a man with a pike at a cross-roads, just pass round the day and hour, and Cooper Long will be there, and he won't be alone." The picture of a shortish, pinky, unmuscular schoolmaster heading a column of pikemen along a road with the intention of making England quake (as Davis rhymed) had its humorous side; but the earnestness that conjured it up could not be treated lightly. I postponed discussion

till the morrow, and in the sanity of daylight, beyond the magic of patriotic songs, gave reasons why I could not assume heroic leadership.

Whatever the future was doing under the opaque skin of the then present in Ireland, the past in west Kerry was not enjoying a well-earned rest as far as my horoscope, with its penchant for ancient things, was concerned. Some skimpy remains, and traces of the circular foundations of the stone-piled bee-hive huts of "the ancient city of Fahan" on the side of the Eagle Mountain, and vague talk of prehistoric populations that had left reminders in the primitive looking dwellers in the "black village," gave an extensive and remote background to our thought. The little early-Christian oratory of Gallerus had an aesthetical charm in the perfect, if simple, way in which the stone courses of the sides were laid a little distance overlapping one another until, in their ascent, to fifteen feet, as far as my memory can recall, they found a forehead-to-forehead lean-to that had outlasted probably fifteen centuries of Atlantean storm. But our special pleasure was the finding of various types of crosses cut into stone pillars roughly five feet high, particularly the one that became known as the "Kerry Cross". Just what kind of cross it had been intended to be, and when, was a question. The severe Latinity of the cross in both Catholic and Protestant usage set our discovery apart from it. Certainly it had the long stem of the Latin cross; but this was apparently an extension from a cross-piece that gave its head the appearance of the Maltese and Greek crosses. A foot-piece made it impracticable for setting up on any earthly hill. A "nimbus" did the same to its grim realistic purpose. But these frustrations of actuality were, we felt, no mere ornaments or ignorant superfluities. The sculptors were too seriously minded to interfere with serious things. They meant something by their superfluities over the stark necessities of the horrible act of physical crucifixion. Something more elaborate than Swinburne's "carriion crucified" was intended to be called to the retina of the imagination. Perhaps on the Kerry Cross hung, not God or man, but "all the laws and the prophets," for it had about it the



assertiveness of life rather than the debilitation of death. One of us pointed out the curious resemblance of the nimbus to the astronomical sign of Leo, in which the sun reaches its highest in the sky. The other of us observed that the upper limbs of the Kerry Cross had not the gradual widening and indentations of the Maltese cross, and had no suggestion of Saint Anthony's *tau* (T). But the repeated flukes were too deliberate to be for nothing. If the nimbus was related to the sun, might not the extremities of the cross be related to the moon? Did the cross stand only for crucifixion and death? Might it not, in the unintimidated imagination, stand for other spiritual transactions that were hinted at in the holy writings? What about life? The moon stood for generation, for the special office of womanhood. But apocalyptic womanhood was not the specialised female of male sacerdotal fabrication when early Christian illumination had passed over from the era of discovery and delight to the era of doctrinal fixations and the degradation of womanhood not merely to being the instrument of an ordered function but to being the minister to disorderly male desire. What if the Kerry Cross might be a glyph, originally of the Irish imagination or secondarily from Gnostic or other suggestions, of the apocalyptic vision of the "Woman clothed with the Sun, and having the Moon under her feet?" Whatever it was, and whatever it meant, it was at least something beyond the ordinary in archaeological discovery. The event and our speculations on it got into print; and the Kerry Cross became the symbol of an activity for women's suffrage then going on in England; and the stone, I gathered later, was retrieved, along with some others, by one of the Irish universities.

My earning of twenty pounds for a month's work as demonstrator in geography to Herbertson of Oxford and in geology to Grenville Cole of Dublin in the early summer of 1912 gave us an unanticipated addition to our income that could not be given the poor and faithless return of thrift. It had to be disposed of, but in an appropriate manner; not merely spent, but invested in the acquisition of the largest and most distinctive amount of direct knowledge in the smallish amount of time available between the summer course and the starting of the new academical year of

The High School. I cannot recall how we came to choose Balleroy in the north of France for our vacation. Bayeux was probably unavoidable, being a railway change from main lines to our unimportant destination. It could not have been on purpose, as neither of us was sufficiently keen on embroidery to make it a stopping-place to see a piece made even by a queen nine hundred years previously. But Bayeux added one item to my personal experience; it taught me what it was to get drunk. At the dinner table at the hotel I was asked what I was looking for on the table. "Water please." The collection of English teachers (registered as professeurs) laughed. There was nothing so vulgar consumed in France. I was told to drink what was provided in large glass jugs. Though running through twenty pounds in a month, I had the self-control of one section of my ancestry to ask the price per tumbler. More laughter. It was free to all. What was it? It was called something like "seed," by English professeurs acquiring French polish and the local glory of foreign travel during a vacation: at home they would give it its proper name, "cider." It was made of the apples that we would find Normandy snowed under by. Yes, it was just about as non-alcoholic as lemonade. To ensure the future I asked my wife for her approval or otherwise of a step in the dark. I had Methodist hymns in mind about the first glass and its lurid sequel. "Have courage, my boy, to say No." Having taken quite a number of steps in the dark herself for the undisturbed stencilling of "Votes for Women" on post-boxes, she apparently saw "seed" as a lesser evil, if not a lesser good. At the end of the first glass, in reply to a query, I reported "Rounding the Cape, all well aboard." My assurance must have disarmed her, for she advised a second glass since I appeared to like it. Half way down it I enquired suspiciously if my eyes were funny. "Scmewhat crossed." I thought as much, for I was not quite certain whether her own were where they were or a trifle to left or right. I told her (*sotto voce*) to shay nothing, and I did the shame myself. It was my first time, and it was my last. After dinner there was an attempt by the English professeurs at getting together; but they treated sociability as 'an art-craft worked out in wood. A

piano in a corner tempted, and Gretta used it as a centripetal instrument. In half an hour Brahms and Chopin, Debussy and Beethoven, were in the air. From thence talk moved to Ireland, and the literary revival. This was where I came in, having got rid of my sea-legs. A man in a cycling suit sat apart and said nothing. Next morning early he called on me to thank me for one of the best evenings he had spent outside Philadelphia, hearing one of the Irish poets discoursing extemporaneously on others of them with such a wealth of memorised illustration. Unfortunately he was on a skeduled cycle tour, and had to rejoin his party whom he had left for the night. He had come for ancient tapestry, but was going back with his head singing favourite lyrics that had come away from books and taken on life. "Then you know the Irish school?" "I have all their works to date on my shelves, including your own, for I have looked up your name in the hotel register. I gave a lecture not long ago on your poetry." "Where?" "In the University of Pennsylvania." "Then you know Dr. Weygand?" "Sure. We are fellow teachers." He threw his leg over his cycle and disappeared through the archway to the street. Such was fame!

The summer of 1912 was an exceptionally wet one, and our first week at Balleroy in a typical country pension was a succession of minor deluges that made miracle hunting in the woods impossible. At the end of the week an unexpected pencilled note came saying: "As we are all evidently destined to be drowned, you might as well be drowned with friends, instead of alone in a strange village hotel. So come over here." In the left hand lower corner there was an after-thought: "Mr. Yeats is here." The note was signed, "Maud Gonne." Her house, "Les Mouettes," was reached from St. Laurent on the light railway from Bayeux. When we alighted I saw Yeats standing like an elongated rook in rain (though the rain had ceased) near a donkey cart in which Madame Gonne was apparently trying to pack things. She greeted us warmly. A young lad, thin, pale and dreamy, was introduced as Shawn. This was Madame's son by her marriage with Major MacBride. He disposed of us quickly as nothing in particular, we being only

human beings, and busied himself over the important matter of the safe transit of a pet bantam cock home in the cart. Madame Gonne took Gretta in the cart. Yeats had to guide me by a short path through fields. Our conversation was very tentative for a while, but when we got to a question by him as to what was being done in psychical research in Ireland all went well until we reached the house in advance of the donkey-cart. I was received with much friendliness and natural freedom by a tall, slender girl of great beauty of countenance and grace of form. This was Madame's niece, Iseult. She was accompanied by a dog and two cats. There were cooings in the background mixed with chirpings in different keys, and a sharp parrot-like exclamation. I soon got to know the sources of the sounds, also a dormouse asleep in his sanctum, and a family of white rats. When Gretta entered, one of the doves, with a little gurgle that sounded like happiness, alighted on the rim of her hat, and pleased her with what she took as a good omen for the visit.

"Les Mouettes" was situated on the edge of the English Channel just above high-water-mark. There was no road to the house, and no inducement to usual seaside futilities for the drab afternoon between deluges. At the dinner table the bantam roosted on Madame Gonne's shoulder. Yeats talked about Oscar Wilde, and Lionel Johnson, and William Morris. One of his waving hands would pause to take a dish from me as I took it from Madame. He set the dish in front of himself and talked on and on, with quotations from Arthur Symonds and others. When he had thus obviously accumulated some half dozen laden dishes, the intended supplies of his right hand neighbours, Madame dropped a laughing suggestion that brought Yeats' eyes to the front with a glimmer of realization that there were others at the table and that their interest was not solely conversational. Without apology, and apparently by way of a parenthesis in the monologue, he began an indiscriminate distribution of his collection of plates, and proceeded with his thesis. After dinner we gathered around a large open fire. Yeats got on to astrology with Mrs. Cousins, and this and mediumship kept us awake till after midnight.

The next day, August 15, being Lady Day, Madame went to church, and asked Gretta, though a Protestant, to accompany her, with Iseult and Shawn. She was to present a new embroidered cloth for the altar. Yeats and I were left to "work." He had, Madame told me, been writing some fine lyrics during his stay. I presumed he would be working on these or others. This was not calculated to induce the disinterested calm in my own mind that was necessary to verse. How could I work when an immortal poem was coming into existence on the other side of a thin wall? So I spent a while in aimless perambulations of the menagerie and perfunctory attempts to play with the dog on the terrace.

After a while I became aware of a queer monotonous murmur somewhere in the house. It was Yeats' voice, and it seemed to be engaged in earnest prayer, which was impossible. His avowed paganism and his known dabbling in occult rituals came to mind, and I concluded he was engaged in some private ceremonial of worship or enchantment. The utterance, whatever it was, was not spontaneous, as it had some kind of vague architecture and design. Its constant repetition of the same sounds in similar order had the eeriness of the inaudible made audible. I had left the drawing-room free for Yeats to write in, but the sound came from somewhere else. I proceeded stealthily to locate it. Ultimately I got an angular and meagre glimpse through an almost closed door; and the thin vertical slice of view that I could command with a particular twist of my head and body enabled me to gather that Yeats was sitting on a chair in a corner of the kitchen with his head bent close into the corner. For three hours the sound went on, and during the time I neither heard nor wrote a word.

When the worshippers returned Yeats came forth muttering in an undertone the same sounds as I had heard all morning. "How did you get on, Willy"? Madame queried. "I finished it." Then I began to understand and later ascertained that such was the Yeats method of composing verse, making a sound-scheme into which words were fitted after much trial and alteration. That night, the second of our visit, Madame wanted Yeats to

read us some of his new poetry ; but he was unwilling to do so, and was not pressed. I have often wondered which of his poems were composed at that time, but the sudden and swift movings of life, then unanticipated by us, made literary details irrelevant. It was not until 1944, thirtytwo years afterwards, that I came upon a paragraph in Joseph Hone's biography of Yeats, published in London in 1942, that answered my question. "While with the Gonnés in Normandy in 1912, he wrote his Rosicrucian 'Mountain Tomb' and a poem for Iseult Gonne, and worked at intervals on a preface for a book of Lord Dunsany's stories, and on an introduction to *Gitanjali* . . ."

That night, after dinner, he read, as only he could read, a number of poems from a manuscript book that he had in his suit-case, and of which he had, Madame Gonne told us, an extraordinarily high opinion. They were not strictly poems, but pieces of lyrical prose translated from the Bengali poems of an Indian, Rabindranath Tagore, by the poet himself. The artist, William Rothenstein, had come across the poet while in India, and had realised something of his eminence in his own country. The poet had recently visited England, and Rothenstein had got from him the book of prose translations and handed them to Yeats, who had gone on fire with the fullness in them that told that the renaissance of poetry had appeared in India. There was a move to have them published, and he was pondering their significance for the writing of a preface. From poem to poem Yeats went from hour to hour, annotating, expatiating, rejoicing, till we were all afire with a new revelation of spiritual beauty.

Next day, our third day, we had to move back to Balleroy, and Yeats had to return to England. Madame invited us, instead of going by train, as we had come, to join them in a drive in a *voiture*, a large Normandy farm-cart with hooped canvas covering. She had business in Bayeux, and we could have a couple of hours after lunch to see the cathedral thoroughly under her guidance. The load of heterodoxy that rumbled through the leafy lanes of Normandy that day must have been rare at that time : Yeats, the peerless poet, was stowed away as conveniently as his inordinate

length would permit, on the back seat at the end of the canvas tunnel. Beside him, Madame Gonne, equal in length but more amenable to space through special sinuosity, once the most virulent propagandist of anti-English sentiment in Ireland, who had cleared the English jails of Irish political prisoners. On the middle seat a bright-faced, brown-eyed, shortish young woman, bearing my name; Iseult, a young goddess with life at her feet. On the front seat, Malye, a future Sorbonne professor and awakener of France to her true Celtic inheritance, myself, a reformer from keel to truck, and the driver pitted in weight against the back seat to secure the horse against the possibility of being swung into the air. Thanks to the influence of Madame Gonne we had a thorough look over the treasures of the cathedral of Bayeux. Yeats was specially struck by a picture of soldiers attacking a monk, the monk's hand being cut off and hanging by a slip of skin.

At lunch in a restaurant we had been joined by another young Frenchman, Pelletier, who was associated with Malye in the production of a magazine of poetry, and the formation of a Celtic League. The two were to return in the *voiture* to assist Madame to maintain her reputation for hospitality. Gretta and I had already enjoyed so much of it that we began to fear we were going beyond our welcome, and we made a move to leave the others to talk over the various arrangements that were on foot. This was just the one thing, we discovered, that Madame did not desire. She and her guests had to go back two hours before Yeats' train started for Cherbourg so that the *voiture* would reach home before dark. Our train for Balleroy did not start for some time after Yeats'. Madame had therefore planned that she would hand Yeats over to us, and put on us the responsibility of seeing him safely off.

We spent the interval wandering about the streets of Bayeux and gazing into shop windows. We had tea and cakes in a restaurant. Occasionally, across the exchange of opinion over the marble topped table and the impersonal concentration on some point of discussion, I would be reminded by a wall-mirror that my wife and I were father-mothering the world's greatest singer in English (as we ourselves believed and all the world was

to proclaim in years to come) in a cafe of the old-world town of William the Conqueror. We went in good time to the train, and I procured his two travelling cases from the parcel office. He very nervous about leaving them on the platform while we walked up and down, as one of them contained his manuscripts. We got home to our pension at Balleroy after dark. Then the rain, that had caused our visit and had ceased when we went there, came on again, and more or less continued till the end of our vacation.

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## CHAPTER XIV

## VOTES FOR WOMEN: IRELAND I

(M. E. C.) The historic little paper, "Votes for Women," edited and owned by Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, was launched in October 1907. It started modestly as a monthly, but the amount of propaganda undertaken by the militant women suffragists through their organisation, the Women's Social and Political Union, was so important and widespread that very soon it became a weekly in order that it could accurately and adequately report the progress of the movement. Through the paper I vicariously took part in their intensive educational campaign for rousing the interest of the country in the new drive for votes for women. It gave us in Ireland details of the first deputation of the women, headed by Mrs. Pankhurst, to Parliament, and their arrest and imprisonment in Holloway (as many as sixty) as common criminals. There was later the exciting and inspiring account of the first meeting organised by the Women's Social and Political Union which packed the Albert Hall, London. That was on March 19, 1908. "Never before had there taken place so large a gathering of women under one roof." In June 1908 there was a demonstration in Hyde Park of over a quarter of a million people, a triumph of organisation. After it came the "Rush the House of Commons" attempt to protest after a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square, in October 1908, and the sensational trial in Bow Street



Court of the women then arrested, in which Christabel Pankhurst conducted the defence and cross-examined Herbert Gladstone and Lloyd George.

These exciting and enthusiastic doings had at last roused some of the Dublin women; and on November 4, 1908, at the house of Frank and Hannah Skeffington, boths M.As, the idea was mooted that such a movement and organisation was needed as much in Ireland as in England. But it was not so simple a matter as one might think. This was brought clearly to light as we four (the Skeffingtons and Jim and I) talked it over after refreshments that evening. Then came the time when Hannah asked us and some other friends to join in working out a scheme for a militant suffrage society suitable to the different political situation of Ireland, as between a subject-country seeking freedom from England, and England, a free country.

While we were entirely in sympathy with the British women in their spirited frontal attack on their Government (then Conservative under Bonar Law) their policy of opposing at by-elections any candidate who did not promise to support a Bill for Woman Suffrage had no parallel in Ireland. Our work was to see that votes for women was incorporated in the Home Rule Bill for which Ireland was fighting. Besides, we had no desire to work under English women leaders: we could lead ourselves. So a group of us went on November 6 to the dear old leader of the constitutional suffragists, Mrs. Anna Haslam, to inform her that we younger women were ready to start a new women's suffrage society on militant lines. She regretted what she felt to be a duplication of effort. She was also congenitally a person of peace, non-violent, law-abiding to the finger-tips. But she sensed the Time Spirit, and we parted as friends, agreeing to differ on means, though united in aim and ideals.

On November 11 the new society, which was named "The Irish Women's Franchise League" was founded. I became its Treasurer, Hannah Skeffington its Secretary, Mrs. Charles Oldham its President, all honorary; and in the latter's house the militant women's league in Ireland was made public on November 17. Both Jim and I spoke at that meeting. It was a milestone

in our united lives, an occasion which brought us personally great blessing, and eventually gave the franchise to the women of Ireland even before the British women got it.

The aim of the Irish Women's Franchise League was to obtain the parliamentary vote for the women of Ireland on the same terms as men then had it, or as it might be given to them. Its policy was to educate by all forms of propaganda the men, women and children of Ireland to understand and support the members of the League in their demand for votes for women, and to obtain pledges from every Irish Member of Parliament to vote for Women Suffrage Bills introduced in the British House of Parliament, and to include Women Suffrage in any Irish Home Rule Bill. The forms of propaganda of the Irish Women's Franchise League were to be both constitutional and non-constitutional, as dictated by political circumstances. Its own constitution consisted of a Headquarters in Dublin, manned by a Committee, President, Secretary and Treasurer, and voluntary organizers who should tour the country and form Branches of the League with an annual Branch subscription to the central funds. Only women could be Members. The League would co-operate where possible with the suffrage societies of Great Britain and other countries, especially with the militant suffrage organisations.

Within a fortnight of its foundation the Irish Women's Franchise League got an opportunity of high-light publicity. Miss Mary Gawthorpe, one of the recently imprisoned London suffragettes, was invited to speak on Women Suffrage by the Solicitor's Apprentices Debating Society at the Four Courts. Tom Kettle was to be the second speaker. When our Committee met on the evening before this highly advertised meeting, to draw up our first month's programme, word came that Mr. Kettle could not attend the meeting, and the Irish Women's Franchise League was invited to send one of its members as substitute for him. There and then they unanimously decided that I should be the substitute for the brilliant young politician. I was scared to death; but I agreed to do my best, though I had very little time to prepare. There were a thousand people present.

Miss Gawthorpe's ability as a speaker was immense. It was my first big test as a speaker. But I survived it.

We became quite attached to our Headquarters Office and Committee Room in the Antient Concert Rooms building. There we planned speakers for meetings. From its door issued poster-parades and special processions. There our large green-orange-and-white flag hung out; and the weekly contents poster of "Votes for Women" and later of our own weekly paper "The Irish Citizen." It was not an impressive building, but its location was central. It became the hub of our activity. Starting with a dozen enthusiasts, we grew to about fifty women whose hearts were in the movement, and who could be relied on to take their share in every kind of propaganda. We were a very mixed lot, a cross-section of all the classes, political parties, religious groups, and avocations open to women in those days (1908-1914). The cause broke down all social barriers. For each of us the cause was a whole-time job, without pay, demanding all kinds of sacrifice, forcing us to do things for which we had had no training; pushing us into dreaded and undesired publicity; bringing us ridicule, scorn, misrepresentation, but also times of afflatus, of a sense of great blessing, an expansion of capacities, the happiness of great friendships, a widening of contacts with our kind of all degrees, a greater understanding of the difficulties of social living, an enlarged experience of the inequalities of opportunity imposed on women, an increasing sense of protest against the injustices under which women lived, most of all the women of the working classes.

Some of our members embroidered our green silk flag with "Irish Women's Franchise League" and "Votes for Women." I remember rehearsing open-air speaking in a field behind our house, with only one ass as my audience. Later I found it easier to speak out of doors than in halls. Experience had taught the English suffragettes the convenience, economy, mobility and reliability of speaking from four-wheeled lorries without horses. We adopted the same technique. The lorry made a strong, raised, steady, dignified platform. We always had two women speakers (one seated while the other spoke) and one man.

We did not ask people to come to us. We had the lorry placed where the people themselves were accustomed to gather, and they never failed to come and listen and ask questions at the end of the hour.

In rousing and educating opinion in country towns our experiences were very varied. Usually we set off two by two on tours. There were difficulties in securing places for meetings, difficulties in finding hotel accommodation or a press which would urgently print our notices of the meeting. Very rarely did we find a local man or woman who would preside. The policy of the English suffragettes in opposing politicians of any and every party which opposed votes for women had roused the ire of the press, which in Ireland then was the mouthpiece of one or other political party or sub-party. At first the suffragettes had been misunderstood, then ridiculed, misrepresented, later tolerated ; but when they showed their power to influence by-elections, and even turned the typical male-man, Winston Churchill, out of Manchester, and when they made all sorts of difficulties for Government, the press gave them no mercy, and built up a legend of them as "wild women," "hooligans," "unsexed females," and the like. Being fed by such falsehoods, it was no wonder that simple newspaper readers in small Irish country towns shrank from the coming into their midst of the unknown quantity, the Irish suffragette.

We never knew how a meeting would go. At Castlebar, in County Mayo, a band of irresponsible men tried to ruin our meeting by singing songs to drown our voices. But after regaling us with "Put me on an island where the girls are few," there was a moment's quiet, and Meg Connery asked them if they would really like such an island. They were so pleased with her repartee and her plucky spirit that they quieted down and became quite sensible. At another country meeting rowdies brought flour with them and threw it towards us on the platform. Commotion ensued among the audience. We could not make ourselves heard. One of the elders of the town chided them with, "Can you not give the young girls a chance to spake?" We won them round ; but we found "apple-pie beds" laid out for us in the hotel.

The Irish Parliamentary Party at this time had considerable power at Westminster, as its solid vote for either the Conservative or Liberal party could turn scales. The Irish Party was interested predominantly in securing Home Rule for Ireland, the destruction of the veto of the House of Lords on Bills sent up by the House of Commons, and other matters of a universal or humanitarian kind, or only as their action on them could be used in their tactics to gain Irish freedom. We had to educate them individually and as a Party on the responsibility they had to Irish women. We had to get their pledges to include woman suffrage in their proposed Home Rule Bill. We had to convince them of the justice of the British women's demand for enfranchisement, and of the responsibility that lay on them to vote for every Woman Suffrage Bill brought forward at Westminster. In Irish politics Home Rule or Union with Britain were the only issues. We women suffragists realised that whatever system of government prevailed it was a human imperative that women should be included in it as citizens without delay. We had little power of leverage, but we determined that our cause should be promoted *pari passu* with the current system of Irish political action.

The Women's Social and Political Union was all for seeking interviews with party leaders. We early recognised the necessity for interviewing Ireland's political leader, John Redmond. The Irish Women's Franchise League requested him to receive a deputation of its members. He consented. Miss Deborah Webb, an elderly Quaker lady of high standing and quiet sweet disposition, was made leader of the deputation. After we were seated, Mr. Redmond at the head of the table, Miss Webb next to him, and our memorandum was about to be read, Mr. Redmond said, "I am not prepared to allow these proceedings to be published in the press." Miss Webb hastily consulted with Mrs. Skeffington, who knew that such stricture was contrary to usual procedure. I can still visualise the dignity with which Miss Webb rose from her seat, stated that under such conditions the deputation would be a farce and serve no useful purpose, and left the room, followed by the rest of us.

We were never able to make women suffrage a Nationalist Party question ; but the majority of the members became strong supporters in their private capacity. Mr. Swift MacNeile, M. P. in the House of Commons on June 14, 1909, described the proceedings taken against the suffragettes in prison as "oppressive," "crimes," "improper" and "futile". Mr. Tim Healy, K.C., M.P., defended Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence in the famous Conspiracy case at the Old Bailey on May 12, 1912, and then and on other occasions denounced the Government's policy regarding women suffrage as "specious and continuous hypocrisy."

In the summer of 1909 I volunteered three weeks of my services to the Women's Social and Political Union in their work in London. It was a helpful apprenticeship for our campaign later in Ireland. The daily programme began by chalking the pavements in the morning with announcements of meetings for the day. This was at first a back-aching job. Many passers-by scoffed at us; but it was an economic and effective way of conveying information, and it showed the public how earnest women were. An unknown gentleman on the top of a bus one day caught my eye as I straightened myself from this work, and gravely took off his hat to me. I shall never forget how much that chivalric act helped me. The midday hours were spent in selling the paper "Votes for Women". It was such personal support of the rank-and-file workers who stood in all weathers at street corners to sell the paper to all-comers which gave it eventually a circulation of thirty thousand, and spread its propaganda of militant and peaceful events, and made the leading workers widely known in a familiar way. A group of working men eating their lunch in a London alley-way called me over to them, bought a paper between them, and offered me some of the strawberries they were enjoying. I felt much honoured by their hospitality. It was real democracy. After a period for rest the late afternoon was spent in speaking at an open-air meeting at some well-known corner or monument or in some park.

Events moved quickly after our return home from our Kerry vacation. Propaganda meetings were the order of the day. Mrs. Despard came from England and spoke for our League. She was

a leader of the highest quality, an aristocrat who was the most democratic of the political thinkers amongst us. She was one of the rare Catholics who were Theosophists. She looked as old as the hills and twice as wrinkled, but her heart was eternally young. She was a warrior—and a pacifist. Her type of mind appealed to me most of any of the suffrage leaders. She was a sister of the famous soldier who became Lord French of Ypres and the last British Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

As a contrast to the propaganda meetings, which had what came afterwards to be called a "nuisance" value, I had very great pleasure in a visit I paid to Portrush, a famous watering-place in the north east of Ireland. Finding quite a good crowd at one part of the sea-front, I called them together and invited them to attend a meeting in the afternoon. A most attractive, well-dressed young mother, wheeling a perambulator, came up to me, and asked if there was any way in which she could help at the meeting, as she was a supporter of the movement and knew the leaders in London. I suggested she might give out some leaflets about the Irish Women's Franchise League and sell "Votes for Women." She consented, and gave me her name, Lady Sybil Smith. I was much surprised at her democratic ways, for her father was the Earl of Antrim, who owned nearly all Portrush, and her aunt was the Countess Minto, who had been a Lady-in-waiting to the Queen. She invited me to stay with her and have a series of open-air meetings; and together we made many converts to the cause. Lady Sybil was a fine musician, and a well-trained soprano singer. We made much music together. She had made a specialty of Brahms' songs and she introduced me to the songs of Strauss and Debussy. She was interested in socialism and other kindred subjects, and a lover of good poetry. She had a large family of spirited children; yet she extended her congenital motherliness to the problems of the motherhood of the world. One day, when admitted to her bedroom, I came across a book on Raja Yoga by Swami Vivekananda, the famous Indian exponent of the Vedantic philosophy. "Now, Lady Sybil," I exclaimed, "I understand the secret of your life! You work from the centre of a realisation of the One Life, as Vivekananda

expounded it to the west." She told me that Lady Minto had personally known Sister Nivedita, an Irishwoman, Margaret Noble by birth-name, who had become a devotee of Swami Vivekananda and who wrote beautifully about the philosophy, life and people of India. Our mutual interest in oriental thought made a strong and lasting link between us. A couple of years later Lady Sybil Smith was arrested in London for speaking in protest against the Government's treatment of the suffragettes. She announced her determination to hunger-strike in prison. The Government found some excuse for releasing her and her companions, Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, and Miss Evelyn Sharpe, the eminent authoress, after four days' imprisonment in Holloway Jail.

By February 1909 no political issue within living memory had ever aroused so much support or generated so great an enthusiasm as woman suffrage. In that year of unusual open-air suffrage propaganda in Ireland we members of the Irish Women's Franchise League were particularly encouraged by the understanding friendship of many well-known men who stood by us in all kinds of new demands for loyal support. James Forbes Robertson, the famous actor, drew a packed audience to the Molesworth Hall, Dublin, to hear him support the suffragettes and the movement. One of his sayings was the essence of good advice, honest sincerity and humility: "You cannot trust even the best of men to guide your movement. Keep its leadership entirely within your own control. I would not trust my own advice to you, though I am heart and soul with you in this, which I regard as the greatest reform of modern times; but our view of things, man's view, is ever unconsciously warped by self-interest." He and men like him fanned our spirit of revolt.

Our biggest venture in organisation was a visit of Christabel Pankhurst to Dublin. We spent twenty pounds on wall-posters alone. We engaged Dublin's largest hall, the Rotunda, which seated about three thousand people. We walked in a sandwich-board procession through the chief streets of the city advertising the event. She came; we heard and saw; she conquered. The Rotunda was packed. Everybody who was anybody came. There



was a great crush at the entrance. My husband told of the frantic efforts of Skeffington and himself (two of the smallest men) to control the crowd. A small hand on a tall man waved as the man shouted, "Let me in, Cousins, let me in!" It was AE the famous poet. He got in. Christabel's personality was very charming. She disarmed criticism. Young, slight, fair, pretty, well-dressed, with a clear and telling voice, one imagined her of the kind of Joan of Arc and other women who made history. She was very clever, with a natural flair for politics and political strategy. She was in her twentysixth year when she took Dublin by storm. In the suffrage decade which changed world history for women she was the brain of the campaign, the Political Secretary of the Women's Social and Political Union. She lived for the cause and all she saw it meant for women. I had occasion to travel with her in Ireland, and saw for myself how, when she had finished a speaking engagement, she curled herself up like a kitten and conserved every atom of her energy for her public work. Sincerity, concentration, intrepid courage, determination, a belief that they were "women of destiny," were characteristics of the Pankhurst family. Mother and daughter won their place in English history. A statue of Mrs. Pankhurst, unveiled by a British Prime Minister, faces the entrance to the House of Commons, from which she had been refused admission in the first days of the agitation. Christabel was made a Dame of the British Empire, the highest honour that can be conferred on a British woman. But in the years between their Irish visits and those marks of appreciation, they suffered all kinds of ignominy, persecution and danger to life through imprisonments, hunger strikes and forcible feeding.

The responsible service of organising public meetings of the Irish Women's Franchise League for Mrs. Pankhurst in Cork in the south of Ireland and Londonderry in the north, in October 1910, fell to me. We had invited her to come over and help us. I went a week in advance to Cork to collect a Reception Committee of women, enlist new sympathisers, and organise the meeting. The Town Hall had a capacity audience, all seats paid for, and I felt very happy at the ovation she received from my

country-people on her first appearance in Ireland. I travelled with her from Cork to Dublin, and had enjoyed her company as far as the important railway junction of Mallow. There she wanted a telegram sent to her London headquarters. I volunteered to see it sent off. I hurried to find the telegraph office in a place quite unknown to me. I had just got my job through and come back to the platform when to my horror I saw my train begin to move out. I jumped down and across lines and hailed passengers looking out of the windows. I don't know how I did it, but I climbed on to the footboard of the moving train, and somehow some of the passengers held on to me while a door was opened, and I was pulled into a third class compartment some distance from the compartment in which Mrs. Pankhurst was. It was a near thing to being left behind, and I was fairly shaken. My arms were stiff for a week from the strain of being pulled off the rails and held till I could be got into the compartment. After an hour's run to the next station I was able, to the relief of both of us, to rejoin her in her second class compartment. That evening she spoke in the Dublin Skating Rink ; but my mind is a blank as regards the actual meeting : I had probably gone ahead to organise the meeting in Londonderry. In that familiar city of my schooldays I was the guest of my old boarding-school and its respected Head Mistress, Miss Margaret McKillip. She had always been a public-spirited citizen of the historic old city, and kept abreast of the times. When I left the school ten years before, her last kindly-meant advice was not to be too independent. And there I was, one of the foundation members of the now notorious Irish Women's Franchise League, and one of the best-known and most independent spirited of its organisers. She welcomed me kindly, and gave me all assistance in arranging the large public meeting in the Guild Hall, and was herself proud to know Mrs. Pankhurst, and to declare herself a supporter of votes for women. It interested me particularly to find that the old High School was specialising in Domestic Science training. The more women came into public life, the more they paradoxically became trained students of home-making ! From Londonderry and another successful meeting, Mrs. Pankhurst went on to

Belfast for engagements there. I returned to Dublin. She joined us later on her way home.

We gave a great send-off to the famous suffragette leader at a meeting of members and sympathisers in our own small hall in Dublin. At it Mrs. Pankhurst sketched out the programme of future work in London and England. She explained how for fifty years past the British Governments had been using every form of tactics to prevent the securing of a Woman Suffrage Bill. Now women were fully awake, and determined never to abandon this legitimate fight for a cause that was dearer to them than life. She expected that a deputation would again be sent in November (1910) to the Prime Minister to protest against the omission of woman suffrage from the Party programme on which the Liberals would go to the country in a new General Election. She asked for volunteers for this coming deputation, and specially invited some from Ireland. There and then I rose from my seat and volunteered for militant action knowing it would result in my imprisonment. I knew that if I discussed my decision with relatives or friends they would feel bound to try to save me from suffering. It was my own urge, my own responsibility, and, I felt, my own privilege. At any rate my plan of action worked. No one put any obstacle in my way to going to London. My dear husband upheld and helped me, he being as enthusiastic and revolutionary as I was myself. Six women from Dublin travelled to London on November 17, and took part in the Parliament of Women which met in Caxton Hall, Westminster, on November 18, and from which four hundred women, in groups of twelve, made their way towards the House of Commons.

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## CHAPTER XV

### VOTES FOR WOMEN: ENGLAND

(M. E. C.) The educational campaign for woman suffrage in Britain from 1906 was so successful in turning an academic and

intellectual question into a vital political issue demanding immediate action, that the many supporters of the cause in the different political Parties had joined together and drafted what was called a Conciliation Bill, whose object was to obtain the enfranchisement of women householders and occupiers of business premises with an annual rateable value of ten pounds. The militants had till then demanded votes for women on the same terms as men. The Conciliation Bill did not commend itself to them: but it seemed to stand such a good chance of passing the House, and it was supported by so many women's organisations, that the Women's Social and Political Union and the Irish Women's Franchise League called a truce to militancy for over ten months in 1908. During that period the Conciliation Bill passed its second reading by a majority of 110. But facilities for its being carried through were refused. A General Election was called (1910) and the programme on which the Liberal Party announced that they would go to the country contained no clear promise of votes for women. This roused the women of the British Isles again to take up the weapon of militancy; and they were now ready for mass protest and its consequences, prosecution, imprisonment, suffering, and in a later phase, the hunger-strike, forcible feeding, and readiness to face death.

A number of the Irish Nationalist Members of Parliament had backed the Conciliation Bill which had been so summarily dealt with. So it was in consonance with our Irish political situation that a contingent of suffragettes of the Irish Women's Franchise League, of which I was one, should represent Ireland in the Deputation planned to wait on the Prime Minister in protest against the omission of woman suffrage from the Liberal election programme. It was my good fortune to have as my London hostess Mrs. Merryweather, the wife of the famous inventor and manufacturer of fire engines. I found myself in the most luxurious home I had ever entered, a luxury flat in Whitehall Place, looking out on the Thames. Mrs. Merryweather was a typical British matron of Victorian type, but had been swept forward into the ranks of the suffragettes by her democratic belief that there should be "No taxation without representation,"

and by her kind heart which suffered with the sufferings inflicted by the Government on the leaders and rankers of the women's bloodless revolution. I had been sick crossing the Irish Channel, and she coddled me so successfully after arrival that I was fit for any fray on the eighteenth morning (November 1910). She brought me with her to the Women's Parliament in Caxton Hall, not far from the House of Commons.

I sat on the edge of four hundred women who had volunteered as members of the Deputation. A purple-white-and-green silk scarf bearing the words "Votes for Women" was given to and worn by each of us. We also wore a card with our name on it. Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence made inspiring speeches. It was my first opportunity of hearing the latter at her best. She was highly magnetic, appealed to the heart, was intensely spiritual and did not hide it. She had financial genius, but it was her womanliness that won my great admiration for her.

After the Resolution had been enthusiastically passed we each took a copy of it in our hands, formed ourselves into the constitutionally allowed groups of twelve having the right to seek interviews with the Prime Minister or his deputy. I felt deeply the high privilege of a place in history as I moved forward from Caxton Hall in the spaced procession's second group towards Westminster. The first two groups were allowed to stand on the steps of the entrance to the House of Commons. We waited for five hours to get an opportunity of placing in person the women's Resolution in the Prime Minister's hands. From our point of vantage we watched the police, whom the then Home Secretary, Winston Churchill, had specially drafted from the docks and slums of East London, obeying their orders not to arrest the women but to "put them out of action." Nevertheless 119 women were arrested. Fifty women had to receive medical attention for the injuries they received in the fulfilment of Churchill's order.

Such righteous indignation was felt at the treatment given to the women, that the leaders called for volunteers for an immediate second deputation the following day, in which the women marched *en bloc* to the Prime Minister's residence in

Downing Street. We were opposed by solid phalanxes of policemen who forced us back out of Downing Street. A young woman, unknown to me, fainted beside me as we were being forced backward. I pulled her up and thumped her into consciousness. As she came to, she called out, "Which way to Asquith?" She was, I learned, a medical doctor. When she found me in India a quarter of a century later, she was the wife of a high-up Government official.

The spirit of the women was epic. But the police had *force majeure* and eventually we turned home. But the experiences of those two days turned the suffragettes to a new form of militancy. It was decided to follow the methods of men's struggles for enfranchisement; and first to break the windows of the houses of Cabinet Ministers, the property of tax-payers of whom thousands were women. The Irish suffragettes with a few London colleagues set out on November 20 for the house of the Chief Secretary for Ireland (The Hon. Augustine Birrell) in Chelsea. Our missiles were potatoes which we bought on the way and carried in our pockets and muffs. There was not a policeman or human being in sight as we broke all the windows within our reach. There was nothing to be done but to return as free as we came. At our prearranged rendezvous we heard that over two hundred women who had broken Government glass had been arrested, but that the windows of Asquith and Lloyd George were intact as Downing Street had been too well-guarded for our volunteers to get into it.

As we Irishwomen were free, it fell to the lot of us to carry on the fight. We waited till midnight at the home of one of our comrade-guides, the wife of a famous doctor, where a number of men supporters of the cause had also gathered. After midnight we were escorted by the men to the corner of Downing Street in small groups. It was an uncanny night. The November fog was so thick that we could not see across the street or make out the group preceding us. My escort was Captain Gonne of the Royal Artillery, a cousin of Miss Maud Gonne. When he stopped and, saying, "This is Downing Street; go straight up there," left us to our fate, Mrs. Garvey Kelly and I had to call all our courage

to our aid. The only missiles we had been able to secure at our friend's house were pieces of a flower-pot that had been broken for the purpose. No suitable stones or brickbats were to be found in the centre of London. In the heavy silent fog we reached the official residences without meeting anyone. Then we heard the crash of glass from a preceding group. Immediately there came the shrilling of a police whistle. I flung my pieces of pottery, which I had in my muff, up at the windows, and heard the result of the impact. Suddenly I felt nothing but the instinct of self preservation, and dashed across the street to be lost in the fog and avoid being caught. But on the opposite footpath I came to my senses and realised that I was deserting my comrades. I felt again in the muff and found a couple more pieces of flower pot. I dashed to Lloyd George's residence, and as I threw my last pieces a policeman actually asked me excitedly, "Will you stop here while I catch her?" I laughed heartily and gave the required assurance to the poor man. But I was relieved when we were safely in his care. The police of the Westminster district were gentlemen compared with the bullies from the East End that Winston Churchill had turned on us at Westminster.

And so it came about that at one in the morning we were bundled into Cannon Row Police Station where we found the other members of our group. After a short wait, that good man, Fred Pethick-Lawrence, came and bailed us out. The other women had friends, but by myself I had to try and find my luxurious flat at Whitehall Mansions which I was told was not far away. A tube station near at hand was pointed out to me. In a few minutes I was thoroughly "alone in London," an utter stranger to the locality, and in that fearsome fog at the hardest hour of night. I made as rapidly as possible for the tube station for safety. I spent about two hours there, sitting on benches as I could not find a waiting-room. I got unable to bear the way people hanging round looked at me. Somebody gave me directions, at my request, as to finding Whitehall Mansions. So I sallied forth again into the eeriness and dangers of the strange fog-filled streets. It was a fearsome experience. But I got to the entrance of the Mansions as the milkcarts came along, and a taxi drove up out of

which a young man in evening dress rolled. I felt painfully self-conscious and miserable as I climbed the staircase. The corridors were too dimly lighted for me to see the numbers on the doors, but I judged I had reached the right floor. I did not dare to ring a bell at that unearthly hour. In utter weariness I sank down on the mat at what I took to be the door I wanted, and slept until daylight awakened me. I found I was a flat below the right one. I went to the next storey, and when I tried the door-handle of the proper number the door opened and I was inside Mrs. Merryweather's lovely home. She had deliberately left the door unlocked so that I could get in whenever I might arrive.

Next morning my hostess accompanied me to Bow Street Police Court. A crowd of suffragettes who had been arrested were in the waiting room or in a billiard-room that was in the large building. Mrs. Pathick-Lawrence and other leaders moved amongst us. But it was a tedious time of tension and tiredness, relieved chiefly by our conversations with the policemen who had arrested us and who asked us for souvenirs such as our votes for women badges or autographs. A hundred women who had broken no windows were released by an order from Churchill. With a fresh General Election close at hand the Liberals did not want to face the electorate with hundreds of women political prisoners in jail. Eventually seventy-five were sentenced for breaking windows, and it took more than that whole day to get through the cases. I was remanded to the following day. Some most helpful comrade in distress offered to put me up in her home for the night. I was so tired that I did not register her name or her address. She saw I was in a semi-asleep condition and took full charge of me till I found myself lying in her bedroom and being offered food. I was so prostrate with exhaustion that I could not think of eating, and fell into deep sleep. However, after being dead that night I experienced a resurrection next morning. I awoke revived and fresh. My stranger friend and I set off again with our suit-cases, and within a few hours I was sentenced to a month's imprisonment in Holloway Jail. I don't remember that trial, but I was troubled by the length of the



sentence. I had not expected to be away from home for more than a fortnight. It had been mentioned that the glass broken by me was worth ten shillings. Entering the Black Maria and being driven in it through the streets of London was the next queer experience. Other women had been repelled by the narrow locked compartments in that terrifying prison van that had conveyed many a queer character to doom ; but it did not upset me. My fellow prisoners, however, were a cheerful lot, and we sang songs like " John Brown's body. . . . But his soul goes marching on " and " The Women's March " of Ethel Smythe, as we jolted through that long drive unable to see anything through the barred ventilators. At last we were inside the great gates of Holloway, the largest women's prison in Great Britain. Those others of our group, Miss Webb, Miss Stephenson and Miss Houston, followed us next day, on a two-months sentence.

My memories of that month sum themselves up as a species of living death because of the solitariness of the confinement. My watch had been taken from me as well as all trinkets. We could not hear any bells or clocks sounding from outside, and the arrival of three meals (pushed in through a locked aperture) as the only means of knowing the time of day was one of my chief trials. The heat of the cell from hot-water pipes was suffocating. To obtain relief and ventilation we broke the window panes with the heels of our shoes. The pillow was so hard that it turned up my ears, so I stuffed it with a thick petticoat. As a vegetarian I was given an extra quantity of milk at each meal, no tea or coffee for the month, a piece of a kind of brown bread at each meal ; and vegetables were limited in kind : the only cutlery was a blunt tin knife and a spoon, no fork. We were allowed any number of " improving " books sent in by friends. I read Buck's " Cosmic Consciousness," Swedenborg's " Heaven and Hell," all Vivekananda's books (sent in by Lady Sybil Smith), re-read Anna Kingsford's " Clothed with the Sun," More's " Utopia." I used to get very tired of reading, and my safety-valve was in embroidering a table-centre the materials for which I had pushed into my suitcase as an after-thought at the last minute of packing at home. No writing materials were allowed. There was a

short church service daily which each prisoner was expected to attend. I always went because I could see my companions then, though no conversation was possible. I deeply rebelled against the spy-hole in the locked door, and felt degraded by being known and spoken to only as a number. The daily hour of exercise was spent in walking behind one another in complete silence round and round a narrow path in a high-walled enclosure.

The whole of Holloway Jail was fitted with wire mesh between its storeys and up and down the stairways, a painful reminder of the number of prisoners whom the prison system had driven to such insanity that they had tried to commit suicide. I was fully convinced that such imprisonment as the supposed civilised Government was giving to women (women who were thinking, self-sacrificing, politically minded, educated, seeking only reforms and justice) was stupid, cruel, and useless as a way of suppressing their agitation, and was only wasting time. But much water was to run under Westminster Bridge before so-called statesmen changed their ways.

At last the day of release arrived, December 23, 1910. We were given back our jewellery and escorted to the big gate about 8.30 a.m., about forty of us one-monthers; as many more had to wait another month. I was very happily excited, but I had a bit of hard luck. All my colleagues had relatives and friends to greet them and see them to their homes. No one had come for me. I looked on with disappointment, then with envy, then almost with panic as I found myself left alone outside the big locked gate with my belongings. A taxi drew up in haste. What a relief it was to see the face of my dear hostess, Mrs. Merryweather. She had had to come a long way, starting very early in the bitter cold, and had got held up in a bad traffic jamb.

One loses one's power of will and initiative in incarceration. When I had to walk through some streets later to Holborn Restaurant, where a thrilling welcoming luncheon was given to us newly freed prisoners, I was as nervous as a child about crossing a road or making any decisions. I could easily understand men longing for stimulants after terms of imprisonment. I longed to see the fashionable shop-windows and the displays

of blossoms in the florists'. I felt anything but a political amazon. A telegram to me from my husband that reached me in the middle of the lunch set the tone for the speeches and gave me the joy of renewed evidence of our unity.

Mrs. Garvey Kelly, one of the Irish Group, and I landed at Kingstown on Christmas Eve. And there was Jim waiting for me on the quay with a bunch of lilies of the valley. It was a delight to travel together the short train distance to Dublin. It was dark by then, and Westland Row station was crammed with suffrage supporters gathered by a Reception Committee to welcome us home. A torchlight procession was waiting outside in the street which was packed with people, some curious, some opposed, the majority friendly. We were escorted in an open two-horses carriage through the wet dimly lit main streets, a band playing in front of the carriage, a group of men, including Jim, at each side of our carriage and followers, carrying torchlights. A woman flower-seller in front of Trinity College threw a bunch of violets on to my lap with "God bless ye, miss." This was part of the compensation for scoffings by followers of the orthodox Nationalist Party who had been taught by the press to regard us as opponents to Irish freedom, which we certainly were not, but opponents to the opposite of freedom in Ireland or anywhere else. In my childhood I had watched with dazzled eyes and some glimmer of understanding many a torchlight procession in the struggle for political freedom in my home town. It was a stirring and unexpected experience for me to be a figure in such a traditional demonstration, the old staging for a new aspect of the age-long struggle for freedom, unique in Irish political history in having women as its centre. The procession ended in a welcome meeting by the Irish Women's Franchise League at the Antient Concert Rooms. After it a carriage and pair drove Jim and me home in state; and I was welcomed by relatives and friends in the midst of specially gay Christmas decorations all over the house.

The Liberals got a small majority over the Conservatives in the General Election of 1910, and over four hundred members of the new Parliament scattered amongst the various Parties had pledged themselves to vote for women's suffrage. Women had

such good luck at the beginning of that new Parliament in February 1911 that the first three places in the ballot for private members' Bills were won by our suffrage supporters. Militancy was withdrawn while the chances of a freshly drafted Conciliation Bill were being put to the test. Again it became very important that every Irish M. P. should vote for this Bill, and such intense propaganda was carried on that a majority of 176 was obtained for it. Ireland was still dragged at the heels of English politics, but it had some old rights remaining to it from the days before the Union. We Irish suffragettes were proud when one of these rights was dug up which empowered the Lord Mayor of Dublin City to plead a cause at the Bar of the House of Commons. Lord Mayor Tom Kelly and his wife and retinue crossed the Irish channel bearing a petition from the Aldermen and Burgesses of Dublin praying that the Parliamentary Franchise might be granted to women during that same session of Parliament. That dramatic and helpful visit made a beautiful unity amongst the leaders of all the great suffrage associations. They organised a dinner to do honour to the Irish petitioners, and Mrs. Despard and Mr. Hugh Law, M. P., were the Irish representatives who spoke on the occasion.

The greatest sorrow of my life befell me in that same month when my very dear sister, Annie Pielou, comrade of my life's adventures and interests, lovely personality and soul, and charming singer, passed away two days after an operation. It was my affectional nature that most felt the sudden bereavement. For almost a year I used to weep after I awoke because of the new loneliness in life. It was disappointing, also, that though we had made psychic researches together, yet for over six months I had not a single contact with her spirit, assuming its continuance, never a dream or clairvoyant or clairsaudient experience connected with her, however much I desired. It seemed inexplicable, and a contradiction of the assertion that communication was self-induced and fallacious. Then Alfred Vout Peters came to us for a second visit. In the middle of the first night of his stay with us I suddenly awoke and heard Annie's voice clearly say : " Listen, Gretta. At last I am able to speak to you. Some

obstruction has been removed by Mr. Peters. I am allowed to mix with you all again, and I have been taught how to communicate with you. Listen carefully so that you may remember and tell Jim and Leslie." I then listened in some kind of interior way with all my being, while she explained, and comforted me, and healed the break of the empty months. The next morning at breakfast my sister Florrie told us how she too had been awakened by Annie's voice calling her so clearly that she got up and looked outside the door of her room (she was putting up with us) in the hope of seeing her. After that Annie made herself felt by us many times and frequently gave me help in difficult situations in most circumstantial and practical ways.

Even when I was going through my period of darkness and the deep affliction shared by our family circle, I continued my work as Committee member of the Irish Women's Franchise League. Within a month of Annie's passing I had, as Treasurer of the League, to make ready the annual statement of accounts for the auditors. I had never had any training in book-keeping and accountancy. The ordeal of presenting my first balance sheet and vouchers to a firm of experts was gone through with the courage born of desperation and honesty. The chief auditor was kinder than he need have been, and patiently gave me lessons in technique which made me a more skilled Treasurer for the next two years.

The tempo of the suffrage movement in England increased as it became evident that the Liberal Government, over whom Asquith presided, had no intention of passing a Woman Suffrage Bill. A Manhood Suffrage Bill was brought forward to torpedo the chance of success of the Conciliation Bill. The Women's Social and Political Union again resorted to a campaign of window-smashing and when the suffragettes were imprisoned, they starved themselves out of jail. A Bill to meet this contingency, nick-named the Cat and Mouse Act, did not frighten them. They had used their time of truce, while getting the large majorities in the voting on the Conciliation Bill, to demonstrate that the majority of the people of England were in favour of votes for women. As the Government made no sign of realisation

of the true situation, a campaign was started of burning insured property in which human life was not endangered.

In Ireland our work for women suffrage was chiefly propagandist through open-air meetings in summer and indoor meetings in winter. The introduction of a Home Rule Bill supported by the Liberal Party looked very hopeful for the gaining of the freedom of Ireland at long last. But the Bill made no mention of Irish women being made citizens of their own country. We stumped the country pointing out the injustice of the omission and demanding an amendment in the proposed Home Rule Bill. The Irish Nationalist Members of Parliament were heckled about it wherever they spoke in public. They did not like this. They objected to women butting into their men's way of winning political freedom. But the era of dumb, self-effacing women was over. Everywhere we explained that the Irish Women's Franchise League was not identical in its militant methods with the English suffragettes. We were not attacking shop-windows ; we had no Liberal by-elections, no Cabinet Ministers in Ireland. We were as keen as men on the freedom of Ireland, but we saw the men clamouring for amendments which suited their own interests and made no recognition of the existence of women as fellow-citizens. We women were convinced that anything which improved the status of women would improve, not hinder, the coming of real national self-government. I went to London to lobby the Irish Members at Westminster. My task was to try to persuade them to add a women suffrage amendment to the Irish Home Rule Bill then being introduced and sponsored by the newly returned Liberal Party. I lobbied Tim Healy, Hugh Law, John Redmond, and five or six others, all of whom were cross with Irish women for trying to gate-crash into their sacrosanct politics. Time enough to think of women's status when Ireland was free. I had an hour's interview with Joe Devlin of Belfast, then very powerful in the Irish Party. He stormed at me that he had always been in favour of giving votes to women, but the way the suffragettes were interrupting Cabinet Ministers, and in Ireland the very Members who were fighting for Home Rule, was turning him against the whole movement. He would not move a hand to

improve the draft Home Rule Bill, but he would promise us that he himself would introduce an Irish Women Suffrage Bill in the first Irish Parliament. Those Irish politicians had no use for women citizens; they were sufficient for themselves and for the country. We measured them by principle and democracy and found them wanting. We knew that there were other Irish Members, some younger, like Tom Kettle, some with more understanding of the problems of Labour and of women in the world of Labour; other men of vision like Sir Horace Plunkett, James Connolly, Jim Larkin, AE; poets of the Irish revival like Pearce, MacDonagh and my husband; some women political leaders like Countess Markievicz, and Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Tom Kelly (afterwards first woman Lord Mayor of Dublin), and particularly Frank and Hannah Sheehy Skeffington, who were heart and soul for getting the rights of citizenship into any and every Home Rule Bill, and working for women's rights through the Conciliation Bill or any other Bill the English Parties might introduce either before or during all contemporaneous phases of the seven hundred year struggle for the freedom of Ireland. Looking back, facts have proved that our policy was right. The cause of Freedom is single and indivisible. No one facet of it can be sacrificed to expediency in favour of another without radical danger to the whole cause and to those who place expediency before principle. We little knew the strophes and antistrophes that were soon to disclose themselves in the ritual of human history that would draw women into the foreground of life, and send the inadequate Irish Parliamentary Party into the oblivion that awaits the inadequate.

In 1912 the Liberal Prime Minister, Herbert Asquith, came to Dublin to speak in favour of the Irish Home Rule Bill introduced to Parliament by him and his Party. He was to address a unique and historical meeting in the Theatre Royal. The Irish Women's Franchise League let it be known that they would find means of protesting against his opposition to the enfranchisement of women and the undemocratic action of the Liberal Party in drafting the new Home Rule Bill without including Irishwomen in it as citizens of the country for whose freedom they had fought by the side of Irish men. The organisers of the meeting were

frightened. They decreed that no woman would be admitted to it. We suffragettes chalked the pavements announcing that we would hold an open-air meeting beside the Custom House, the nearest suitable ground to the Theatre Royal. So panicky were the promoters of the meeting that the Prime Minister of England was received at an obscure side entrance. The core of tension in all minds and the question on most lips was "Would the suffragettes get in? Would they interrupt the Prime Minister? What would Skeffy do?" Wonderful loyal Frank Sheehy Skeffington (for whom the martyr's crown awaited four years later), had managed to get a pass for the meeting. He had got friends in a dramatic company to disguise him as a Protestant clergyman, and was given a good place in the stalls. He allowed Asquith to get well launched into his speech, and all seemed to go smoothly without horrid suffragette interruption. But at an appropriate point in Asquith's speech a clear sharp man's voice rang out: "Give votes to women. Stop forcible feeding of women prisoners. Put votes for women in the Home Rule Bill." Pandemonium overtook the meeting. Voices shouted, "It's Skeffy." The respectable clergyman was handed over to infuriated stewards and ejected from the building. Skeffy was escorted by a waiting group of friends to a cafe where he told his story to my husband (and others) who told it to me, in exchange for my own story of the occasion, which was as follows.

An immense crowd of a poorer class of people had gathered, at the same time as Asquith's meeting, round the lorry that had been placed in position near the Custom House for the announced women's meeting. As a small group of us drew near we noticed the unusual sight of a posse of policemen round the lorry. The crowd was definitely antagonistic. It had come to break up our meeting. The only time in our suffrage decade when I had seen hat-pins in women's hands as weapons was on that occasion amongst low-class women who stood in front of the lorry and shouted us down. I watched a poor-class youth with a stone in his hand. In a moment he threw it towards me as I tried to gain the attention of the crowd. Then the idea got into the crowd's head that it should push the lorry out of its place. As they



proceeded to do so more stones were thrown at us. The police ordered us to come down from the lorry. There was nothing else to do. They closed round our little band and started us walking towards O'Connell Street, to catch a tram they indicated. We had to walk along the side of the River Liffey. The crowd surged round us and started pushing. It looked and felt at some moment as if they would push us into the river. But the police held firm and overcame their weight. They whistled as we reached the electric tram-line. We were shoved by the police into the first tram that came along, and they followed us into it. A shower of stones from the defeated crowd broke the windows of the tram. The tram raced to the end of its line at the outer edge of the city, from which it took me two hours to reach my home in Sandymount.

When the Second Reading of the Liberal Home Rule Bill was due, and it seemed likely to pass, it appeared to us to be necessary that some extreme militant action should be carried out which would assure world-wide publicity of our protest against the exclusion of women from the Bill. Three of us volunteered to break the windows of Dublin Castle, the official seat of English domination. That sound of breaking glass on January 28, 1913, reverberated round the world and did what we wanted. It told the world that Irish women protested against an imperfect and undemocratic Home Rule Bill. We (Mrs. Connery, Mrs. Hoskins and myself) were marched from the Castle to College Street police station, next door to the Vegetarian Restaurant, each between two policemen who, at our request, did not hold our arms or handcuff us, but allowed us to walk freely as they accepted our word that we would not try to escape. We were the first women prisoners on behalf of women's demands for their sex in a Home Rule setting. It was something new to Ireland. The police court was crammed for the trial. Though the damage to the windows did not amount to five shillings each, we were sentenced to a month's imprisonment each as common criminals. We stood up and protested against the status to which we were condemned, and demanded to be treated as political prisoners, a classification which had been won by men in the Land League

and Home Rule clashes with the English Government. We announced that we would be prepared to wait a week for the classification to be changed, and if it wasn't we would resort to the hunger-strike as the only form of protest in our power. As I was escorted from the court someone handed me a bunch of beautiful pink-and-white double tulips that were my companions to the last day of the strike that we were forced to undertake.

We touched depths in Mountjoy Prison in Dublin the first night of our sentence. The prison authorities were not prepared for us. We refused to be searched. We would not take off our clothes. We were separated in different cells. It was bitterly cold, and there was no heating. Much tension and nervous strain had made me so tired that a final tussle with the jail authorities, because I would not give my thumb impression, exhausted me, and I had to lie down on the plank bed. It was horribly hard and hurt me. But that was a lesser trial than the sickening, disgusting smell from a grey blanket that had evidently been used by former unwashed prisoners. In utter loneliness, with no possibility of help or relief, shivering with cold, I was compelled to pull the blanket over me; and sleep through the raw winter night conquered my nausea and gave me oblivion till morning. Next morning I was taken to the reception office and met my two comrades who were shaken by a similar bad night. We were packed with a couple of policemen into a car, driven to a railway station, and taken by train under escort some thirty miles to the prison in the country town of Tullamore. Thereupon my story becomes that of the second stage of the Irish struggle for women's enfranchisement.

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#### CHAPTER XVI

### VOTES FOR WOMEN : IRELAND II

(M. E. C.) To our surprise, all the casual visitors at the railway station, all the station porters, car-drivers, newsboys, formed a

procession of sympathy behind us and our police guard, and escorted us the short distance on foot from the station to the big feudal-looking Tullamore Jail, and gave us a cheer as we entered its fear-evoking gate. The incident was significant of the immediate alignment of the unsophisticated Irish mind with anyone agitating for any kind of freedom, and the inherent chivalry of the unspoiled Irish people towards women, especially women patriots. We were each given a separate room in the jail hospital. A fourth volunteer joined us, Mrs. Purser, wife of an eminent doctor, who had been incensed by our sentence as common criminals with no recognition of our high intentions, and who had made a similar protest and was similarly sentenced. Conditions in Tullamore were an improvement on Mountjoy. We were allowed a fire, an iron bedstead, clean warm bed-clothes, a chair, a table, a writing slate and pencil, our own clothes, some "moral" books, eatable food of a poor kind, and the right of association in labour and exercise. We at once wrote a protest to the Lord Lieutenant against our status, stated that we would do no "hard labour," would wait a week for the change of official status, and if that was not granted would resort to the hunger strike. The Superintendent of the jail and the women warders were all human. We were addressed by our names, not by numbers as in Holloway. We enjoyed one another's company, and worked up courage to face the possible fast. Only a "spiritual adviser" was allowed to visit us. As we belonged to different persuasions we had one each at short intervals. They were not permitted to give us any outside information or to take any from us. All the same mine managed to do both. On his first visit to me, when we were famishing to know what steps our friends were taking to get our status made right, he was as tight as an oyster. I knew he was full of news and I was frantic to get at it. But he was loyal to his duty. Before leaving me, after a short empty conversation, he exercised his right to pray with me; and what he could not tell me he could, without restriction, tell to "God!" His prayer was something like the following: "O God! bless the efforts that are being made by the friends of these noble women to secure them honourable status or release;

and influence the Lord Lieutenant to grant the request that has been made in the widely signed memorial to His Excellency." I could have hugged him. As it happened, God didn't or couldn't influence the "principalities and powers" of Dublin Castle. But we did it ourselves by the only kind of influence that that type of humanity appears to respond to; and how the world got to know that we had gone on hunger strike in spite of all cutting of communications will be told by my collaborator. We waited our threatened week, and then carried out our threat.

It seemed absurd that I should undertake voluntary starvation, for I always had had a good appetite, and had never before gone without a meal in my life. But so strong was my faith in our cause, and in our militant policy of continuous propaganda by means which bothered the Government that I had no fear of failing in the hunger-strike. I felt even privileged in being in the historic line of the political prisoners of Ireland who fought for proper status, and I could not sell the pass they had won. So for seven days and nights I did not touch the meals that were regularly brought to my room. I got through the first day by will power, though the hot steam of the food tempted me, for snow was on the ground, and it was very cold. But as we walked up and down the path together in the vegetable garden that was our exercise ground on the second afternoon, everything went black before my eyes, and I sank on the ground thinking I was going to die. Cold water revived me, and a good sleep that night. From the next, the third, morning I was free of old toxins, or whatever it was, and had no other bad effects during the strike, except that I lost weight, and found breathing difficult in climbing the stairs to my room. Indeed I found all my powers of reading and understanding enhanced. I felt refined and purified, and I had a keen realisation of the Unity of Life and my own oneness with it.

The cause, the strike, the result, were our central interests. But prison life had its diversions. I was bothered by a flea in my bed, and after standing it as long as I could I captured it and threw it into the snow. Something in me reflected that the flea had its place in the universe, though its purpose and actions did

not appear to be quite friendly to ours. Some power as far beyond me as I was beyond the flea might conceivably throw me out in the snow on its window sill if I did not serve its purpose. I searched for the flea in the snow, found it apparently dead, but held it in my palm in front of the fire. In a few minutes the heat apparently resuscitated it, for it jumped out of sight and I never saw or felt it afterwards. On a number of mornings a robin came in by the open window and sat on the end of my bed.

Hunger had entirely left us after the third day of the strike, and none of us had any pain. But on the sixth day Mrs. Hoskins collapsed, and was said to be in danger of death from heart failure. This frightened the Governor of the prison. The chief Medical Officer of Prisons was at once sent for. He came, and ordered the immediate unconditional release of Mrs. Hoskins. Then he interviewed each of the others, with only the Tullamore prison doctor present. Curiously enough the big influential medical official did not frighten me in the slightest, but instead raised all my fighting spirit. I was ready to face death from starvation, but I shrank from the horrors of forcible feeding such as we knew had been brutally inflicted on suffragette hunger-strikers in England. The officer looked like a Mephistopheles, and tried to shake my determination to fast our way out of jail or to a change of status. I had to meet many difficult questions that he put to me. Three I remember. "I hear you are a musician. Are you ready to give up all your music for a political object?" I recalled Wagner's life, and told him that the greatest modern master of music had considered political questions so important that he had suffered exile for years from his country, Germany, because of his political principles. He asked me about my duty to my husband. I replied that he understood the women's cause so thoroughly that he gave me his moral support in all I was doing. "And are you so fixed in this course as to part from him forever?" he continued. "We shall meet again. We are not afraid that death will separate us eternally," I got the strength to reply. The local doctor, in the horsey vernacular, summed up the situation: "You can do nothing with her. She is a thoroughbred." With my own horsey tradition from childhood, I deeply

appreciated his evaluation of my spirit. I reversed the questions and answers. "Are you going to order forcible feeding for us?" "No," he replied, "we are not going to use that in Ireland." I jumped up, snatched my slate, and wrote on it: "We are promised there will be no forcible feeding." Then I turned it over and on the other side wrote in exultation in big letters: NO SURRENDER.

The interest that our protest and sentence aroused in Ireland was very remarkable. Hundreds of most influential people had signed the petition which the Irish Women's Franchise League had organised and sent to the Lord Lieutenant asking that we be accorded the status of political prisoners. The case of my young brother Alfred, an electrical engineer in County Cork, is an instance of the effect of our action. He had been a strong opponent of the suffragettes when he was studying his trade in England, and had helped to upset a meeting of Christabel Pankhurst's in Newcastle-on-Tyne by burning red pepper in the hall. On February 3 he wrote to me:

"Your imprisonment has created more interest and discussion than anything done for woman suffrage so far in Ireland. The whole thing has been a great success and you and your comrades are indeed to be congratulated on doing your part so nobly."

He promised to get up a tour of towns in County Cork after my release. He fulfilled his promise, and we were able to secure many supporters for the cause. At the meeting in Bandon, at question-time, a rough customer asked me, "Did you like the grub in there, Miss?" (there meant prison). "Not at all," I replied. "No more did I," said he. There was a great laugh, as he was a well known poacher. But I anticipate. When the hunger-strike was declared off, our demand having been met, there was a big public meeting in Tullamore to congratulate us. The morning the strike was over, the Chairman of the Town Council hurried to visit me, bringing a soft down pillow to exchange for the official pillow which hurt my ears. Everyone was full of kindness to each of us, and the cause got such publicity that the inclusion of woman suffrage was assured in the Home Rule Bill—

which had been our aim, but which could not be effected because of the density of the ordinary political mind that could not appreciate principles, or if it privately saw them would not act on them until women were compelled to follow the historical ways of men and take to actions that were unnatural and repugnant to them. Mrs. Connery, Mrs. Purser and I completed our month's sentence in peace and honour, and felt very well pleased that Ireland had come through its test so humanely and had not stained its history, as England had stained hers, by forcibly feeding suffrage prisoners.

(The period between our release on February 27 (1913) and the departure of Jim and myself from Ireland for Liverpool en route to India, was filled with suffrage propaganda tours in the counties of Sligo, Mayo, Kerry, Longford, and in preparations for breaking up our home and its varied associations of aspiration, intellectual and artistic enthusiasm, and work for humanity and sub-humanity. My collaborator will indicate some of the details of our withdrawal, which surprised, and disappointed, some of our friends, seeing that we were leaving the scene of our work just when Home Rule and Votes for Women seemed on the point of becoming law in Ireland. No one in that year (1913) thought that Home Rule for Ireland would come in any other way than through the peaceful passage of the Bill promoted by the Liberal Party then in power. We knew a number of the leaders in politics and labour; but names that in a few years were to become starred in the record of Ireland's fighters for freedom (Collins, MacSweeney, Cosgrave, De Valera) were unknown to us or to anyone else. We had no idea that the Ireland to which we promised our friends that we would return in five years would not then be in existence. The Ireland of our first twelve years together went through undreamt of agonies and tragedies in the years between then and our first return to it from India in 1925; and then it was an Ireland of transition, rent and bitter, in which we did not feel at home, where there was now no room for such as we were; though by then, to our deep satisfaction, Ireland was functioning through its own Parliament, and Irish women were voting citizens of the Irish Free State and of the enforced British

province of Northern Ireland. On June 2, 1913, we crossed to Liverpool and to all that was to follow.

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## CHAPTER XVII

## THE OTHER SIDE OF FREEDOM

(J.H.C.) My collaborator has given an inside account of the development of the agitation for woman suffrage in England and Ireland. Others may have written accounts of the Irish phase of the struggle that we have not seen. But her telling of her own experiences as a propagandist and a prisoner stands as an original document by virtue of its authenticity. Her account also, in its indications of the principles and practices of the Irish Women's Franchise League, adds an intimate chapter to the history of the suffrage movement as a whole in Great Britain and Ireland, a chapter that English suffragists who later reached biographical age (like the Pethick-Lawrences in the 1940's) could not, in the nature of things, write.

To me has been handed over the telling of certain events from the other side of the struggle, that is, the outside as seen by one who had the light, but who, owing to circumstances (like bread and butter) had to carry it more or less under a bushel. Neither Gretta's account nor my addenda at this point completes our participations in the epic of women's freedom. Certain personal incidents were to come to pass when we were moved to England en route to India; and the war of 1914-1918 had yet to emerge as the natural apex of the pyramid of stupidities called history, and give the final push of the women's cause to victory, not out of good will but out of stern necessity. That ebullition of civilisation also turned the dull stubbornness of Asquith and the mental shiftiness of Lloyd George into other activities, and the time-serving Irish Parliamentary Party into oblivion, and brought, after seven hundred years of historical disgrace, a half-hearted liberation to Ireland. But my account, which



follows, of certain incidents of the suffrage struggle in which I was involved, mainly in Ireland, will fill out features of the record that were outside Gretta's knowledge, though integral in her activities, and are illustrative of the time and the personalities that conspired with destiny in making it.

The First open-air meeting of the campaign for woman suffrage in Ireland was held on a Saturday afternoon in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, near the base of the Wellington obelisk. Frank Sheehy-Skeffington carried a banner wrapped around two poles. Someone carried a chair borrowed from the gate lodge. At the meeting-place the group of well-dressed ladies, obviously with a purpose, drew the familiar crowd of the unemployed and curious. The banner was unrolled flat on the grass. The raising of it as the signal of a new era was given to an Englishwoman and myself, one at each pole. When the title

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went up against the background of elms, Skeffy led an applauding clap. This drew the scattered and tentative watchers closer and encouraged others. By the time the first speaker, standing on the chair in front of the banner, now in other hands, had got into the whys and wherefores of the occasion, a large crowd was eagerly listening. I moved unobtrusively from the "platform" to the back of the crowd to catch its sentiment. Mainly it was friendly; but there was a spot where some kind of commotion suggested inattention, hence probably opposition; and this was manna, as it might provide texts for future speeches that were all the smarter for something to contradict. I edged my way, apparently as one of the audience, to the centre of the commotion, and found it to be a typical back-street woman, with larky eye and Dublin brogue, who was happily engaged in interjecting comments such as Irish crowds always enjoyed. I had edged myself to her side in time for three sallies by her and three bits of repartee from me that no Irishman could miss. Gretta was then on the chair speaking.

WOMAN (towards the speaker who of course was out of earshot, a matter that never deters born hecklers). "What *you* want is a husband." (Laughter from the small section of the crowd around her).

J. H. C. (unknown of course): "I believe, ma'am, the lady is very happily married—which I hope you are." (Loud laughter. A gleam from the eye of the woman. The voice of the speaker in the distance).

WOMAN (after a pause, unable to resist temptation): "You ought to be at home cooking for your husband, if you have one." (Laughter).

J. H. C.: "If I'm not wrongly informed, ma'am, the lady, though she has her own servant, is a very good cook. I hope *you* have arranged as good a meal for your husband as she has for her's." (Loud laughter, and a glare from the woman. Another pause while the soft-voiced speaker continues).

WOMAN: "What *you* should be doin' is sewin' or darnin' instead of standin' there talkin'." (Laughter).

J. H. C.: "She has as much right to be standing there talking as you have to be standing here talking, and in any case *she's* talking sense. And I think I'm not far wrong in saying that the very nice dress she has on she made with her own hands for this occasion—which maybe is more than you can say about your dress." (Chuckles and craning of necks to get a better view of the principals in a promising verbal fight).

WOMAN (with exasperation and innuendo, the last refuge of the defeated): "You seem to know a divil of a lot about the woman."

J. H. C. (almost casually, but with a trace of triumph): "I do know quite a lot about her, ma'am. She happens to be my wife." (Great guffaw and applause over clinching repartee, during which I extracted myself from the happy vortex and worked my way back to the "platform" which was totally unaware till afterwards of the dialogue that had taken place).

In the short summer season Sunday afternoons in Phoenix Park became a habit with Gretta and others. The husbands of the Franchise League were not officially expected to be

present, as the suffragettes had a sense of balance, especially of the necessity of keeping a balance, such as it was, at a bank, a somewhat delicate operation that touched husbands who were Government servants or (as I was) teachers in respectable schools. All the same, as the agitation developed, dramatic possibilities were occasionally on the horizon and these drew me occasionally to the Park just to get the feel of things. The memory of Meg Connery comes up, short, spare, taut, one foot on the upturned edge of the lorry, head thrown back, eyes shining, as she parries thrusts, thrusts back, gets a cheer for a palpable hit, and, not being of the kind that is satisfied with the plaudits of the ignorant or vulgar, lets out with a lash that looks like stirring anger in the crowd. Then Margaret Cousins takes a turn. She smiles. Her voice is softish. She is a mollifier. The crowd is not yet wicked. They know there is a chance of repartee. A question is called out that I do not catch. She says: "I quite agree with the questioner. . . . But in this queer world there are always at least two ways of looking at things—unless one keeps one eye shut, which I'm sure the questioner, being an Irishman, doesn't." The crowd, if not the questioner, is pleased, and the question is answered.

VOICE (from the back of the crowd): "Why don't your husbands come to your meetin's" (Laughter, and sudden cessation as Margaret Cousins begins to answer). "How do you know they don't come?" (Laughter, and eyes everywhere, while I try to look too innocent to be a husband). "Our husbands have confidence in our ability to look after ourselves. But, just as a change, which everybody likes except the opponents of women suffrage, the meeting here at this time next Sunday will be addressed by a selection of husbands of the Irish Women's Franchise League." (Loud and continued applause, partly in recognition of quick-minded courage, partly in anticipation of a good time).

The three chosen victims of mob curiosity on the following Sunday afternoon in the Phoenix Park were Skeffy, Neale (an elderly gentleman whom we had saved from years of constipation by the simple prescription of bran porridge), and myself,

out of a longish list of candidates, but an hour on a lorry minus introductions, possible interruptions, and announcements didn't give time for more. The other two must have passed examination, as I was last, sentenced to bear the animus or the favour they drew out of the crowd. I remember no sentence of my speech, and I have no notes of it, for autobiography was far from my mind, though I knew we were making some kind of history. But I can recreate the spasms of nervousness, the squirms in my solar plexus, and the discreetly suppressed regurgitations through which I approached my turn. But when I got to it, everything but it faded out. My detestation of crowds was transformed into a large opportunity for the communication of conviction. I must have been transmogrified into a class-master on a rostrum; and the lesson was (I dimly remember) the two-sided fairness on which any claim for freedom (for Ireland as well as for women) must be based.

On a visit to London in July 1910 I was induced to speak at one of the regular meetings of the Women's Social and Political Union in the Great Queen's Hall, a remarkable development from the small affair in Clement's Inn just three years before, and an answer to the usual anti-cry that the militants were "putting the cause back." Ten minutes were allotted to me, and the same to another man-speaker. I was to give a message from Ireland. One couldn't get much further than an epigram in ten minutes; so I got the somewhat garish idea of colouring speech by eyesight, and having the "Emerald Isle" in the forefront without having to describe it. I bought a pair of socks, and a cravat, both of the greenest green that the shops of London could rise to.

The procession to the platform consisted of Christabel Pankhurst, Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence and myself. The hall was crammed from earth to sky. The audience had been entertained by solos on the grand organ from a suffragette musician. I guarantee that there was no collusion between us by word of mouth or glance of eye or what Mark Twain knew as "mental telegraphy." I had been seeing green (as a change from seeing the red that the stupidities of politicians induced) in a last glance in a mirror. Hearing green had not occurred to me. To

my surprise, as the procession of three moved on to the platform, the organ blared out the air of the Irish song whose refrain is "the wearing of the green." The choice of this air to welcome a speaker from "the green isle of Erin" was quite knacky, and the immense audience, then at high tension in the suffrage agitation, rose to it with extraordinarily hearty applause. But whether anyone except myself saw the esoteric colour-scheme or not I have never known or will know. What I said on the occasion seemed to go down well. At the end Mrs. Pankhurst appeared from nowhere and congratulated me. She had been, she said, in the back row of the ground floor, and heard every word, because I enunciated as if I intended the audience to hear what I was saying: a promising compliment for the future should I find platforms running in my head.

In an autobiographical rummage through packets of ancient papers that accompanied us from England to India, and in the latter from sea-level to 6200 feet altitude, a number of contemporaneous documents have come out of the oblivion of thirtyfive years. Amongst them a letter from Mrs. Pankhurst to me, written in her own hand the day after the sentencing of the women, gives an idea of the leadership of the movement and of the clear-headed, almost emotionless, determination that led it to ultimate triumph, while the once apparently almighty Liberal Party went with the Irish Parliamentary Party into the place of shades reserved by history for the obsolete.

"The Mascot, Holmwood, Surrey, 25th November 1910.

Dear Mr. Cousins,

I had a few words with your dear brave wife just before she went to prison. She wished me to tell you that she is well and in very good spirits. We are all very proud of her and her comrades from Dublin. Although the deputation was their first they were always in the very front line of the fight. Much of the splendid debate in the House on Lord Castlereagh's amendment last Friday was due to their interview with Irish M. Ps. outside the door of Stephens . . . .

Before our friends are released the General Election will have to be fought. We are now going to devote all our energies

to damaging the enemy there. If we succeed there can be little doubt that next year we shall win votes for women.

With warmest regards, believe me, sincerely yours,

E. Pankhurst."

The qualified optimism of the last sentence of Mrs. Pankhurst's letter was not fulfilled. "The enemy" was not materially damaged, though spiritually he was reduced to nonentity. In the third year afterwards, April 1913, the wonderful fabrication of Liberal statesmanship to defeat the ever-growing force of exasperated womanhood, the Cat and Mouse act, was being engineered through the supine Commons, and Mrs. Pankhurst was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for aiding and abetting the placing of explosives in a house that was being built for Lloyd George, though the identity of the placers was unknown. . . . And we were on the verge of our removal from Ireland to England and thence to India.

The Census of 1911 gave the suffragettes a prime opportunity of throwing metaphorical spanners into official machinery. I happened to be enjoying a six-weeks' vacation from the Dublin High School, on full pay, because I had acquired what the doctor diagnosed as scarlatina. I was isolated upstairs in our house on Strand Road. Gretta and our "domestic," Lizzie Duffy, decided to be my nurses and stand the consequences. Ordinarily a servant would have been expected to retreat to safety. But the Duffys were the traditional Bards of Ireland, and it added to the dignity of the basement to regard the little black-haired woman with the tiny fine hands and the semi-northern brogue and a patois that would have fitted out a novelist, as one of the clan. Even apart from ancestral pride that knew no cowardice, Lizzie had a high idea of "the masther" since, to expedite domestic procedure, he had occasionally lit the family fire, or taken in the milk, or toasted bread for breakfast. On one occasion, seeing Lizzie engaged in duty that needed clean hands, he, being in a hurry, blackened and polished his own boots. The event was reported to the mistress, not, however, as a misdemeanour but as a virtue. Lizzie's commentary, for its full understanding needs a foot-note in advance. She was a good Catholic. The

Catholic topography of kingdom come made a clear demarcation between the post-mortem abodes of the faithful and the others. Also, entrance to heaven was, even for good Catholics, no instantaneous matter. There were St. Peter and Purgatory between. Remembering this, Lizzie's conviction as to the master's cleaning of his boots, will be appreciated—and because of her lineage from the Bards it can only be set out in the form of a *rann* (verse) :

If our masther iver dies.

He'll walk straight intil heaven.

The relevancy of this is in the spirit it displays in relation to scarlatina and the Census of 1911. The militants decided, as a protest against their exclusion from the primary right of citizenship, the franchise, to vitiate the Census figures by declining to make the required record. On the day of enumeration Gretta and the Duffy made special arrangements in my room against a longish absence. An official document and envelope, a fountain pen and a supply of disinfecting powder were set within my reach. While waiting for the destined hour of declaration I continued my studies in the writings of Swami Vivekananda on Yoga, which were making my supposed illness a spiritual joy. When the official time came, I wrote on the declaration form a note to the effect that I could not give a true enumeration of my household, as its "female" members were absent in protest against being officially classed with children, criminals, lunatics and such like. I added that I had filled the paper while laid up in scarlatina, but had duly disinfected it and the envelope. Next morning the two conspirators came in on a smile: they had fitted themselves up in a house not far away which had been vacant for some time and was not on the enumeration list.

The period of repose, on full pay, came to an end. Legally I was compelled to remain away from school for six weeks from the onset. At the end of a fortnight, however, the outsized doctor with the cultivated optimistic manner, announced that I was a kind of miracle, being quite well and free of infective capacity. The end of my scarlet period was spent in a tour of the north of Ireland with lantern slides on the "West" of the

same island, which was about as familiar as Afghanistan, and two diagrams of the "Vedantic Philosophy" on which I gave lectures without any epidemic following.

The approach of another attempt to solve the Irish problem, this time in a Home Rule Bill backed by the Liberal Party then in office, and the crescendo of protest on behalf of the women of Ireland against their exclusion from it and from the primary right of citizenship of which the Liberals and the Irish Party were such lip-champions, made it necessary to preserve a clear distinction between the technique of the Irish struggle for woman suffrage and the English struggle. One afternoon, while things were coming to a head, I crossed the path of Skeffy in front of Trinity College. We were both in a hurry, but a couple of questions and answers were full of the future.

SKEFFY: "We *must* have a paper of our own to keep the British and Irish suffrage movements distinct and carry on propaganda along our own lines."

COUSINS: "What would it cost?"

SKEFFY: "We should be able to lose five pounds a week for a year. Then a weekly paper would be firmly established. But where can we get the money?"

COUSINS: (after quick, and inaccurate, mental arithmetic) "Two hundred and fifty pounds. I'll see what I can do." I talked the project over with Gretta when I got home. The amount was fabulous for us. Still, it was for a cause, and the world was full of money that only needed canalising in the right direction. We decided to make an attempt. I wrote a short letter to the Pethick-Lawrences summarising the situation as we saw it, and its need, and made a request.

Some days later, after six in the evening, while Gretta was out on suffrage work, a woman knocked at the door, and asked to see Mrs. Cousins. I invited her to come in and have a cup of tea while waiting on Gretta's expected return. I did not ask her name or purpose. Her personal deportment was noticeably, to my eye, above her somewhat common dress. She had, she said sotto voce, come straight from the steamer at Kingstown (from London via Holyhead, I thought), and had to catch the returning



steamer at eight o'clock. She could not wait. She was under strict orders. She had come to deliver a private letter to Mrs. Cousins. She did not know the sender or the contents. She was only to deliver it. But as this could not be done, she would have to entrust it to me, whom she knew. A long envelope, containing apparently many documents, sealed and addressed to Mrs. Margaret E. Cousins, was handed to me in all secrecy, and the semi-disguised lady (as I felt sure she was) went on her way. It was just as well she did not cut her time to wait for Gretta, as the extemporisations of action provoked by the temporisations of opponents and half supporters in an agitation approaching a crisis kept her out till late in the evening. She opened the envelope—and extracted a sheaf of bank-notes. There was no covering letter, no sender's name, no address; only, clipped in the left-top corner, a small slip of paper with nothing on it but "M". Whether this meant Margaret (Cousins) or someone else, or was a conspiratorial code-letter, we couldn't say. But the main question was, what was the money for? Obviously not for ourselves; perhaps for Franchise League propaganda for which funds were being asked; perhaps for the proposed weekly paper. I had written for the latter; but the letter was addressed to Gretta. I had asked for two hundred and fifty pounds; the envelope contained two hundred and sixty. We decided to have the matter settled by wiring next morning. Next evening a wire came saying that the money was for the purpose I had written about.

"The Irish Citizen" (as Skeffy and I decided to call the paper) could be brought into existence with confidence. We would run it ourselves, asking such help as might be required in matter and circulation. The general policy would be simple though inclusive, and not limited to suffrage though that was the immediate point of attack in the carrying out of the paper's policy, which I drafted in the Motto:

For men and women equally the rights of citizenship.

From men and women equally the duties of citizenship.

Skeffy, being a professional journalist (correspondent of "The Manchester Guardian") who walked about Dublin with the

pockets of his overcoat and knee breeches stuffed with newspapers, and his brain, above his brown virgin beard, trained in the technique of magazine production, took on all the donkey work. I discussed contents with him week by week. He wrote up the political aspect of the Irish suffrage agitation in unsigned editorial articles and notes, with such reference to its relationship with the English agitation as changing circumstances required. I kept to general principles, on which I also wrote unsigned editorial articles and notes. On press day Skeffy spent all his time in the room assigned to the paper in the printer's machine-shop getting the matter that had been set up into order. In the afternoon, after school, I joined him, read the contents, checked my own contributions, initialled the eight pages for printing, and on rare occasions fined Skeffy a halfpenny for misprints missed, as he did me, a process that neither enriched nor impoverished either of us. It was an intense afternoon and evening; but it went through smoothly and quickly. Skeffy, who had had considerable experience of editorial boards, put ours at the top for efficiency and pleasure: the ideal editorial board, he said, 'consisting of two persons in complete agreement, with one of them mostly absent. The first number came out in the last week of May 1912. I edited the paper until our removal to England, when I transferred the paper entirely to Skeffy. He and his brilliant wife, Hannah Sheehy-Skeffington, carried it on until tragedy fell on Ireland and them; but this was a year after we had been in India.

The struggle for woman suffrage went on to its climax, after the usual vacillations and betrayals by politicians, on January 28, 1913. I had heard threats of protest growing more intense, but was not invited to participate in deliberations, a circumstance which raised suspicions of something beyond the ordinary in militancy. I had other things to do, such as keeping the pot boiling, and what was coming was a woman's job. On the evening of January 27 there was a council of three in our drawing-room and the dining room, in a corner of which I was preparing lessons for next day in The High School. A request came to me to find the oldest umbrella in the house. Later I was invited to the council, not for words but for deeds. I had to entwine the

stripped top of the umbrella with a strip of lead. I knew I was an accessory before a fact, but I had no idea as to what the fact was. I asked no questions, and got no information between then and my departure for school on cycle next morning, though the obvious tenseness in Gretta covered by a slightly enhanced cheeriness meant God knows what.

In the early forenoon of January 28, as I was giving a lesson in The High School, I heard a crescendo of cries of newspaper boys in the street, and when they reached the front of the school, on their way to the suburbs, I could hear them shout: "Suffragettes attack Dublin Castle," and smiled as the thought of the handle of an umbrella entwined with lead came into my mind. But I could do nothing but superintend problems in geometry until word of some kind came, as I felt sure it would. Later I was called to the hall, where Gretta's sister Florrie, in a greater state of agitation than I fancy Gretta was or I intended to be in, announced that Gretta and Mrs. Connery and Mrs. Hoskins had been sent to jail for a month with hard labour for breaking windows in Dublin Castle, and that they had threatened a hunger-strike if they were not given the status of political prisoners. According to the newspaper reports of the trial, panes in the windows of the Offices of the Prisons Board and the State Apartments to the value of 21s 8d were broken by the suffragettes. A magisterial rebuke to the culprits and a dismissal with advice to go home and be good would have been something like making the punishment fit the crime in the Gilbertian manner—and would have spiked the publicity guns of the Franchise League. But the flat administration of the "law" prevailed. For 21s 8d three educated and well-known women were given each a month's imprisonment as common criminals. Mrs. Cousins (who according to the prosecuting police inspector "had an umbrella in her hand on which there was a piece of lead") was asked by the magistrate if she had anything to say. She asserted that they had done what they did as a protest against the Government and against the Irish Party for their treachery over the enfranchisement of women. She mentioned various social reforms that enfranchisement would bring about, and refused to be regarded as a common criminal.

They would pay no fines, give no bail, but they demanded that they be treated as political prisoners. The magistrate, in pronouncing sentence (according to the press) said: "The case here is that these people insist that disorders must go on and then it is intolerable that they should come in here and ask for favours. The sentence is one month's hard labour each." One of the newspapers headed its report "Vain appeal for clemency." This, echoing the magistrate's summing up, was a complete misrepresentation of the demand of the accused. They sought no 'favours' or 'clemency.' All they asked was to be given the same status of political prisoners as the Irish Party in its fighting days had won. That granted, they would serve their sentences without protest. That it involved also a change of category to that of first class misdemeanants and certain conditions higher than those of common hard labour criminals was incidental. Before long, under circumstances detailed by Gretta, political status was accorded. The injury inflicted on the cause (so dear to the heart of a mediocre journalistic hack) was obscured from view by the immediate world-wide publicity given to the protest of the women against their exclusion from Liberal and Nationalist legislation and the discrimination against them as prisoners compared with that accorded to men political prisoners.

But before the latter wrong was righted it created a fine social rapprochement between all sorts of men and women who joined in a petition to the Lord Lieutenant. No stupid plea for clemency or suggested whining for soft treatment as first-class misdemeanants such as some of the newspapers hinted, smudged the petition. It simply asked that "these prisoners, whose acts were committed with a political motive, namely, as a protest against the denial of votes to women, should be accorded the treatment of political offenders such as was granted to other prisoners convicted of similar political offences within the last few months." I carried about a copy of the petition for signatures; whereon hangs a story indicating the thinness of the cliché concerning injury to the cause.

While the petition was being organised with a view to forestalling the fulfilment of the threat of the prisoners to go on

hunger-strike if the category of common criminals on hard labour was maintained after a week from sentence, Sir William Barrett invited me to a dinner party at his home in Kingstown, with intent to engage my mind and keep me in touch with the pleasantries of intellectual life. I arrived early, also with intent. When he spoke feelingly of the situation, I asked him if he would sign the petition to the Lord Lieutenant for political status. Very regretfully but very earnestly he declined to do so: he was completely opposed to such violence. I did not press him or show disappointment, as a thought came to me. At the table there was the usual interchange of badinage, literary reminiscence and humour, that made gatherings of the time so stimulating to the mind in Dublin and thereabouts. I watched for a point of offset, and when it came turned the talk to psychical research. For a while I monopolised the topic with facts and personal experiences which roused keen interest not only in the guests but in the host, as some of the details were new to him and very convincing. Then I became self-conscious of my forwardness in front of one who was an authority on such things, whereas I was only a student, and I suggested that Sir William might tell us something about his discoveries and convictions. He walked cheerfully into the trap, and told us item after item that (by inference) blew the theologies to smithereens. Verbal inspiration of scripture, "thus saith the Lord," heaven, hell, judgement, and other choice doctrines, faded out before scientific proofs of survival of death and the application of telepathy and the subliminal self and threshold to assertions that had been taken for millenia to be merely what they had been translated as saying they were. When he was well immersed in heterodoxies I made an apology to the table for being the instigator of so drastic a discussion. Indeed, I said guiltily, when one comes to think of it, the facts brought out by our host are calculated to upset the most sacred ideas and emotions of millions of people, and he and I have been a party to an attack on thoughts and feelings involving much more drastic violence (emphasis on violence) than does the breaking of a pound's worth of glass by three woman in order to draw attention to the violation of a fundamental principle by politicians. I knew

the point had got home, but did not rub it in. After dinner Sir William said he was with me, and would do more than merely sign a petition: he would write personally to the Lord Lieutenant. Next day (Sunday, February 9, 1913) he wrote me saying he had written at once to Lord Aberdeen urging the treatment of the militants as political prisoners. He knew he expressed a very widespread feeling. Lord Aberdeen had replied in a very friendly letter. He could not send it on, but it would ease my mind to know that forcible feeding had not been resorted to (this was after the time-limit of the prisoners had been passed and the hunger-strike begun) and that care was being taken to mitigate the discomforts of imprisonment.

The foregoing incident overlaps history by a few days. On January 28 the prisoners were lodged in Mountjoy Jail, Dublin; but on the evening of January 30 they were moved to Tullamore Jail in the Queen's County. I wrote to Gretta on February 1 asking if she desired me to visit her. The Governor replied that, if I could get permission, she would be very glad to see me. On February 4 I saw the Chairman of the Prisons Board. He was quite willing to grant permission, but I would have to keep it quiet. The prisoners were, he assured me, having all the facilities of political prisoners, but it was not announced. "We have to cod the public." I told him that coddling (humbugging) was not in the technique of the suffragettes, and that I could not be a party to a procedure that I knew to be far from public desire, notwithstanding the party press, aside from the question of principle. So I withdrew my request for permission to visit my wife in Tullamore Jail. Leave to send a parcel of books was granted and fulfilled. The Chairman of the Prisons Board was sorry for my self-denying decision. He, Max Green, was son-in-law of John Redmond, and by marriage shared the rebel tradition of Irish Ireland; but it had been put in kid gloves to help the Home Rule Bill through Westminster. It happened, however, that destiny had no use for kid gloves: they would be in the way when real he-man work was to be done from 1914 in England and Europe and from 1916 in Ireland. Max Green himself fell a victim later, not to the "suffragette outrage" of breaking a

pound's worth of glass in protest against a wrong, but to the murder-lust that unfulfilled desire in unregenerate humanity let loose in Ireland between members of the same race who differed on details of group organisation. I was entitled to a visit to Greta half way through the month, and arranged accordingly. Meanwhile things happened.

Anxiety as to the Lord Lieutenant's response to the petition for political status, and whether, if granted, it would be before the time expired after which the threatened hunger-strike would be begun, and whether the horrors of forcible feeding, as in England, would be repeated in Ireland, had us all on tenterhooks. Rumours came from Tullamore that the hunger-strike had begun but we had to wait on news that was certain before we could take public action. The news came by a late post on February 5. A letter was dated from elsewhere than Tullamore where one of the spiritual advisers had gone on a special duty. It read: "I have just received the enclosed. The only meaning I can take out of it is that the hunger strike has been begun and that this (Wednesday) is the third day. Sorry if I am correct." The enclosure was a telegram from which the office of origin and names of sender and addressee were carefully obliterated, and passed on the letter's suggestion of hunger strike. The wire said:

MATTHEW SIX SIXTEEN AND GENESIS ONE THIRTEEN PASS ON. Obviously it was a code covering a secret. A Bible was dug out and I turned up the texts given, with the following result:

MOREOVER, WHEN YE FAST, BE NOT AS THE HYPOCRITES, OF A SAD COUNTENANCE.

AND THE EVENING AND THE MORNING WERE THE THIRD DAY.

The crucial words were "fast" and "third day." I got in touch as quickly as possible with Skeffy, and, since he was a born news-vendor, the press of the world knew next day that the three suffragettes in Tullamore Jail in which men prisoners for the cause of Irish freedom had won the rights of politicals, had gone on hunger strike on February 3, since no response had been

received to the petition to the Lord Lieutenant. They knew of this petition through the prayer that Gretta has told of. The person who uttered the prayer that told God all that was happening, and did not tell the prisoner, was the same who concocted the Biblical code—and was in the front of public jubilation when the prisoners were ultimately released; a first class conspiratorial brain. The collapse of one of the prisoners, the temptation of the others that failed, and the winning of their rights, have been told by Gretta. My interview remains to be told.

All arrangements were made for my mid-month visit to Gretta in Tullamore Jail, on February 15 (1913). Whispers came that she was in good form during the strike and helped to keep the other three up. I got to Tullamore at 3.50 in the afternoon, with just time for my call on the prisoner and walk to and fro between trains. The Governor met me with an affable smile and warm handshake, and assured me of the honour they felt in having such fine ladies in their care. This was a good start. He took me personally to the visiting room, a square, whitewashed, unadorned room, with a fire in the grate, a clock above the fire, a large circular table in the middle of the floor with a chair at opposite sides of it. We were, he said, given fifteen minutes; and when Gretta entered from a passage escorted by a wardress, the Governor left me in the care of the clerk and a woman warder.

The hunger strike being over, and Gretta being the possessor of a first-class appetite and power of recuperation physically and by will, she was in the best of health and spirits. I had listed a number of points for her information. She was more interested in myself than in them, and sprawled along the edge of the circular table until, before the fifteen minutes were up, she was touching my hand. The Governor returned a minute before time. "Would you not be more comfortable on your seat, Mrs. Cousins?" he asked. "Thank you, Governor, this is my seat," she said, and like a shot she was on my knees and holding on to me with an arm round my neck. The Governor had turned away, and did not take official notice of the action. He



said to the clerk, "They may have another ten minutes." He left the room, and did not return, apprehensive perhaps that some other action would call for another ten minutes, or at least five, and cause me to have to rush for the train. The extra ten minutes got us beyond my list and a series of questions, some straight, some veiled, by Gretta, and ended decorously on our chairs. After Gretta's release a fortnight later, she, like a well-mannered guest, wrote thanking her host for his courtesy to her during the month under his care; and he, like a well-mannered host, responded in kind. "My duty here with you and your fellow prisoners," he wrote, "was made very light indeed by the kindly consideration and good sense you have always shown towards myself and the other officials in the discharge of our duties." He added, "You will, I am sure, be very busy preparing for your departure from this country. I am not writing words of empty flattery when I say the cause you have so much at heart will lose by your departure a lady and a leader of more than the ordinary ability and tact, whose place it will not be easy to fill with a person of equal qualifications." And if anyone has a nicer testimonial from their jailer with which to start on a new era they are welcome to it.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### "THE END OF AN ERA"

(J. H. C.) A change of continents at the zenith or thereabouts of life indicates forces beyond the ordinary attractions and repulsions of commonplace existence. One doesn't (two don't) pull life up by the roots without some necessity in circumstances or some attraction that has become a psychological necessity. The cause of our removal from Ireland, where we appeared to be so useful and so happy, was a fairly even distribution of push and pull. Our mutual tendency to turn conviction and practice into standard bearing and trumpet blowing did not diminish with the

years. Neither did the opposition to it of principalities and powers that could, if they desired, stop the thinnish flow of pounds, shillings and pence in our direction. A Committee managing a school on strictly episcopalian lines could not be expected to increase the salary of a junior master in ratio with his increasing notoriety as a writer in prose and verse that had a green tint in it, and as a figure in a hall where red ties were popular. “ Better a socialist in a job than out of one,” James Connolly had said to me. And the problem of nationalist and socialist (though under neither label could I be counted as orthodox) in a reverse environment was doubled by the notoriety of my wife as a militant suffragette whom I not only did not keep in her proper place but actually aided and abetted in “ The Irish Citizen ” of which in the last year of our Irish career I was shamelessly the editor. Economically I was in a cleft stick. My school salary was fixed : the expenses of life were growing. My reputation was gratifying ; but the reputations that led to income were attached to parties or organisations, and I was not of the kind that could be partitioned or roped in, though I almost became one of AE's agricultural demonstrators. My efforts to balance our budget had led me into bank directorship and insolvency. While I was an undischarged bankrupt I was on thin ice in a respectable school and ineligible for a responsible post in commerce again. These were the expulsive forces in our life in 1912. The attracting force came from India. Visitors from that country, intent on medicine or law, saw some possibility of service by us to education and womanhood. This added idealism and our growing desire for the touch of the posterity of the rishis and scholars and saints to economic necessity. Not that we thought of farewell to Ireland. Five years abroad was our longest intention, with a return specially equipped for teaching and/or journalism.

Then India took the matter in hand in an unthinkable, roundabout, and ultimately successful way. Our vegetarian activities brought to Dublin a pioneer in the manufacture of reformed foods and their accessories, Hugh Mapleton, founder and head of the manufactory at Garston, near Liverpool. He

gave a public cookery demonstration for the Irish Vegetarian Society, and stayed with us. Apparently he discovered that, in addition to our mutual interest in occult matters and membership of The Theosophical Society, I was rather intelligent and articulate; for he booked me to go to Liverpool to lecture for the Theosophical Lodge there. Incidentally I was to stay from Saturday to Monday with him at Garston. The incidental became fundamental, the master-stroke in the super-mundane conspiracy to get us to India. On the Sunday forenoon (this was in the autumn of 1912) he asked me to look over his factory. It was a day of rest for machinery as well as for employees, but I could get a general idea of the processes, and sample some of the results such as I already knew in their commercial coverings. After lunch my host became impressive and delivered himself somewhat as follows: "I think you are the man I have been looking for. I have noticed your intelligent interest in what you saw in the works this morning, and have seen a poet who has a trained business mind. We have, I notice, similar ideals of life and conduct. I need a man of just your kind to help me in an enterprise to spread the manufacture of reformed foods. I have received a capital sum from a wealthy Indian philanthropist to start a branch of our firm in Bombay. You seem to be the man I want as my deputy to manage the concern, after nine months here to study the organisation and technique." He mentioned a salary four times what I would ever receive from teaching in Dublin, until I went to India, after which it would be doubled. He left the matter with me to discuss with my wife, and on hearing from me he would do the rest. Here was an Englishman who had built up a concern of high repute, a man in whom the domed head of idealism collaborated with the angular hands of practical organisation within a temperament whose optimism radiated from a clear complexion and fair hair and beard, tentatively, yet with a quiet momentousness, setting the direction of our future—not the future itself, as will emerge, but the direction towards it. I talked the matter over with Gretta. We had no sublunary hints. A cool consideration of all the circumstances of our life together led to the conclusion that, if and when an official invitation came

from Mapletons, we would accept it. The invitation arrived on Christmas Day (1912). We accepted it. Thereafter came a period of pulling up of stakes.

The domestic event of the withdrawal was the marriage of Leslie Pielou and Gretta's sister Florrie which our approaching departure had precipitated. By a touch of whimsy Gretta's senior spiritual adviser in Tullamore Jail was invited to officiate. After the breakfast “ the pater ” proposed the health of the minister “ who had been engaged by the family for marriages—and other purposes.” The sly reference to “ other purposes ” by Joseph Gillespie who, a man of rigid conservative temperament, had been strongly opposed to Gretta's misdeeds, was much appreciated by those in the know.

The final function, before our departure, was a joint farewell in Hardwicke Hall, on May 29 (1913), by the dramatic, vegetarian and suffragist groups. The past was reembodyed in a revival of my two little plays that had opened the Irish Dramatic Company in 1902, “ The Sleep of the King ” and “ The Racing Lug,” with Mary Walker in the characters she had created in them eleven years previously. The future was happily seen to in a bag of sovereigns. This was given to Gretta, as I, an undischarged bankrupt, could only receive money en route to creditors, which was not the intention of the Presentation Committee.

W. J. Lawrence, in a last-minute handshake, with the flourish that was native to him, a dramatic critic, said : “ It is the end of an era.” Certainly it was the end of an era in our life, whatever it felt to him or others. Breadth of interest, in some parts deep, nowhere shallow, gave us friendships that made life a varied pleasure, with spaces between for our varied studies and activities. A critical friend accused us of making only propagandist friendships. There was some truth in it, but not enough. Not all our psychical or Theosophical friends were vegetarians ; few of our suffrage friends could have stood steady on the astral plane, though they were as rocks on lorries surrounded by jeering crowds of bipeds who counted themselves men. (One of the more charming of the suffragettes who had been addressing a hostile mob from an apse in a pillar of Butt Bridge, said she had felt like

a Blessed Virgin—and she a wife and a Protestant). Our literary friends were attached to, or semi-detached from, anything and everything in religion, politics and dietetics.

By one or other interest, through open house and sympathy with one thing or person at a time, we had a delightfully variegated clientele who were attached to us individually by one or perhaps two heterodoxies, and forgave us the rest.

Among our variegated friendships was that of James Joyce. When he scraped the clabber of Dublin off his boots (he would have shaken off the dust if there had been any, but humidity was no respector of similes), he made a ceremonial exit towards Trieste by having a printed copy of what he called *A Catharsis* distributed to his acquaintances. The copy that was dropped into our letter-box on his farewell night showed that he had not forgotten our hospitality to him, and our mental and musical exchanges that had presumably cancelled occult and dietetic eccentricities. But the point is that Joyce's back-of-my-hand to Dublin did not include me in its vituperation. This may have been a negative tribute to respect, or it may have been his unwritten estimate of my place in the movement, which chronologically was third, but in published achievement or quality was not so rated by my contemporaries—though the time came when "The Nation" (London) set my work only below that of the two leaders of the movement, AE and Yeats.

These variations of literary criticism were less than half way through the flowering decad. Life had led me along ways other than ordinary; but that which was the central desire of my personal life, the creation of poetry of the highest order, was yet beyond me. I knew it would be suicidal for me to attempt to intimidate my imagination with either the personality or the poetry of AE or Yeats, though much of their early work had a permanent place in my memory. Mine must, to have any authenticity, be mine own, even if an ill-favoured thing. There was something to be sung, and a way of singing it. These should be at the highest. I shared in some degree Blake's vision of infinity held in the palm of the hand. But that was only half of the matter. A miniature infinity in one's grasp, circumscribed

by one's palm, striated by one's lines of life and heart and head, was not, even by a stretch of metaphysical imagination, anything more than a glorified finitude, the wing-clipped captive of the sacerdotal mind. My born wish was to feel the palm of my hand, and all that it symbolised, held in the sure grasp of infinity, a dedicated instrument to be used by the creative spirit that I felt to be the aesthetical cause and intellectual explanation of life.

A gift (about 1907) of a new translation of the Irish myth of the Goddess, Etain, set my imagination alight (not ~~A~~fire, it being by nature less combustible than radiant) with the vision of an embodiment of perfection forced by the descensive power in the universe from her original state as consort of the King of Fairyland, through the intermediate state of consort of the God of Love, to the outer state of wife to the King of Ireland; and being drawn back by the allurements of the mind to reunion with her true husband. Here was matter to my taste, the circle of the cosmic life completed in a single story, and with a nearness to the details of nature and of human psychology in its earthly phase that excited the imagination with the anticipated delight of recreating the beauties of the temporal on the background of the eternal.

It took me five summer vacations to write "Etain;" and as each vacation, excepting that of 1912, was spent in a different part of Ireland, the scenery of the four provinces got amazingly mixed into it; not as decorative transcription, for I had a repugnance to immediacy and directness, and agreed with Shelley's prescription of nature as a palette from which to choose one's colours rather than as a copy. By some selective process of the imagination the details of nature never went beyond those of Ireland: no lion roared, no parrot shrieked. I had become objectively aware of the same intuitive selection of natural imagery in "Lir and Niav," in which no detail that was not of the sea (and Lir was the God of the Sea) intruded. The nature symbolism of "Etain" was more varied and concrete than that of "Lir and Niav," though it too had its limits, and only acknowledged the Atlantic Ocean, and the winds that

came from it, and the cool waters that laughed their way to it through ferny hollows, in three or four phrases. But the structure of the land (of the physical plane, though it was a plane of the imagination) is, if succinct, clear: windy hills, dark forests, dank sonorous glens; and an oblique reference to a dream that by day "had faded to a mist in some far-folded valley of the mind" has me back among the Twelve Bens of Connemara, under the enchantment of form and tint and shadow that the responsive mind yields to in the veilings and unveilings of overlapping hillsides and enfolded hollows and tarns.

"Etain the Beloved" was published by Maunsel & Co. for the winter season of 1912, simultaneously with "Poems" by Seumas O'Sullivan and "The Hill of Vision" by James Stephens. Nothing special happened. Local reviews were appreciative but unintelligent. A miniature review in a London daily paper, by J. Middleton Murry, then just out of college, consigned the poem to ruin because it had a view of the universe—like, I presumed, poor old ruined Dante and Milton and Tennyson who also had views. Privately I had a suspicion that in technique I had got the nearest of any of the movement to the versual distinction of the Bards, and had caught, and developed, some of their ideas of individual and super-human life. Some days after we had settled in Mrs. Entwistle's spare bedroom and parlour in Island Road, Garston, near Liverpool, as the nine-months stage towards India, I received a letter from Padric Colum (dated June 10, 1913) from Dublin, in which he expressed regret for having left the farewell function so early (he was always in a hurry: Dudley Digges threw a visit of Colum into, "How are you? Goodbye"), which he would not have done if he had known we were leaving Ireland so soon after it. "I thought it was a great privilege to be asked to speak. I am sorry I had not considered the splendid poem you sent "The Irish Review", (of while he was joint editor), before my speech. I said I had difficulty in placing you in relation with the Gaelic poets. Now when I read your poem I am surprised that I said this. I have seen nothing so Gaelic in feeling and form. I think it is a grand poem and I am publishing it this month with one of the best of

AE's". The poem was "The Fire of Love, the Wine of Love and the Wings" which I had written in Killarney on the Easter visit that we had recently made on the tenth anniversary of our marriage.

As Gretta has already recorded, June 2, 1913, we crossed to Liverpool and to all that was to follow.

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#### CHAPTER XIX

### DIGRESSIONS

(J. H. C.) Four days after our arrival in Garston I was sent off to Hamburg to investigate the affairs of a food manufactory on the same lines as Mapleton's, which was said to have got in danger of bankruptcy through defalcation though its business was profitable and growing. If I confirmed these matters, Mapletons would take over the concern, discharge its liabilities, and thus make a large extension of the work for food reform of which Hugh Mapleton was a devoted pioneer.

The manufactory was located in what were the "slums" of Hamburg; that is, a congeries of houses of three or four storeys providing living suites for the working classes. The workers in Rothfritz's factory came mostly from a higher social stratum. They were quiet, tidy, industriously dull, and earned a modest wage for unconscionably long hours of work; but this was general.

The Comic Muse (of George Meredith) reminded me in a left-handed manner one flighty evening of a side of my nature that was in danger of obscuration. I determined to see something of the pleasure side of German life, if Hamburg was Germany, and not just the birthplace of Brahms. I invited my host and hostess to take me to some eligible place. They suggested a restaurant where good music was played. Fathers, mothers and offspring walked in, sat down, ordered inoffensive drinks, perhaps listened to the band, paid, rose, walked out. It was



all very sad, and I tried to cheer up at least our table on the balcony by being appreciative of the music. I applauded the music and the conductor's calisthenics. At an interval the band retired to their special room, and passing our table gave me a deep bow that had no hint of irony in it. They did the same on the way back to their platform. I asked my host if they bowed to me because I was the sole obvious appreciator of their efforts, or if they were polite to an obvious foreigner. He could not explain what appeared to be an unusual phenomenon. But half through another lemon squash illumination came. His eyes focussed themselves on my butterfly tie, which had become a habit with me in even the most incongruous circumstances, and he exclaimed: "Ah! now I know! It is your cravat! They mistake you for an artist!" The discovery of the mistake obscured my pleasure in a foreign spree for a moment or two.

My report, on my return to England a week later, confirmed the prosperity of the Hamburg firm. In a promising emergency the money earmarked for starting a branch of Mapleton's nut-food manufactory in Bombay, to which I was to move as manager in nine months, was used for buying it up, in the assurance that it would be returned by then. Fourteen months later the war of 1914 broke out, and incidentally confiscated Mapleton's foreign money in Hamburg, and condemned Gretta and me to an indefinite stay in Garston.

The shortness of our anticipated stay in Garston, on the way to India, made us eager to see as much of the English scene (also of the Welsh and Scottish) as we could manage in intervals off duty. Our excursions here and there, she demonstrating cookery, I lecturing, did not satisfy our deeper nature-hunger. We wanted time for communion rather than controversy, for sinking into the Cosmic Being instead of projecting mental and emotional fragments of ourselves at others with the certainty of still minuter fragmentation of comprehension.

Saturday afternoons were spent, if the weather permitted, in cycle runs, or in train-trips and walks, to handy places where tea could be had between going and coming. The nearest of these were Hale and Speke, between Garston and such congested

and odoriferous centres of industrial civilisation as Warrington and Widnes. Around these old-world villages there were numerous gardens from which, in season, boys and girls and elders cycled home with great bunches of flowers on their back-carriers, like amazing peacocks, as we too did at times.

Further afield was Frodsham, in Cheshire. Hugh Mapleton was (among other things such as a wearer of sandals, then a sign of "softening of the brain") a caravanner, and had left a comfortable wagon in a farmer's field beyond the town. To this he introduced us on a Saturday afternoon by way of inducing us to spend a week-end in it. This trip was beyond our idea of leisurely cycling: it had to be done mainly by train and partly on foot. On the way home to Garston matter for poetry unexpectedly appeared. Greta's voice, with a touch of awe in it, exclaimed, "O Jim! look at the Logos making worlds!" I looked—and caught him in the act: a country boy perched on the top of a gate to a field of ripe corn, blowing bubbles out of an old clay pipe from soap-suds in a cup between his knees, as I had myself done ages ago. Greta's interpretation possessed my imagination; and next day I wrote "Bubble-Blowers," which was destined to intervene in my record many years hence in another continent. Our week-end later in the caravan became the occasion of another poem. Greta proved that her cookery demonstrations were not merely theoretical. I did the to-and-fro work for water and edibles at the cheerful farmer's house. The caravan was in the middle of a big meadow, accessible by a gate that was kept closed against cattle save at proper times. Early in the morning, after a good night's sleep, though on narrow benches, in rural silence, we were awakened by a rhythmic movement that felt as if the van had changed its mind and become the cabin of a ship at sea. I investigated, and found a cow using an end of the caravan as a scratching post for her hind-quarters. I brought a tin dust-pan down on her rump with a whack that sent her in a circle, head down, eyes glaring with an expression of indignation at my insult. At the same time a multitude of cattle encircled the van revolving goodness knows what sympathetic revenge. There was no use in explaining that I did not eat

cow corpses, or that my caress with the dust-pan was an example of Irish humour. Gretta tittered inside and spoke irrelevantly of gargoyles. . . Relief duly came, and the herd drifted away, though the offended cow remained to the last with a rebuking gaze. I expressed my regrets and told her I would put her in a poem which I saw glimmering ahead. Thereafter came "The Magical Ring" in which cow and bull found themselves lifted sky-high, like the boy's bubbles.

A fortnight's vacation (September 4 to 18, 1913) gave us an opportunity to make a longer acquaintance with nature than week-ends. We chose the Welsh beauty-spot, Bettws-y-Coed. We had rooms in the home of an old Lancashire man and his daughter who seemed a notch above the ordinary in address and intelligence. A queer sound in the trees on our first evening at Bettws-y-Coed raised a question by me, to which the old gentlemen answered, "Thems the (h)owls 'owlin' in the (h)oaks." On the second day a newspaper boy handed in, to my surprise, a copy of the weekly spiritualist magazine, "Light," which I had known for some years. Discreet enquiry elicited the information that they belonged to the cult which was widespread in the north of England. They held regular circles. Before long we had a seance of the whole party. But there was nothing special to record. The wooded hills and glens and valleys around Bettws-y-Coed were a delight to us, and lured us on morning and evening walks and climbs to the ridge above its dark tarn. A climb of Snowdon (3560 feet) was a day's excursion with a drive to the foot of the mountain. And legend with a core of history, and literature with the light of vision, went and came with us on a walk over the moors to the grave of Taliesin the Bard.

Whitsuntide (May 30 to June 2) 1914 was given a brilliant place in our memory through the kindness of friends who offered us the use of their country cottage at Cunsey on the edge of Windermere. The heavenly peace by the side of the lapping water under venerable trees was tangible, especially in the dusks and dawns. On Whit Sunday we walked over the pass to the edge of Coniston Lake. The Wordsworth attitude had so

thoroughly permeated the district that it had obscured my memory of literary history. It was only when we came upon an ornately carved monument over a grave, and read the name John Ruskin, that I recalled "Brantwood" and his heroic attempt to do without a publisher. Here, in the house within the gate by the water's edge, Ruskin lived from 1871 to 1900; yet the time-distance from his departure (then a mere fifteen years) seemed an aeon compared with the sixtyfive years since Wordsworth's exit: whereon hung a number of morals concerning literary longevity that we discussed on our way home. A short steamer trip and motor-bus drive on Whit Monday morning took us to Grasmere and the home of Wordsworth's spirit. We sat quietly in the little country church in which he expressed his community of aspiration with others; and in front of the simple slab in the graveyard, bearing only his name, we meditated on the mystery of the coming and going of genius, and not of William Wordsworth only but of Hartley Coleridge the superb sonneteer. But it was in Dove Cottage, the first home of the Wordsworths in the Lake District (1799-1813) that we got the full Wordsworthian flavour. It was a deep experience to our psychically sensitive natures to stand with throbbing hearts and moist eyes in the room beside the table at which the hand of the poet had first written the immortal declaration.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting. . . .

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## CHAPTER XX

### VOTES FOR WOMEN—(*Continued*)

(M. E. C.) Our removal from Ireland to England, with India on the horizon, did not take me far from the suffrage movement in both islands. Hopelessness, as far as political intelligence was concerned in Ireland, and exasperation as regards so-called democratic institutions in England, were driving the double movement towards a crisis. We in Ireland, for all our racial

reputation of "spoiling for a fight," had got no further in "violence" than window-breaking and the painting of "Votes for Women" on Government letter-boxes. English women had gone some stages nearer male militancy, and tension was in the air as to what the next would be. The answer to the question came within the first fortnight of our life in Garston. Jim was no sooner back from his unexpected trip to Hamburg than I had to make an equally unexpected trip to London, to attend the funeral of Emily Davidson who, as a protest against the treatment of the women's demand, and for the securing of publicity that was restricted by those in power, stopped the King's horse in a race by rushing in front of it, and was killed in doing so. Six years previously, when I gave a period of service to the work in London, I had been attached to her, and with her spoke from the Cobden Statue. She was a college woman and as steady as a rock. She spoke well but unemotionally. She had a store of historical knowledge. I thought she had no imagination; yet she had thought out a wholly unexpected and individual act of militancy that she knew was almost certain to cost her her life, or permanent disablement, in the service of the cause. I left Garston on Saturday, June 14, 1910, at 7.30 a.m., and was back at 10 p.m.; but the emotions of the occasion, in the train journey and in walking in the long funeral procession of women through famous London thoroughfares lined by thick crowds whose men showed their recognition of the occasion by solemnly raising their hats and caps, gave it a length beyond time and a breadth beyond Britain. London had seen many processions; but the simplicity, the quietness, the purity of that interminable line of women-mourners, in whose sorrow there was a glory of sacrifice, carried the impersonality and meaning of the act deep into the consciousness of the people. Triviality over the movement had left the male mind for some time; where it was not serious it was savage. It had been realised that the women were in earnest, and earnestness did not stop at conventional niceties. Here was an example of it, a final dissipation of the misrepresentation by politicians and press that the suffragettes were only out for cheap notoriety. One did not get killed just to enjoy the

sensation of it. There had been a general attitude of giving the "suffs" enough rope and they would hang themselves; but the epic sacrifice of Emily Davidson began to make the public realise that the rope was on another neck, and that the incomplete and hypocritical "old order" was itself on the way to a scaffold of its own raising.

My interest went chiefly into meetings under the auspices of the Women's Social and Political Union and occasional free-lance speeches to local societies. Whatever quality came with my own speeches appeared to amuse and occasionally to light up the audience. At the end of a meeting in Walton a youngish woman introduced herself to me as a teacher in a large school, debarred from action, but a believer in the logic of the cause. She had noticed a difference between my way of expressing myself and the English speakers, a blend of whimsy and some philosophy of life that she would like to know of. We talked the matter over, and her analysis of my thought and expression was a revelation of myself to myself. The humour she found in me was obviously not trifling, as it was used in illustration of some point on which I was dead serious. But behind the general thought was an attitude to life that held both humour and seriousness together, and mingled earnestness with tolerance. I could not explain myself; the qualities she and others noticed and labelled "Irish" were just natural to me. Of course one's special interests had a bearing on one's quality. My acceptance of the Three Objects of The Theosophical Society that satisfied my enquiring mind and were confirmed, directly or by analogy, by my own psychic experiences, indicated an approach to life which, while it was my own, was also a Theosophical point of view. I put my inquisitive friend in touch with books. By and by she joined the Society, and in the course of time became one of its most intelligent and experienced members, Carol Davey.

Heckling became my most extreme form of militancy during our English interlude. I was chosen to ask the Bishop of Liverpool, at an appropriate point in his speech at a public political meeting, apropos of "democracy" or some such slogan, the simple question, "But what about votes for women?" An

honest answer, for or against, or a humorous rejoinder, would have ended the matter with a polite "Thank you" from the heckler. We had not reached the refinement of male political tactics that broke up an opposition meeting. The stewards and audiences of anti-suffrage or non-suffrage meetings saved us the trouble by breaking up their own meetings when a single questioning voice was heard. The loss of control on such occasions was an extraordinary demonstration of male hysteria; and it fell to such a depth of vulgarity and cruelty in the handling of one or two women by gangs of stewards that one lost hope of the manhood of England (save a noble handful) and wondered what reprisal it was provoking from destiny.

Happily I managed to get through my questioning of the Bishop with nothing more serious than ejection; but with me was ejected a conviction that the cause of womanhood was nothing to the Established Church, and that all organised religion would have to be dealt with, and not only on the matter of votes for women. This was on October 23, 1913. There were threats of increased severity after the usual manner of the top dog, but these did not deter the militants. They had faced torture from forcible feeding, and possible death from starvation, and if men chose to humiliate themselves below the level of the beast, they, not the women, would have to answer at the assize of the future for their dereliction of humanity. But the militants were not dealing with anti perfidy softly. Provision was made against personal assault. In this assurance I steeled myself for November 4, when Sir John Simon was to address a political meeting in Liverpool. Before the meeting a man indicated privately to me that he was on duty to see me safe, and he looked as if he would, with his alert countenance and strong body. When the customary political platitudes began to appear, I let them have a quiet start; I even approved of them with an occasional "hear hear" and probably looked as safe as any of the few orthodox women who were present. Then, when the millennium was just round the corner, under the auspices of the Party that ran the meeting, I rose, and, as loudly as I could, finished one of the speaker's periods with "... of course including votes for women."

Pandemonium opened up. Lines of scowling stewards converged in my direction ; so many men to eject one small woman ! When the first of them got near enough to hear, my escort roared out : " Don't dare to lay a hand on my wife . . ." with a clenched upraised right fist that apparently carried conviction to the others. He hooked my right arm in his left and drew me towards an exit. We got past lines of angry faces along a corridor ; and by tram and train my unofficial husband left me at my door at Garston and vanished into the night.

From November 10 to 13, Liverpool had the spiritual enrichment of a visit from Mrs. Despard, that perpetual centre of ideal inspiration. She and the Pethick-Lawrences had broken away from the Pankhursts on matters of militant action. She was the head of the new Women's Freedom League. Its aims were the same as those of The Women's Social and Political Union. All suffragists loved her. In a big meeting Mrs. Despard emphasised the vote as the key to new doors of human service. A resolution condemning forcible feeding and demanding a Government measure for women suffrage was carried with one dissentient. A report from " The Liverpool Express " fills out the record of the visit.

" In recognition of her twenty years' labours for food reform, a luncheon was given today to Mrs. Despard by the Liverpool Vegetarian Society, at the Vegetarian Restaurant, Eberle Street. Their guest, said Mrs. Cousins, Mus. Bac., the president, was an arch-reformer and pioneer of the cause of freedom. Many of them looked to her as being the real Queen Mother of Freedom, from the soles of her feet, where she wore sandals, to the top of her head, where she did not wear a hat (laughter and applause). She had as great a love for the freedom of the animal as for men and women, and was the freest woman she (the speaker) had ever met (applause). Mrs. Despard expressed the opinion that vegetarianism was really at the base of a great many things. Food seemed only a humble thing, but if they realised what did and might go into them through the body, then perhaps they would think the question of food was one of the greatest importance."



On August 2, 1914, war broke out. In the stupendous crisis that overtook Europe and Britain, militancy was called off. Asquith's musty slogan that "a woman's place is the home" was drowned by his call for women to take their place in the munitions manufactory. In due time the inconsistency of this without the rights and duties of citizenship broke down conventional opposition, and women won the vote, first with an age-limit, finally fully; and in process of time became members of the Parliament that had formerly regarded them as unfit to express a political opinion. Thus the race moved a step towards sanity.

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## CHAPTER XXI

### A WOMEN'S CHURCH

(M. E. C.) The suffrage struggle, as it developed, brought a number of other questions to the front. One of these was women's place in the church. I was not myself an enthusiastic church-goer. Yet psalms and hymns stirred something in my background, and where responses did not agree with my conviction, I left on others the responsibility of making them. My movements among Englishwomen of various classes and creeds and interests made me aware of a growing dissatisfaction among them regarding their recognised relationship to the organised churches. This was particularly marked among women of the Church of England. The stock phrase "Dearly beloved brethren" first amused them as an obsolete antiquity, but afterwards began to irritate them as an ancient assertion of their inferiority. I had no regular connection with any church, but my thoughts on such matters drew a number of questioning women towards me. In this, as in other things, I had no ambition towards leadership, and so did not exploit the opportunity that was beginning to present itself of founding a new religious body. Being in sympathy with the newly expressed desire for a religious body that gave woman her rightful place, I helped the movement, and out of many

meetings and talks and plans an organisation grew that for some time had considerable influence on the religious life of Liverpool and its vicinity.

The new organisation was called The Church of the New Ideal. Its departments were entrusted to various women. I was given the compilation of the form of service. As news of the approaching opening of the church got about, interest became keen, and reached even London.

The Church of the New Ideal was opened in Liscard, Cheshire, Town Hall on Sunday, March 22, 1914, by the Rev. Hattie Baker, who had been consecrated to the ministry by her father, a well-known Non-conformist clergyman, and had acted for him in his pulpit. The afternoon service drew a large congregation of women only. The open evening service filled the large hall with men and women who, whatever natural curiosity or other reason brought them, paid reverent attention to the new and solemn occasion. The Order of Service was as follows: 1. Short invocation by the officiant. 2. General prayer. 3. Hymn. 4. Lesson. 5. Hymn and Offertory. 6. Extempore prayer and Lord's Prayer. 7. Sermon. 8. Hymn. 9. Benediction.

The Rev. Hattie Baker, mature, ascetic, intellectual, preached a sermon of great impressiveness. Yet for all her and our carefulness to explain that the church was not an anti-man institution, some of the newspapers played up the false tune that what is *for* something is therefore *against* something else.

How far the influence of the new church had grown in a couple of months can be seen in a report which appeared in the London paper, "The Daily News and Leader," of May 20. The report is headed, "Women in the Pulpit. Far-reaching claims at Liverpool conference."

"It is not good for man to be alone—even in the pulpit. In this epigrammatical adaptation of the Biblical dictum, Mrs. Cousins, the well-known Liverpool suffragist, summed up a far reaching claim for a larger place for women in Church life in the course of an address at the spring conference of the Liberal Christian League at Liverpool yesterday. The

Church, she declared, had lent itself to the subjection of women, and it was not supporting women in their efforts to emancipate themselves as it ought to support them, notwithstanding that women were the mainstay of the Church. 'If it were not for the women in the Churches you might shut them all up. Yet women are treated in the churches as if they were children. We are simply to be seen and not heard.' 'Preaching has been a masculine monopoly, but the women's time to preach is coming. Women would no doubt preach the same things as men, but they would view them from a different angle. It was the habit of men to think and talk of property and 'things.' Women from the time they were born always looked at human affairs. Women had asked to be made wardens, vestry women, and sideswomen, but the Bishop of Leeds had said it was not seemly for women to collect money in the church. Did his Lordship think it seemly for women to be there at all? The religious half of the race, she claimed, was the feminine half, and if it were not for women we should be a set of atheists. Even in the Free Churches the door was shut to women.' If the churches, declared Mrs. Cousins, pointing to the fact that a church with a woman preacher and officers had been founded at Liverpool, 'do not voluntarily and willingly ask us to come into their administration on an absolute equality with men, that will happen which has already taken place as a first step in one part of Liverpool. Women will organise their own churches.' (Applause).

The Church of the New Ideal went on steadily with its services. I preached at times. The first phase, that of having its services conducted only by women, ended in a year. The new phase was opened by admitting a man-preacher on May 9, 1915. The choice fell on my husband both because he had reached a position of literary eminence and had been a frequent and appreciative and understanding attendant at the services. Characteristically he chose as his subject "The Eternal Feminine," and took as his double text one from Haggai, II, 1-9, "The glory of the latter house shall be greater than the former", and from Revelation XII,

"There appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and having the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." The Church of the New Ideal continued its work for some time after we were in India. Many people beside ourselves contributed sermons, but this book is not their autobiography.

## CHAPTER XXII

## WAR, FOOD AND THOUGHT

(J. H. C.) On August 2, 1914, the event occurred which brought the future to somewhere close at hand. Someone shot somebody; and in revenge, with that marvellous intelligence to which Europe then laid unique claim, everybody got to shooting at everybody else as quickly as possible. The war of 1914 had broken out. Problems arose. Apart from the question of our getting to India there was the other one of the feeding of the inhabitants of the British Isles in case . . . A public meeting was called in Liverpool at which the "cranks" of the vegetarian movement were asked to give reasons for their not being considered as cranky as formerly. A noted clergyman, not a vegetarian, made the astonishing statement that the "faddists" of yesterday had become the dietetic saviours of today. The demand for knowledge of a meatless diet spread. The dead animals on which all but a few of the population of Britain lived were transported from Ireland. Something might interfere with the transport; submarines were likely to be the fashion. There were bare spaces in England on which grains and vegetables could be grown. But could the British people, front or rere, exist without the "roast beef of old England"?—which was really the variously cooked beef of old Ireland. In satisfaction of this spirit of enquiry Gretta and I had to make many excursions. A demand also arose for information and thought on questions of life after death that the war created.

A Simple Life Exhibition was held in London at which Mapletons took a stall which I was deputed to fit up, and of which I was to be the chief demonstrator. There I got an additional lesson in making a chaos of all sorts into an artistic cosmos of grouped affinities. I fancy I put into it some of the sense of design, and of other qualities that go, say, to the making of a sonnet, that was part of my make-up as a poet. Anyhow the stall was a centre of attraction. Among a crowd of applicants for samples of Mapleton's preparations I saw a face crumpled up with ribal jocosity. I asked the owner of it what he was suffering from so that I might make his sample suit his condition. All he could gurgle was: "I never thought I would live to see one of the Irish poets distributing bits of cake to unpoetical Cockneys." No more did I; but when one is intent on going somewhere, one has to take in the intervening stopping-places; and Garston and London lay between Ireland and India. Who he was or how he knew me I had no chance of ascertaining. But I realised that, with my particular natal outfit of stars and my double crown, it was possible for a poet to make poetry out of cakes, even if he could not do much at making cakes out of poetry.

Our responsibility in regard to the public presentation of food reform had increased through the election of Gretta as President of the Liverpool Vegetarian Society. Her interest in music, poetry, and drama, brought an artistic element into association with the movement, and lifted it above the mere matter of eating and drinking. The collaboration of aesthetics and dietetics made life quite interesting, and brought us friends. For example: In the second month of the war a Russian actress of repute, Lydia Yavorska, came to Liverpool to give a week's performance of Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina." We got to know that she was a confirmed vegetarian, and Gretta succeeded in inducing her to lunch with the Liverpool Vegetarian Society (September 25, 1914). It happened that the actress was not as precise regarding time as a commercial traveller. On her way to the lunch she heard of a Russian steamer's arrival in the Mersey, and felt it a duty to visit it. The lunch had to wait an hour and a half; but

it was voted that the glow of genius and the inspiration she gave us made the delay worth while.

A short time later I got a telegram inviting me to spend a week-end with her at Sheffield. There was no indication of the purpose of the visit; but life had so many possibilities, and sometimes perhaps responsibilities, signalled towards by destiny, that Gretta and I decided that I should go, and take pot luck. She was not included in the invitation. Now Sheffield was, as Gretta and I knew from experience, the main-line station for the home of Edward Carpenter in the valley of the hamlet of Millthorpe, where, in a hut beside a stream at the end of his garden, he had written the great poetical scripture, "Towards Democracy," and masterpieces in prose. Hugh Mapleton had taken us there one week-end when the four of us heartily enjoyed the choicest vegetarian food, and talked Irish poetry and drama galore, not to mention world art and Indian philosophy, and heard from Edward's own lips, as he sat cross-legged on a couch like a picture of a yogi, the story of a gift of a copy of the "Bhagavad Gita" from an Indian fellow-student at Cambridge, later Sir P. Arunachalam, one of the great figures of Ceylon, that had altered his view of life, and given him the spiritual background that he needed. A reference to his book, "Angels' Wings," in which he wrote with extraordinary insight of music, led to Gretta's playing to him, at his request, the entire Waldstein Sonata of Beethoven from memory on his seldom used piano. Later in the evening we adjourned to the big barn where on Saturday nights the local country-folk gathered for social intercourse, sometimes dances, sometimes drama. On this occasion it was a dance in which the aged poet with the head and beard of George Meredith led off with a suffragette who had been twice in prison.

The invitation from Lydia Yavorska (socially Princess Bariatinsky though the Prince was in the background) to Sheffield and the contiguity of Millthorpe, suggested a planetary conjunction. But it was preceded by a preliminary twinkling of stars. I got to Sheffield in time for the final night of the visit, and had the weird experience of sitting in a theatre packed with

people of whom I knew not a single one save the actress. After the performance I was welcomed by the actress behind the stage ; and after three hours of superintending packing of " props " for the next theatre, she invited me to accompany her on a walk to get a view of some interesting aspects of the city of steel. We tramped from the theatre through streets of diminishing respectability. I presumed we were on short cuts to the " view," but noticed that her catholicity in architectural appreciation included groupings of street corners and chimney pots that had, at that hour of the night, a certain pictorial peculiarity. Suddenly the Princess said, " Now we'll have some supper." The staff were waiting about the door to a most unappetising house. She led us by a narrow hall made narrower by a hat-rack into a parlour where there was no flavour of " early to bed and early to rise." Certain photographs, per contra, had a very theatrical touch, and " early to bed " was obviously translated as the small hours of the morning. This, I learned from the staff, was Lydia Yavorska's favourite kind of rendezvous while on tour ; she being a Tolstoyan and aristocrat to whom mean streets were a treat. After much talk interspersed by eating, with moments of oblivion by members of the staff whose nodding heads jerked into position at a pointed remark about intoxicated meat-eaters, she shooed us out at four o'clock to find our respective dosses. I only remember that I got into bed—and out again for an unconscionably early breakfast, and a start with the Princess in a waiting taxi for Millthorpe and Edward. When we walked into Edward's garden we were met by George Merrill, his trusted man, in short sleeves and knickers. The Princess, who had got to know him in the theatre, called : " Hello George ! You're not the only person who wears knickers," and whisked off her skirt and flung it like a flying witch's cloak over a hedge ; and for the rest of the day made a knickered threesome with Edward (who was unthinkable without plus fours) and George.

The centre of our intellectual and occult activities was the City of Liverpool Lodge of the Theosophical Society. Compared with the free-mindedness and altertness of the Irish groups we at first found it stodgy. Our spontaneous efforts towards Theosophical

life as well as permutations and combinations of Theosophical terms, trod on corns of whose existence we were blissfully unaware till the salutary damage was done. By and by youth and music entered. Gretta's masterly piano-playing at the opening of the Sunday evening meetings rescued music from the banality into which it might fall. The noted violinist of the Halle orchestra, Manchester, Rawdon Briggs, gave a delightful recital in the Wirrall Lodge which we all attended. But the artistic peak of Liverpool Lodge was a 'cello recital by John Foulds, also of the Halle band. We had attained his artistic and intellectual friendship through Mrs. Maud Mann. I had heard and seen Mrs. Mann (Miss MacCarthy, daughter of an Irish doctor domiciled in Australia) as a violin prodigy at twelve, in my very young manhood in Belfast, hold a large audience spell-bound in the great Ulster Hall. Musical critics had named her as the true successor to Joachim. Years afterwards, when I began to read Theosophical magazines, I found her name as an organiser of an art movement, and got to know that she had developed into a musical occultist, a recipient of superconscious intimations regarding the Mystery of the Arts. In occasional trips from Garston to London I grew to realise the importance of what she could contribute towards the enriching of Theosophical experience by the high creative influence of the arts, and, perhaps more necessarily, the illumination and exaltation of artists by the vision and technique of life promulgated by Theosophists. Gretta and I had become convinced that intellectual jugglery on the one hand, and sentimental derivativeness on the other, could be partly, if not wholly, corrected by the development of art-appreciation. On the side of art, long before the war we had felt the growing momentum of a bog-slide towards anarchic sensuality in both art and life. We longed for a group of artists who realised the unity underlying the diversities of life, who found joy in the beneficent interaction of all varieties of aesthetical and human expression, and who shared with us the experience of inspiration and illumination from higher levels of consciousness.' When, therefore, I got word from Mrs. Mann that she was coming from London to Manchester on behalf of the Brotherhood of Arts



that she had founded, I suggested that she should see the Halle 'cellist, John Foulds, who had become keen on Theosophy, and get him to join the new organisation. She did, and he did. In person John Foulds might have been twin brother of W. B. Yeats, so alike were they in height, facial appearance, hair, voice and deportment; and it was a great happiness to find a man of such physical and artistic distinction in the Theosophical movement in England, even as AE and Yeats had been in it in Ireland. As a player on the 'cello Foulds was superb. But he was also an erudite scholar in musical history and technology. Later he was to become, in collaboration with Maud Mann, a profound exponent of the occult basis of music, and author of one of the few books that unveil musical reality, "Music Today."

Our talkative adventures were more often alone than together. But on occasions when we coincided, I was much interested in what was apparently an ingredient of my own expression as well as Gretta's, spontaneous quips and contradictions that became a conventional phrase in platform introductions under the term "Irish humour." I happened to be at the birth of Gretta's delineation of the difference between the Irish and English people, apropos of Napoleon's jibe at the English as a nation of shopkeepers. Without premeditation she ejected what ought to be one of the classics of epigram. Starting with a well-known song, she said: "The Irish idea is 'A little farm well tilled.' The English idea is a little till well farmed." At a suffrage meeting those who were awake to verbal twists had a good time, as I had, when, at an apex of earnestness, without a squirm, she declared—"Times are changing, the women are beginning to take the talking into their own hands." On some special occasion which neither of us remembers she announced that "A great day for Ireland dawned last night." I recall her description, to a group of friends, of the abortive deputation to John Redmond: "We were all very restrained. All the same we were hanging out flags in our insides." I knew the flags were not white ones, for just then "stiff upper lips" were becoming noticeable among the suffragettes. Hence the answer to a question of mine when I saw her unusually quiet:

"No, I'm not meditating. I'm militating." Of a promising newcomer into suffrage activity she said: "She is a very determined woman: she has a lot of backbone in her face." On the quieter subject of house-furnishing she returned from an afternoon out with the announcement: "I was in a newly married drawing-room today." One morning I asked her if she had had a good night's sleep. She replied: "I was wide awake for a long time, and when I awoke I found I had been asleep all the time." Being no mathematician, though I taught mathematics in the Dublin High School, I have never been able to solve the problem involved in her statement that "This day eight years ago tomorrow was a day just like this."

Our public activities made us various kinds of friendships. Father Tom Bowler of Garston Catholic Church, was not concerned in our intellectual or dietetic vagaries. Yet he came into our philosophical studies unexpectedly on one occasion. Like most of the younger generation of Irish priests he was keenly interested in the literary and dramatic revival, and, knowing of my contribution to both sides of it, looked me up as soon as it was noised abroad that a person bearing my name had arrived within the territorial, if not the theological, mearings of his parish. He had three thousand parishioners, mostly descendants of poor-class Irish immigrants. As none of these were celebrated for quietism or white holiness, Father Bowler's confessional nights were a pull on his sensitiveness; and as a relief he occasionally came unannounced to our lodgings to have a change of atmosphere by chatting on the Irish movement or on Francis Thompson's poetry which he admired for other reasons than "The Hound of Heaven." One evening when a group of Theosophical students were discussing philosophy in our parlour, the door opened and Father Bowler walked in in semi-regimentals, with a floppy hat in hand, and a reeking pipe in his mouth. He made to withdraw; but I told him he was just the person we needed to clear up some points about the Scholastic Philosophy. He gave us what might have been a closely prepared talk for an hour.

An attempt by a man who regarded himself as a high occultist to draw me into a pledged group, of which he was the head,

failed on my finding that the group excluded both humour and women. My wife was much more eligible for membership of any occult group than I. Apart from this, I am afraid difficulties would have arisen through temperamental disparity. I could not for long have stood the quality of mind shown in the following dialogue at a dinner party which was given by a friend to bring us together.

OCCULTIST (illustrating for my edification his occult powers). Yes, I had to spend some hours through a snowy night at a railway station in the Highlands ; and I was quite comfortable in my ordinary summer clothes, because I kept warm by my occult powers. Another man who was waiting between trains was shivering, though he had on one big coat over the other. He looked like an elephant.

MYSELF (apparently seriously seeking light). Dear me ! Dressed up like an elephant. By the way, had he a trunk ?

OCCULTIST (thinking back to the occasion). No, he hadn't a trunk. It was a portmanteau he had.

Gretta's foot met my shin under the table and I suspended further questions of that subtle kind.

But there are occultists and occultists. A visit from Alfred Vout Peters to Liverpool renewed a warm friendship. His psychic gifts had ceased to surprise me. Our literary interests were a constant delight. On a walk together along Lord Street he broke our chat and said there was a bookshop somewhere near that, he felt, must have an old volume that he badly wanted. He found the shop and asked for the book. The shopman had never heard of it. Alfred enquired what the out-of-the-way top shelves were used for. For obsolete stuff, occasionally items from private auctions that didn't fulfil hopes of demand. It hadn't been looked at by anyone but the duster for years. "Well, if you now look at . . . (place indicated) you will find the book I want." And he did, and got an unexpected sovereign for it ; and Alfred filled the blank in his collection, and forgot all about psychism.

Our reforming activities during our English interlude before and after the outbreak of war, though increased by the call on

them from developing circumstances, did not obscure our natural delight in things artistic. Irish drama had become remote to me as an activity, but I was not long in Garston before the Liverpool Playgoers' Society, the local branch of the Gaelic League, my early membership of which I could now avow without fear of padres and position, and other bodies, called on me for such lectures as "The Beginnings of the Irish dramatic Movement," "The Stage Irishman," and others. A competent group of Irish players under the auspices of Jim Larkin's labour organisation came to Liverpool and district to earn money and raise sympathy. At a great meeting I was asked to speak, for ten minutes between two plays, on "The State of Dublin." The speech nearly diverted destiny. I had just received from Skeffy a blue book, the official Report of a Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes in Dublin, and I let the big audience have figures that drew cries of "Shame" from them. In the interval I was asked to have tea behind the stage with an eminent man who had listened to me from a box and on getting some personalia had expressed a wish to meet me. I knew nothing of him; but I soon saw that he was much less interested in Irish slums than in Irish drama; and the interval closed with a request from him to send him any writings of my own that I had at hand: address Sir Edward Russell, at "The Daily Post and Mercury," Victoria Street. By and by I received from him a very cordial letter and encouragement to future literary friendship. Sir Edward was then elderly, and, I learned, on the verge of retirement. He had won a reputation as a dramatic critic, and become a power through the great daily newspaper of which he was the head. His interest in me had brought me a commission to report a performance by the Abbey Company that had come across from Dublin, April 12, 1914. The occasion was special, as Sara Allgood, after an interval outside the Abbey, had returned to her true milieu among her own people in "Maurice Hart." I had seen her three months previously, with her wonderful naturalness and fascinating personality expressed through perfect art, act an English company to sticks in John Masefield's "Nan." In "Maurice Hart" her genius raised the cast out of play-acting to a living

simulacrum of a phase of real life, and drew a marvellous demonstration of appreciation. My critique in "The Daily Post" won from Sir Edward the title of "brilliant and competent journalist," and an offer, if I ever needed it, of "the best possible recommendation that anyone could desire." Hints arose of the possibility of my becoming a staff critic on the "Post," but the temptation to go off on a by-way of ambition was broken when another phase of journalism six thousand miles eastward intervened and held us to the high road of destiny.

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CHAPTER XXIII

"O LORD ! SHIFT THE PICTURE !"

(M. E. C.) True prayer is the utterance of necessity. Our necessity to get away from Garston to India, somehow, as soon as possible, was not expressed with regularity ; but when the necessity to pray arrived, the prayer took on a special fervour. Sometimes the impulse came from impertinent intimacy on the part of our circumstances. Mrs. Entwistle's furniture contained the last word in beds, as far as our single and joint experiences of beds in the British Isles and France went. This particular invention seemed to have intended to be a relief map of some undiscovered mountainous country but had changed its mind and settled down as a blunted flock anticipation of the beds of spears we were destined to see in due time in India. In order to soften the blow the bed in question was euphemistically referred to as Mount Olumpus, which was, in fact, its classical pronunciation. As the resort of a poet, its alternative title, Helicon, was usually spelt by the poet with an extra l. It produced no poetry, but a considerable amount of inflammable prose, and frequently provoked the prayer from my partner in pain, "O Lord ! take us to India ! Amen !" to which a feminist voice added, "and A-women !"

Another inducement to prayer came from our immediate environment. The railways from Liverpool to London and

Manchester, and a thousand places between and beyond, crossed near the back yard of our lodgings. The resulting noise, smoke and dust can better be described than imagined—but I am not going to describe the indescribable. Our prayer in its spontaneous form was ineffectual. We did not doubt the efficacy of proper prayer properly prayed. Our hearts were in the right place, which was India. It was the formula that appeared to be wrong. We considered it from various alphabetical points of view, Animist, Buddhist, Christian, etc. It was only when Jim got as far as the Vedantic idea of prayer that light came. He recalled Dr. Khedkar's key-phrase in our Dublin discussions, "It's all in the mind," and his emphasis on the idea that the phenomenal universe is a picture in the Mind of the Absolute. Thereafter, when pushed to it, we prayed, 'O Lord! shift the picture!'

The change of formula proved effective. The picture shifted. But it was first a kind of trial of our mobility if and when the cosmic gallery got a move on. It happened that our landlady's niece got married. With what might have been regarded as heroism the husband consented to live in his "mother-in-law's" home. The act, however, was not quite so heroic from the point of view of music-hall humour, for Mrs. Entwistle was a most kind-hearted and God-fearing woman. Beside, Mr. James, whatever qualifications he had as "an 'usband," was nothing to advertise as a wage-earner, though he was an excellent instructor of myself in the popular game of bowls. The effect of this matrimonial alliance on us was that *we* had to shift *our* pictures and such other gear as we possessed. By a process of elimination we reached the back parlour and front bedroom of what might be recorded as the last place this side of Bedlam for a professed and professional vegetarian and his wife, the home of the chief butcher of Garston. He was rumoured not to be doing too well in business. This did not cause us any sorrow, so long as it remained an economic abstraction, and our weekly payment helped the family till. But it was not long until we found our beneficence reversed. The butcher's charming daughter did our cooking. From the preliminary interest of a culinary artist she developed, probably from necessary tastings, a liking for our kind of food,

and ultimately came out as a vegetarian, in practice if not in principle. This was a bit too subtle for our peace of mind, and might have led to parental complications had not "the picture," encouraged by a continuance of our prayer, shown signs of a drastic intention to shift.

One evening I returned in a state of uplift from a meeting of a special group of Theosophical students who met in Birkenhead. During the meeting, apropos of nothing connected with it, I had found myself enveloped by some vast consciousness from which I received a strong intimation, known only to myself, that Jim should write to Mrs. Annie Besant in India offering her his services as a journalist in connection with some important enterprise she had undertaken. We knew nothing of Mrs. Besant's activities outside her Theosophical work. We had a temperamental repugnance to obeying psychic intimations except when they came through our own consciousness in the form of intuition or illumination, and even then only after much scrutiny. But there seemed to be no harm in obeying this "voice," especially as it could be done without disclosing why. Jim thereupon wrote a short note to Mrs. Besant reminding her of her visit to Dublin, when she stayed at our home, and saying that he was, among other things, a trained journalist, and that his services and mine were at her disposal if needed. A couple of months later Jim received an equally short note from her, dated March 6, 1915, asking us to come to Adyar for three years; and another, dated June 21, enclosing a cheque for eighty pounds to pay our second class fare from Liverpool to Madras. Then came a piebald period of preparation for the great shift, which we shall tell of in a similar turn-about manner, the gentleman first.

(J. H. C.) The secret of our probable departure protruded slightly the evening I went to give a lecture on "Theosophy and the Arts" for the Manchester Lodge of The Theosophical Society. Before the lecture I was invited to a quiet room by David Cohen a writer on the esoteric aspect of Hebraism. He wanted to tell me, he said, that if I ever lost the record of the interpretation of the "Book of Ruth" that had been published some years previously over the names of Mrs. Cousins and myself, I could have it

from him, as he had it off by heart. "You do not know," he said, "how near you two got to the Kabbalistic secret." He produced a pack of cards. He felt compelled to read my Tarot. His remark at each dealing was something like this: "H'm! What is *she* doing there?" (The *she* was the card he had come to associate with Mrs. Besant). "Try again . . . Why there she is!" . . . "Hillo! the same person" . . . "What! it's a habit!" . . . "There are half a dozen lines of progression open to you, but she comes along and dominates them all!" . . . "What does it mean?" Obviously, if he recognised how near we had got to the Kabbalistic secret, he had qualified for being told in return how near he had got to *our* secret. I took Mrs. Besant's recently received letter from my pocket, where I carried it as a talisman against any left-hand attempts to frustrate the shifting of the picture, and laid it beside her card. He was surprised at his accuracy and delighted at our luck, and kept our secret until secrecy became no longer a nuisance.

(M. E. C.) We spent a week-end in Chester, without propagandist motives, for the sheer pleasure of absorbing the mediaeval beauty that still hung about the old city, with some remote influence from the time when it was a Roman camp. A friend had secured rooms for us in a house within the Cathedral precinct. We were specially pleased with the old-fashioned wooden ceiling-beams. We explored the Cathedral, walked round the "rows" consisting of shops on the old city wall. A curious psychic visitation came to me in the evening. The electric light gave out, and we had to spend the evening in candle-light, which we much enjoyed. This gave us an atmosphere conducive to repose. By and by I became aware of someone else in the room, and made out an elderly gentleman in an old-fashioned suit, who appeared to question, if not to resent, our presence. I could not get any intelligible communication with him, probably because he was too near earth, and my psychic faculty was attuned to higher levels of consciousness. I memorised his appearance and dress. Next morning I asked our hostess about old residents. She recognised my description of the ghostly visitor as that of a former resident who had died in the room some generations ago,



and was occasionally seen by those who had "second sight." The incident added nothing to our knowledge of the "other world," but was welcome for its addition of evidence, to us, of the continuation of consciousness beyond death and of the possibility of communication between this world and the next.

(J. H. C.) I went to Harrogate, the watering-place where there was no water or seaside ozone, but an awful effluvium from prehistoric mineral substances, by means of which people scared various illnesses out of their bodies. My visit, however, was not concerned with the cure of physical disease. It was more in the nature of prevention of superphysical infirmity. Understanding and expression were the two foci of my ellipse of life, and I took as many opportunities for their exercise as came to me. Hence (among other places) Harrogate and a gathering of the Theosophical clans. I was met and taken to the home of a venerable brother who housed me in the room that had been used by Madame Blavatsky. The day went in meetings, speeches, social functions; and mutual interests brought pairs and groups together, my own side of talks being then the esoterics of the Celtic mythology on which subject I had attained the beginnings of a heterodox reputation through prose and verse. The night went mainly in lying awake, thinking of all that was implied in the former presence of H. P. B. in the room, and reading a big book on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy that was on a shelf.

(M. E. C.) A goodbye visit had to be paid to Ireland (July 27 to August 10). In addition to parents, we took in routes and places that we had not seen before. From Liverpool we went by sea to Belfast. We brought Jim's father and mother up to date by giving them their first motor-drive, over the hills. Thence to Dublin, from which I diverged to my parental home at Boyle, while Jim stayed on with the Pielous to enjoy old friendships and be witness of an unexpected event.

(J. H. C.) When we got to the home of the Pielous we found that a birth was dated for some weeks hence. A room had been fitted with all accessories, and I was inserted in it for my two-day stay. For some astrological reason beyond my comprehension I was awakened at three in the morning by Leslie, the expectant

father, commanding me to clear off with my belongings to the attic immediately: Florrie had pains, and the doctor had been sent for. From the arrival of the doctor till the arrival of the first-born, Leslie and I discussed philosophy in the library, he with a stop-watch in his hand and one ear elongated for the first cry on which to set up a star-map, this being a rare opportunity for scientific certainty. At 10.30 a.m. the watch snapped, and the nurse put her head out of the neighbouring bedroom door and whispered: "A girl—but wait—". Why wait? This gave us something to ponder, with more matter as the interval extended, and traditions of indistinguishable twins (for obviously there were at least twins in the case) went up in the air. At 11.50, an hour and twenty minutes after the first, the watch again snapped. The nurse opened the bedroom door and made the finger-sign that years after meant "victory" and whispered, "Both girls." The maps were as different as chalk and cheese.

A last call on AE gave me a glimpse of the littlenesses that can smear spots on the sun of greatness. He scarified the Theosophical leaders because their writings had no style, which seemed to me a mixing of purposes, and because they saw some detail of a thought-form differently from him, which seemed to me to give them just as much reason for scarifying him, only scarifying was not in their method. As I went down the familiar steps of 17 Rathgar Avenue, AE stood like a great angry deity against the light inside, and said with fervour, his hands brought down clenched by his sides: "Cousins, beware of that charlatan, Annie Besant."

There were other things in the air. Next day I accidentally met Thomas MacDonagh down town, and knowing something of his affiliations asked him how the volunteer movement was getting on. The Ulster Volunteers, inspired by Edward Carson to organise and oppose the threat of the Liberals to impose Home Rule on loyalist Ulster, were smuggling arms into the north, and were unmolested. But the Southern Volunteers, whose purpose was to help the British Government to establish Home Rule when it became law, were being arrested under various pretences. But, he added with a glow of pride, "for one

Volunteer that is arrested, we enrol ten more." "And the end?" "We don't know—but whatever it is we are going on to it." He did, to martyrdom.

## CHAPTER XXIV

## A REPUTATION MISSED

(J. H. C.) Though my environment and activities in Garston were not apparently conducive to the creation of poetry, and I had always a private desire for congenial literary circumstances, away from improving others, I find in the small book, "Straight and Crooked," published by Grant Richards, London, early in 1915, outside the "Lyrics of Ireland" that I had brought with me on my exodus from Dublin, a group of poems (directly incited by things around me.) But the incitement, I observe, is not to any objective celebration of things seen or heard. The familiarity with God (and all that the term implies) that a Catholic editor in Dublin had complained of in the new Irish poets had apparently crossed the Channel with me. Had it been a derived literary complex or an emotional obsession, it would almost certainly have been dissipated by the new strong impacts on my sensorium. But the sense of the background of reality against which the persons and events of life move was a permanency of my imagination and of my reactions to environment.

Between the publication of "Straight and Crooked" and our departure to India I made visits to London that artistically rounded off the poetical phase of my English interval. It was natural for an author who had not yet become blase to look up his publisher. Grant Richards and I had no business to transact and nothing to talk about. I merely expressed the opinion that neither of us would be justified in retiring on the profits of the book. Mr. Richards, with what I took to be the staple English politeness, replied that, whether my book became a best-seller or not (I noted the not), it belonged to the small class that

publishers were proud to have on their lists. So the publisher and the poet were quite pleased with one another. Shortly afterwards, wandering about the base of Nelson's Monument, I was moved to buy a newspaper from a passing vendor. On a book page I saw a column headed "The True Poetic Vein," apparently a review of verse worth knowing about if not worth buying to take to India. The book was declared to be "full of beautiful things." Of the author it was said: "It is the spiritual rather than the material that inspires him." He was described as "the thinker, the poet, the man of courage, who draws sustenance, not poison, out of the universe." The book was "Straight and Crooked!" The newspaper was the "Pall Mall Gazette." The author was on the verge of a reputation.

Another farewell visit to London was something of a mixture. It brought together a number of loose ends of varying length and strength, and snipped them off with ruthless equivalence. We were going to India: nothing else mattered. At lunch in Shearn's fruit restaurant on Tottenham Court Road, a group of collaborators with the advanced publisher, C. W. Daniel, met for chat. I was one of the group on a particular day. They made so much of me that I was compelled to confess that, contrary to Scripture, I felt like a lion in a den of Daniels. Whereupon a certain solemnity changed to laughter and caused me to congratulate them on their Biblical knowledge. Russia and literature were linked up in a conversation with Miss Vengerowa, whom we had met with Lydia Yavorska. She had translated Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" for the Moscow Theatre, and was on the look-out for other works to translate. She invited me to write a book for her on Ireland and the Irish literary movement—but, I would shortly sail for India, and another possible reputation was snipped. 7

A sympathetic and understanding review of my poetry had been published in "The Times Literary Supplement." I felt I must express my thanks, though it was unsigned. I received a reply saying that it was not customary for the identity of anonymous reviewers to be made known, but, as he was much interested in my work, he would like me to call on him.

The letter was signed, Harold Child. I found him in a quietly artistic flat in a sequestered street, where we breakfasted together, and enjoyed the aesthetical give-and-take that lovers of good literature know. Mr. Child was a small, spare, solemn man, with, I surmised, a "rooted sorrow;" a very different type from the big, vital, mentally mobile Holbrook Jackson, with whom I discussed political and social questions as we meandered by all sorts of streets from the office of "The New Age" to a vegetarian restaurant. There was movement in both these minds, though at different levels and speeds; and from my own mind there went out rayings that, had I been so willed, would have hitched my future's wagon to a star of one magnitude or another, and perhaps, in the course of time, transformed the wagon into a spot in some literary constellation. But . . .

The Foulds-Mann occult-musical combination had been for some time located on separate floors of a largish house in the suburbs of London. Lunch in the Foulds suite on the ground floor was followed in the Mann suite upstairs by a demonstration of simultaneous non-cerebral reception of music. This was instantaneous, Maud Mann, on the Indian vina, the player seated on the floor, making music that she said was Indian, and certainly had nothing western about it, John Foulds accompanying it on an American organ. As I listened to the delicate remote melodies I began to be aware of another listener in the studio. I recognised my feeling as similar to that which I sometimes got when Gretta was receiving automatic writing. But this was stronger. I had to hold on to my chair with both hands to prevent myself from prostrating with reverence towards a corner of the room where I felt a "presence" was. This was quite unknown to the musicians, who were absorbed in the music. When Mrs. Mann ceased playing she asked me if I had sensed the Deva. I confessed to having sensed something. "That particular kind of music always calls it," she said. Thereupon ensued a discussion on invocation, evocation, spirits associated with music (Gandharvas in India), and the great beings (Devas) that ensoul aspiration through the arts. Much study, demonstration and exposition were in anticipation. But destiny was there with its shears.

I attended a periodical dinner of a Poetry Society on a ticket that Harold Monro transferred to me by way of compensation for missing him when I called at the Poetry Bookshop. My identity and ancestry were known only to the Secretary of the society, who was chairman of the dinner. I was well and truly rigged out in a dress suit that I had hired from a relative of either Potash or Perlmutter in a drama that I had seen the previous night, as I had not brought with me the suit that I had preserved in Garston as a relic of my era as official reporter of the Royal Academy of Medicine in Ireland. Henry Ainley, then on the peak of fame, was guest of honour, and after dinner recited Masfield's "Philip the King." The weather outside was cold, the windows closed, the diners except myself heated up with meats and wines and hot air. Ainley recited his stiff collar into a pulp and had to exit through applause and find an alternative. Stephen Grahame prosed on a visit to Russia from which he had recently returned. Others were prosier. As a final item the secretary said (roughly): "We learned from the reading that ships of the Spanish Armada were wrecked on the west coast of Ireland, and that their crews and cargoes were far from hospitably dealt with by the wild Irish of the sea-coast. It happens that we have a descendant of the wild Irish here tonight, and I call on him to apologise for his fellow-countrymen." He looked at me, pronounced my name and related me to the Irish literary and dramatic movement. There was no escape: indeed I am not sure that I wanted to escape; for thoughts had been running in my mind as to literary values and irrelevancies. I rose, trifled for a moment or two, then got going somewhat as follows. "If it is necessary for me to apologise (not for my ancestors, for in that poetical matter I should require evidence), to apologise for bringing the alleged discussion back to the feature of the evening, the reciting of which cost Mr. Ainley a collar, kindly, to save time, take my apology as said. I doubt if such physical effects show that their ostensible causes are endowed with real warmth and energy. I suspect there is something not quite honest in the majestic utterance of little or nothing. There are, I am convinced, little quiet poems of eight and twelve lines by

AE and Yeats that have in them enough spiritual dynamic to blow Philip and his Armada to what in Ireland we call smithe-reens." And I spoke from memory AE's description of the inner beauty that makes the outer as nothing (in "The Unknown God") and Yeats' philosophy of the experience of beauty in five words ("my dream of your image") in "The Lover tells of the Rose in his Heart." I began impudently, but ended in an elevation of imagination that moved the audience to enthusiasm, and considerably delayed my exit. Ainley congratulated me on my nutshell accusation. "You Irish have something others miss. I would give ten years of my professional life to be able to act Synge's 'Playboy'—but, one has to be born for that." To know AE—and Yeats—and the Fays—gave me an extraordinary importance. Invitations to drawing-room recitals and other functions filled the air. The secretary elbowed his way through the mob of highly (or rather lowly) dressed ladies and announced that, on behalf of the Society, he invited me to be guest of honour at the next dinner a month later. Loud and continued applause—that faded into Oh's and Ah's when I acknowledged the distinction, but announced that in a short time I would be on the high seas bound for India. And so a reputation was missed.

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(M. E. C. and J. H. C.) We had to embark at Birkenhead on the "City of London" (10,000 tons) on the afternoon of October 4, 1915, for sailing next morning. Thirty friends saw us to the gangway, a superb mixture of all the heterodoxies, dietetic, political, social, intellectual, aesthetical, religious. A bunch of great crimson carnations was to take us with beauty and perfume to Suez. Sealed letters in a packet were numbered from 1 to 28, one to be opened each morning, giving us the touch of individual and group friendship. The last was for Mrs. Besant conveying greetings from Theosophists to their President. The afternoon was so wet and cold that we had to signal them from the high railing of the second class to go home. A lady, who apparently knew India, shouted to friends on the quayside, "Goodbye chilblains." Before long the quay was clear, gangways were lowered, the picture was about to shift. The story went about

that a German submarine was waiting in the Mersey for anything that came her way, including us. Next day a fussy tug went past us, in thick cold rain, with long things covered by tarpaulins on her deck, things that gave us the creeps by their suggestion of human forms. Whatever they were, the menace had been netted, and on the morning of October 6 we sailed for India. The picture began to shift in earnest and at last.

## CHAPTER XXV

## THE PICTURE SHIFTS

(J. H. C.) We got through the Bay of Biscay with only half a day in our bunks. When we entered the Mediterranean Sea we entered summer and silk-calm waters. A large Englishman, a seasoned traveller to the East in the interest of "wines and spirits," elected himself as social entrepreneur for the voyage, and proceeded to make a list of entertaining possibilities. Gretta couldn't sing, I couldn't play, so we seemed rather hopeless for a programme though we excited the suspicion that we could do something. A trial by Gretta of a baby piano in the second class smoke-room indicated that if the instrument were overhauled, she might play on it. A small Scotsman, also interested in wines and spirits, not as a wholesale supplier but as a retail consumer on almost a wholesale scale, volunteered to do the overhauling. He laid out the baby in incalculable fragments in the sun on the lower deck, and when he put it together again it was able to stand "Land of Hope and Glory" after dinner by request. Gretta made the baby sound like a grand, and the effect of good music on the piano-restorer was to reduce his bar bills to nothing on the second week's settlement. Music had cured alcoholism.

On Sunday we had that melancholy institution, a sacred concert. We also had "divine service." For this approach to the Universal Being the second class passengers were graciously



permitted to go to the first class saloon. To us who, while retaining a deep realisation of the religious necessity in humanity, had lost all sense of the necessity of strict convention, there was something very funny in watching a number of lady missionaries solemnly walking along the deck in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea in their best Sunday hats, because the Apostle Paul, nineteen hundred years earlier, was said to have ordered the women of the early Christian community not to go to church with their heads uncovered. The good ladies on the steamer were going or returning to India to convert the heathen from such superstitions as wearing marks on their foreheads indicating that they were followers of some special aspect of the Universal Being! Divine service was in the Anglican form. There were, however, some Nonconformists among the passengers; there was also a Presbyterian minister. A move to have a service by these was opposed by the others. This roused the Protestant spirit among a sufficient number to break down the sectarian barricade. A service was held in the saloon in the evening. Gentlemen whose chief activity was card-playing accompanied by the fumes of alcohol and tobacco were among the lustiest singers of the hymns, which, if not specially spiritual, was at least sporty: and they gave a bumper collection.

Half through the Mediterranean, after a few hours' pause at Marseilles, with the daily round of seven meals (not all full-sized of all partaken of by us), games, music, exhibitions of diving by sword-fish, after-dinner views of phosphorescent fragments passing along the side of the steamer, our morning read of a letter a day, and snipping a tiny piece off the ends of our carnations, it seemed as if the picture was shifting smoothly. Now we were taking a southern course that seemed to cover a shorter distance on the daily record than the special throb of the engines suggested and that upset the intellectual activities of those who gambled on the record. There were theories on this obvious inconsistency, but no official explanation until we got to Port Said, and were given the cheerful news that we had escaped one or more German submarines that had made their debut in the Mediterranean the day after we left Marseilles

and had sunk a fat innocent-looking cargo-steamer that we had lain alongside. A black-out at night in the port indicated that we were not yet beyond the reach of war. So we glode down the Suez Canal.

But before we got to the orient we had one of those touches from the inner side of things that had engendered in us a conviction that life was not something to be lived in a wavy line on a two dimensional surface, but had associations with other dimensions. Religion had asserted a superhuman dimension ; psychological science was asserting a sub-human dimension. In the restricted quarters at the stern of a ten thousand ton steamer, with forty passengers of whom a goodly proportion were at the " muling and puking " and squalling stage of life, it is not easy to avoid communication with fellow passengers if one so desires. One day, an elderly lady passenger invited herself to our cabin for a private chat. Squatting with us on the floor she confessed an interest in us. She produced a pack of cards, not Tarot, and proceeded to lay them out and interpret their combinations. Her reading, summarised, was that we were going to South India expecting to be engaged on some special work with both Europeans and Indians, all up in years ; but that, within a year, our life would completely change, and we would be elsewhere among a crowd of Indian boys. Privately we thought her a fussy amateur occultist, as there was no possibility of our breaking our agreement with Mrs. Besant. It had not occurred to us that Mrs. Besant might herself break the agreement ; and the cards were right, as will hereinafter appear.

A shore trip at Colombo had a special pleasure in being unanticipated, and to the pleasure was added the unregenerate piquancy of getting one back on people who deserved it. A Buddhist doctor, Dr. Vijetunge, who had visited us in Dublin, had asked us to let him know when we would pass through Colombo if our hopes of getting to India were fulfilled. Before our departure a young woman of the north of Ireland to whom we had shown friendship had told us of a sister and friend who were going to India in the same steamer. Gretta recognised the two ladies on the saloon deck, but received no sign of response. We,

being only second class, awaited a call from them, they of the superior class having the right to visit us. But they did not descend to our level. We accepted the "cut", and ran over in our minds some of the bright ideas that people held, including the two ladies, on the subject of caste—in India.

Then came Colombo. After preliminaries on passports and health all passengers who were going ashore for some hours made for the gangway to try their luck with row-boats. But a luxuriously canopied and cushioned long-boat with three rowers aside in gorgeous costumes came first to the foot of the gangway, and we were all huddled back to make way for the Governor or someone equally high and mighty who was probably coming aboard to meet someone equally high and mighty of whose existence we had not become aware. From our place in the crowd we could not see the august visitor or visitors coming up the gangway and so were unprepared for a sudden demand from the officer at the head of the gangway for "Mr. and Mrs. Cousins." When we got disentagled from the mass, which included the two north of Ireland ladies in a squash, we were cordially greeted by Dr. Vijetunge, tall and refined as ever, and a friend; and we stepped down the gangway as if it had been the usual manner of our birth and was our daily exercise. Fate had managed quite a knacky rejoinder to the Londonderry air.

Our few hours in Colombo (October 29, 1915) gave the rich fullness of colour, form, odour, personality, atmosphere, that told us that the picture had well and truly shifted to the authentic east, though not yet to its destined terminus. Our hosts drove us by a coast road that was a poem to eye and ear with the constant chant of the surf at the innumerable feet of coconut palms. Sky colours and earth colours were themselves less visual than symphonic. And we had delectable Indian "preparations" in a hotel that played their part in the orchestra of aesthetical delight; to which was added the acute pleasure of free lofty conversation with minds that dealt easily with verities and blended high vision with human sympathy.

The three days from Colombo to Madras went mainly in repacking by a number of passengers who, like ourselves, were to

land at the latter. Three days more would take the remainder to the end of the voyage at Calcutta. Hence interest in organised activities sagged. No one was excited now over the brainy exercise of jerking a wooden disk by a forked pole along the deck into a numbered space; and nobody but the occult old lady of the cards took any interest in my discovery that the numbers formed a magic square whose digits, added, gave the same total vertically, horizontally and diametrically.

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

The night before we reached Madras was Sunday, which was awkward for a proper jollification. But the entrepreneur fell back on an after-dinner sacred concert, and guaranteed, with a suggestion of conspiracy, that everyone would do something. Half through the programme, which everyone was determined to enjoy, Sunday or no Sunday, an interval was given for the ensemble contribution. As Gretta and I were apparently the only people who had not been told what the item was to be, we suspected that our omission was not accidental. In the little crowded music room, we were placed in a central position towards which forty pairs of second class eyes, plus some official ones in the doors and windows, converged. Something like an illuminated address was produced and read. Modesty forbids quoting it. It appeared that a bonhomie and its feminine counterpart, a capacity of expression, an infectious enjoyment of music, a blend of earnestness and humour, had been so appreciated by our fellow voyagers over six thousand miles of sea that had not been without its hints of danger that they just had to say that to some of them who were old oriental travellers it had been a record voyage for high class enjoyment

of which we were the providers. "A bit of an artist" among the officers had scrolled and embellished the text; a cap ribbon bearing the name of the steamer, blue ground, gold letters, was fixed diagonally across the address; and all the passengers "aft" had signed it, excluding ourselves.

Next morning, November 1 (1915) we arrived in Madras harbour, and somewhere about the same time my mother arrived in the Wesleyan Methodist heaven from Belfast. We were met at the harbour and taken to Adyar, the international headquarters of The Theosophical Society, along the beautiful Beach Road, with its margin of yellow sand, white breakers, and rhythmical green sea to the left, and commodious public buildings with an alluring touch of the orient here and there on the right. There was a deep consolation around both mosquito-curtained "cots" in the realisation, as we passed into our first sleep on solid and unmoving ground for twentyeight days, that India . . . India . . . India was north, south and west of us, and that, after ten years of dreaming and aspiring and planning, the picture had shifted.

#### CHAPTER XXVI

### FIRST INDIAN CONTACTS AND AN IRISH REBELLION

(J.H.C.) Our first Indian week was, through the considerateness of Mrs. Besant, given to rest and absorption. The absorption included nature. Mornings found us wandering in the rapid dawn through plantations of casuarina trees. In the late afternoon, when the residents walked and talked to the beach, to perambulate in the saline breeze along the sands and back, or sit in groups discussing anything from a Logos to a bureaucrat, or to bathe, we lay out on the soft surface of fallen needles in the plantations, and went dizzy watching the designs that the dark green lissome finials of the casuarinas drew on the intense blue sky through the collaboration of the wandering wind with their

rooted resilience and resistance. But the tree of trees was the banyan. From a multitudinous centre it sent out horizontal branches in all directions; and from these, slender secondary branches grew downwards until they reached the ground, then rooted and developed into strong supports of their horizontal parent that passed on to new perpendiculars.

And there were flowers and flowering creepers and shrubs of a virility and wealth beyond anything we had hitherto known outside the glass-houses of botanical gardens: cannas like highly evolved azaleas, great blooms of the yellow-orange-red end of the spectrum; bougainvillea carrying rich flowers up walls and stairs and trees in thick lines of dark and light purple, red, pink, yellow; oleander compensating its untidy branching with red and white blooms that were exquisite to the eye, but to the nose gave the mixed sensation of trying to make its odour imitate the taste of bitter almonds.

Birds had at first the attraction of newness; the striped hoopoe that splayed its crest over its long beak when it alit; the dowdy seven sisters with their pathetic whistle; vultures clanging around their eyrie in the top of a tall tree; birds that fished, others that netted insects on the wing. The daily event was the home-going of the paddy birds that foraged in fields by day and at sunset went no-one-knew-where for the night.

The week of absorption ended, and I made my debut as literary sub-editor of "New India." From Adyar to the office near the harbour of Madras was nine miles as the wave breaks. We had brought our two well-worn bicycles with us from Birkenhead in case of need. But four days ended my career as a cyclist in India. I arrived at the office with the daily lather of perspiration overlaid by a shining surface of shower. When I made my salutation to the Editor, she sent her light blue eyes up and down me with the look of an art-critic at an offensive portrait. "You look wet," she said. I could not deny the obvious. My brow was wet with fairly honest sweat. My clothes stuck to me closer than a brother. My eyes glistened, though not with tears. The Chief ordered me to be taken somewhere and wrung out. The department most suitable for the operation

was the machine-room (downstairs at the back); and while dehydration proceeded I acquired some knowledge of the mechanics and organisation of newspaper production in the Orient.

Thereafter the Chief's car called for me at 8.30 at Leadbeater Chambers. My duty on the driver's seat was to keep her tiffin-carrier steady and perpendicular between my knees. This, with the Chief, the morning papers of pro-and-con politics in her hand; her secretary who was also an assistant editor; another assistant editor, an Indian young man, collected en route, proceeded from the Theosophical Headquarters at Adyar to the office of "New India" by way of the suburb, Teynampet, where, with occasional exceptions, the Chief broke off her perusal of the morning papers for subjects for leaders and paragraphs to have a short conference with a rising, even then arisen, young lawyer, Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. The name had stuck in my memory as an unpleasant burr, he having been the advocate for opponents of Mrs. Besant in a law case concerning her two wards, J. Krishnamurti and his younger brother, J. Nityananda. Mr. Ramaswami had become a collaborator with her in the campaign for Home Rule in India which was then a year old. After a few morning visits, on which, from the waiting car through a gap in a hedge, I saw the two erstwhile antagonists colloquing on contiguous chairs on (as I came to know) ideas and expedients for the awakening of a great ancient people to a realisation of its legislative rights, I extracted the burr from my memory, and entered on a life-friendship.

History was in the making in those fragrant warm mornings under the clean blue, white-coloured sky of Madras in November. I am not a historian of that time, but a recounter of personal participations in certain of its phases which, though counted as lower than secondary to the rapidly increasing political agitation, in which Mrs. Besant became the acknowledged leader, began, through the impacts of other clamant ideas, to assume shape in my mind and intensity in my feelings, and to claim a place of no less importance than politics, or economics, or anything else, in urges towards the future.

In my experience as a teacher in Ireland I had) first intuitively, then deliberately, (brought the influences of natural and artistic beauty into association with my work) both in its method and its classroom environment; and had begun to realise that the absence of these from education was a radical deprivation, a racial starvation that would bring about emotional diseases parallel to those that were the consequences of physical starvation. (Something in the atmosphere of India reawakened me to this aspect of life.) My companion sensed it too, and her practice hours on a piano we had hired became a feature. Gretta was discovered to be no parlour strummer of the Doxology or the National Anthem, but an attractive exponent from memory of the finest classical and modern music. A week after our arrival, a Sunday afternoon, a piano in a detached bungalow of the Treasurer of the Society, Albert Schwarz, entered the larger life by being awakened to great music rendered with the full tone and freedom that fulfilled its instrumental karma. Incidentally I sang. And a small group of Indians and Europeans applauded, and asked for more; and all ascended to the roof to gaze at the long prismatical streamers of the sunset of the second monsoon. Sunday afternoons became an artistic habit on the upper floor of Olcott Gardens.

[This was the beginning of a new phase in the history of the Headquarters of The Theosophical Society. There had been a spotty tradition of association between Theosophists and artists and art. H. P. B. had played piano-duets with Clara Schumann, which was something to be proud of. Colonel Olcott had had exhibitions of indigenous arts organised at Theosophical Conventions, but after his death (1907) these had ceased. (On) Sunday afternoon, December 5, 1915, the Arts League was formed. Its formal opening meeting was held in the Theosophical Headquarters on December 16. Mrs. Besant presided.) Gretta played, I sang, also gave an address. The President and Mr. Jinarajadasa spoke.]

(The programmes of The Arts League were almost entirely western at the beginning.) But indigenous music duly found its place; and (the east ultimately arrived through the medium of



painting. It began with a leading article by me on a Report of the young Indian Society of Oriental Art in Calcutta. This was given first place in the edition of Wednesday evening, November 17, 1915, (under the caption "The Art of the East.") As the article had history-making consequences I transcribe it fairly fully.

. . . Here is a society, formed in the year 1907 at Calcutta, whose membership has never exceeded 130; and yet it has set the artistic worlds of England and France talking with enthusiastic admiration of Indian Art and Artists, and has made available to the Indian public a series of books on art subjects, and reproductions of Indian works of art, that are of the most profound significance to New India . . . It is certain that the painters and sculptors and writers of the Society are engaged in no mere academic amusement, but are busy on the inspiring work of expressing through the Arts the Soul of India, and of so bringing about an imaginative (which is the reverse of an imaginary) unity amongst the great distinctive groups of the Mother's children. . . . It is well that the Art of India should be enriched by the advancement in technique and knowledge of the West; but enrichment will be assuredly turned to poverty if the artists of India allow themselves to be lured away from their own vision and their own method. . . .

We feel sure, however, that our artists will remain proof against any wiles to draw them from themselves. Their native spirituality, with its natural expression in quiet tones and simple themes, is the most precious and abiding thing in human life, and they are not likely to desert it for the big-drum effect of other schools of Art.

The article found its way to those at the head of the Indian Society of Oriental Art. Much pleasure, I learned later, was felt that a first class newspaper in South India had expressed the real significance of the new edifice of art that was being drawn back on to its natural foundations. The anonymity of the editorial "we" was broken. An understanding friend was much more important than a convention.) A copy of the monumental

"South Indian Bronzes" was sent to me with a letter of appreciation by its author, Babu O. C. Gangoly, then second or thereabouts to Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy in the very small group of exponents of Oriental art. My knowledge of the works of the new Bengal artists was confined to colour reproductions in "The Modern Review" once a month. What I needed was direct knowledge; and this the invisible Hand behind the dealing of my Tarot cards saw to. I received a letter dated Calcutta 6 January 1916 from Sir John Woodroffe, President of The Indian Society of Oriental Art, inviting me to Calcutta to see the Eighth Annual Exhibition of the Society, and write about it in my own and other papers.

I laid the letter on the Chief's desk in her editorial office where she would see it among other papers asking for early attention, and awaited the decree of destiny very much hoping that it would agree with my private desire that from the flat roof of the building had occasionally stretched its hands towards the great land that I wanted to know.

When she called me into her office she said (as near as can recall): "I have read the letter. I think you should go. We'll miss you, but you can't tell what may come of it." She had a more acute sense of the possible future than I then had. Her eyes were on politics, but her vision included the entire nature of the vast entity that she personalised as Mother India.

The thousand and more miles up the east coast in the train from Madras to Calcutta, arriving January 14, gave me the first of the long views that one must take both geographically and historico-politically if one wishes to work up a mental picture that may be labelled "India" in one's private gallery with some assurance that it is one or two degrees nearer "reality" than otherwise it might be. Long stops at stations at night, when the six passengers in my compartment, all but one, were asleep in various versions of horizontality on their reserved berths, were ear-splitting anticipations of the music of a future composer who will not only dispense with bar-lines and time-signatures in a chorus, but will have voices of every pitch sounding simultaneously. The twelve-hour day between two nights did not

diminish the aural interest ; but it softened it somewhat by the visual interest of the panorama of nature and the kaleidoscope of humanity. A dawn-stop at a station discharged a multitude out of the train to the platform water-tap for mouth-washing, the universal Indian preliminary to *chota-hazre* (early breakfast) either in groups around a refreshment stall or a food-vendor or out of tiffin carriers that are a special sign of the official or the dietetically pernickety. At stations my mind was engaged and pleased with the variety of human types, tongues, and costumes, as the train passed from the Tamil country to the Telugu and the southern Bengali, and with the permutations and combinations of nature in shallow estuaries and lagoons among yellow sands, low hills near and high hills far, trees new to my western and temperate-zoned eyes, though banyans, palms and casuarinas had become familiar to them.

Sir John Woodroffe met me at the train, and took me to his palatial home, where I got my first touch of a new aesthetical joy in specimens of the arts and crafts of northern Indian and the trans-Himalayan regions set out with sensitive consideration for the individuality of each creation of genius. Sir John, a Judge of the High Court, was deeply learned in the *agamas* (scriptures) of the worship of the feminine aspect of Divinity (*shakti*), the Tantric cult in which abuses had arisen through the sensual tendency in humanity, as they had arisen in mediaeval Christianity from the same unregenerate source.

A private view of the annual exhibition of the Indian Society of Oriental Arts was given in the afternoon in what ordinarily would have been a large shop or office on a main thoroughfare of the city. Good taste had turned bareness into an exquisite attractiveness that, on a first glance, had a curious delicacy and reserve in comparison with the broad and dramatic brilliance and bravura of exhibitions that I had seen in Ireland and such collections as those of the London, Liverpool and Manchester Galleries. In a short time I became aware that I was seeing not merely an exhibition of paintings by a number of artists whose personal distinctiveness was held together by a temperamental and technical unity, but was witnessing that exciting and incalculable

thing such as I had experienced in the Irish literary and dramatic revival, the reawakening of a gifted nation to recognition of its artistic past in one of the arts, and to realisation of its ability, in the persons of some of its nationals, to emulate, and in some phases to equal, ancestral achievement. (I had the good luck to be initiated into the movement by its two heads, Babus Abanindranath and Gogonendranath Tagore. The first, tall, spare, mentally energetic and remarkably articulate, had been, by his ability and social eminence, a God-send to the instigator of the movement. Mr. E. B. Hawell, the said instigator, an English art-master, had been transferred in 1896 to Calcutta as Principal of the Government School of Arts there. Being not only a craftsman but an artist with understanding of the nature of the creative impulse in humanity and the proper means to its authentic fulfilment in the arts and crafts, he proceeded to replace the foreign models in the school, that had in his conviction obstructed and deflected the strong Bengali urge to art-expression, by examples of Indian painting of the past that would, he hoped, arouse the all but lost sense of national cultural dignity, and the inspiration of creative authenticity. But the foreign infection had gone deep. Pupils resented the attempt to reduce their beloved oily messes by the introduction of what were regarded as wishy-washy imitations of an obsolete art. Some left the school. Newspapers derided the foreigner who derided European painting in an Indian art-school. But he went on his way as though Indian painting were natural and inevitable to Indian students of painting in India. Then a young man, accomplished in western painting, but by virtue of heredity responsive to patriotic idealism, Abanindranath of the eminent house of Tagore, offered himself as a pupil in the Indian way and style of painting. He was the first wave of the turning tide.

With Abanindranath was his brother Gogonendranath, a markedly different type of personality, shortish, well filled out, round-faced, quiet. He had followed his brother on the quest of artistic reality, and soon attained with him a remarkable eminence in the revived style of painting. Others joined the school, chief among them Nandalal Bose who, like his seniors, attained wide

fame as a front rank painter on his own lines. The exquisite work of the growing group gained appreciation that resulted in the formation of the Indian Society of Oriental Art in 1907. In 1914 an exhibition of their work was shown in Paris and gained cordial praise by discerning critics. London followed.

Next morning I was taken to the Tagore mansion by Sir John to see the art work that was being carried on in it. After the early retirement of Mr. Havell through illness Abanindranath had been appointed his successor in the Government School of Art. But a short time showed him that the time and freedom that a creative artist needed was not to be had while administering and guiding a large institution, and he resigned and took up teaching in rooms of the family mansion off a crowded Calcutta street. I was watching a lad lying flat on the floor painting a design, when I became aware that a presence had entered the room and was overshadowing me. I turned instinctively. It was Rabindranath, majestically refined and gentle, in a fawn cloak from neck to feet, his greying locks falling to his shoulders, his patriarchal beard adding yet unlined years to his toll of a little over fifty and obscuring nothing of his beauty and nobility of countenance. He had, he said, come specially from Santiniketan to greet a fellow-countryman of Yeats who had prefaced 'Gitanjali.' He offered me the freedom of his home in a voice that surprised me with its high tone and exquisite modulations. But the burden of his words surprised me even more than its tonal elevation. I had pictured a mild saint behind the phrases of "Gitanjali," some of which had entered into my memory as expressions of unassailable truth and unstainable beauty. But here was a wit with a touch of raillery. Was it the screen that deity might pull across itself at the threat of another tiresome worshipper, or an adaptation to the not too true convention of Celtic humour? In either case I saw that sainthood and sanctimonious solemnity were not interchangeable terms.

The exhibition was opened to the public in the afternoon. My duty was to report to "New India" on a collection of paintings by living Bengali artists. When I turned out of a

busy oriental city street into the exhibition room, I left behind the squirming, voluble, insatiable, shapeless thing that calls itself life, into the orderly, directed, articulate world of creation in which the impulses that move dimly behind life are consciously felt and the decisions that ultimately make history are taken. Outside there was all the fuss of man and beast that, in any city, deludes one into the notion that something of importance is afoot. A picturesque fuss it was, and related to the inside world of creative art as palette to picture; a moving tangle of duskish faces and variegated costumes banked by temptatious bazar counters, and unified by an atmosphere that carried streaks of herbaceous pungency across its general streetiness. Inside, a shredded rainbow seemed to have fallen in folded lengths around the forms of graceful women of calm countenance, and in fragments among the incongruity of partial western garments on masculine Calcutta, assembled for an occasion, including a visit by the British Governor of the Province.

"Meet the Governor," the voice of Abanindranath said. I had been expecting the official arrival of Lord Carmichael. But whatever sign of importance had been observed outside the exhibition room, there was none inside. No one seemed to know just when he arrived; a stocky man in morning dress, with a countenance reminiscent of frosty sunrises in the highlands of Scotland, and a genial manner. He had already bought and spotted some of the exhibits: and on my being introduced, drew me round to admire them, which I was able to do with a clear conscience. "Your Excellency will give us a warm opening address" I hazarded, having gathered that he was to do the preliminary honours of the occasion. "Your article from 'New India' says all that need be said. We have had it reprinted for distribution, so there will be no formal opening," he said. I purred inside with, I hope, the forgivable feeling of satisfaction that I had arrived in India.

( Rabindranath was most helpful in my endeavours to absorb the significance of what was taking place and to meet the personalities through which it was proceeding. Through him and others I met the members of the Indian Society of Oriental

Art, a small group of Indians and Britishers, and put forward a request that the exhibition, when closed in Calcutta, should not be distributed, but be sent *in toto* to Madras for a week's showing there. I guaranteed (in faith) that the paintings would be dealt with expertly (though there were no experts then in Madras) and be given a dignified and intelligent display in a suitable place under the most distinguished auspices (where the place would be and who the patrons I had no idea, but I took it all on with complete confidence). My proposal was accepted, though Sir John was not quite sure that I was not somewhat too expansive in giving a local movement an all-India significance.

The first exhibition of modern Indian paintings in South India was given in the rooms of the Young Men's Indian Association, Madras, from February 19 to March 4, 1916. My enthusiasm was shared by Mrs. Besant, who at once became the patron of the event, and succeeded in obtaining the support of her brilliant legal friend, Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. Mr. B. P. Wadia, chief sub-editor of "New India," was its Honorary Secretary, and I was its organiser and expounder. Lord Pentland, Governor of Madras (another Scotsman), attended the opening. I was pushed into the office of showing him round. His interest appeared to be divided between the pictures and myself. How long had I been in India? Where had I come from? What was I engaged in? I fancied he put Ireland and "New India" together and suspected some connection between myself and certain articles on aspects of nationality in "New India" signed "An Irish Home-ruler." The exhibition made a stir in the cultural life of Madras, got wide newspaper publicity, sold not a single picture, but led on to expansive activities in art. All concerned were satisfied with what had been taken to be a historical event.

Two months later, at Easter 1916, the war cables, which I edited as part of my work on "New India", took on a new and specially acute interest, not only for Gretta and me to whom they brought personal tragedy, but to Mrs. Besant who had publicly declared that three-quarters of her blood and all her

heart were Irish. The news of the rebellion in Ireland came with shocking suddenness and poignancy to us. Press reports during our interval in England had told of plots and counter-plots, of labour agitation and rival volunteers. But in an unarmed country there was, as we thought, little danger of any large-scale violence or anything more sanguinary than drama and eloquence. In a letter to me written from Dublin on October 15, 1913, nearly six months after our move to Garston, AE added: "You are well out of Dublin these times. It is the most undrained swamp of humanity I ever heard of." He enclosed a copy of an open letter he had written in the press expressing a strong desire for the elevation of the worker. There had been "gnashing of teeth" over it, he said, "but I think it has awakened some consciousness here." On May 3, 1915, acknowledging my latest book of verse, AE wrote: "You are faithful to the spirit and you will get your reward. I hope you are getting on well in the land of the Saxon. The land of the Gael is in an awful state just now. We have had eruptions of publicans which disgust me with the name of Irishman. They say drink and nationality are bound up, and the Freeman (a local daily paper) would make one believe it is the duty of Christians to fight for the licensed trade." Matters had apparently reached the stage of exasperation by April 1916, and the explosion took place.

The first victim of the rebellion was my collaborator and afterwards successor in the editorship of "The Irish Citizen." On the evening of the outbreak Mr. Skeffington went down town to try and use his influence with the excited masses to keep them from mob violence and threatened looting. He was outside the organisation of the rebellion: but as a pro-national publicist, he was in the black list of Dublin Castle. He was recognised and arrested by the military, and summarily shot. Then came the names of others who had met the same fate, with whom I had been associated in literary and humanitarian activities: Patrick Pearse, educational idealist; his brother William, who had acted in one of my plays; James Connolly, labour leader and historian of labour in Ireland; Thomas MacDonagh, teacher and poet. And there was Countess Markievitz noble by birth and marriage.



feminist and actress, who escaped death by being a woman, and lived to be the first woman elected to the British Parliament but refused to take her seat until she could do so in the free legislature of her own country: and a man who also escaped death because he was found to be by birth an American, Eamon De Valera, a name then unknown to me but destined to become world-famous.

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Nine months after our arrival in Madras the prophecy of the lady at sea began to come true, the prophecy of removal from our work among grown-ups to work among the young. I had begun to feel that my place on the paper was a financial weight. There were hints of necessary retrenchment. I was therefore prepared for the next twist on the road of our life when I learned that Mr. George Arundale, who had been Principal of the Central Hindu College at Benares under Mrs. Besant who had founded it, was coming out to resume service under her in her new work of agitation for Indian Home Rule, and would join the staff of "New India." I could not see where he would fit in unless my space were emptied: and he would be able to aid the chief on the political side in a manner that she had denied to me—much to my pleasing, as politics had always been anathema to my temperament and ideals. Mr. Arundale arrived, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Besant called me into the editorial office and told me that my services would not be required after the end of the month (June 1916). Our return passages to England would be paid to us. I had nothing to say but that we had not come out to India on a short visit, and that I would use the money until I could find some way of being of service to India.

For a fortnight we had a job keeping the very thin silver lining of our fairly thick cloud turned outwards. Our musical parties went on as usual, in the atmosphere of high aspiration and personal purity that made life at Adyar so different from life elsewhere, and the threatened break from it very sore. No one seemed to suspect anything. I had to feel about for possible employment; and with extraordinary luck got to the point of

yes or no for a lectureship in English in a missionary college in north India, with everything that ambition and comfort could desire in salary, accommodation, status, vacations and future security. But before I got to the point of decision, the Secretary of the organisation through which Mrs. Besant's educational ideas were carried out (Ernest Wood), having heard a rumour of my possible departure from Adyar, asked me if I would care to take up a teaching post in the College that had just been founded by Mrs. Besant at Madanapalle, a growing country town, notable to Theosophists as the birthplace of J. Krishnamurti. An additional lecturer in English was required, and funds were available to the extent of a hundred rupees a month (about seven pounds). He was to see Mrs. Besant at seven the next morning to put the matter before her. Might he mention me for the post? He might. I would rather live on next to nothing in the free air I had breathed in the Theosophical world than luxuriate physically in the stuffy atmosphere of religious propagandism, Christian or "heathen." Next morning I had Mrs. Besant's order of appointment, with the offer of an extra fifty rupees a month in consideration of which Gretta was appointed a teacher of English in the High School from which the College had been developed.

There was our first Christmas in India, 1915, when a Colonel of the Army Service made a small party from Adyar to spend the holidays in the Nilgiris in the chill air at Ootacamund, at 7500 feet above sea level. The sights and sounds of a new phase of nature gave us intense pleasure. The train journey uphill was a gigantic enlargement of the lessons I used to give the students of The High School in Dublin on the influences of altitude on climate and both on vegetation; from forests of palms and bamboos and other tropical trees at the warm base of the hills, through mild to cool gradations of growth that reminded us of what little of Europe we then knew, to summer in Britain and Ireland with the nip of mountain air, and a sunniness that encouraged strawberries to do their best as a delicious addition to a turkeyless Christmas dinner. But our chief sensation was our first elephant-ride, and our first intimate look at a school of monkeys in their own habitat. We had gone downhill in a large

car, seven of us, the Colonel in command, for an elephant-outing in the "Mysore Ditch," a river marking the boundary between the foot of the Nilgiris, which are in Madras Presidency, and the State of Mysore. On the Mysore side of the ditch a teak-forest was largely worked by trained elephants, and the Colonel and an accompanying Lieutenant were quite sure they could get two for our delectation. But when we dropped some five thousand feet in seven miles of road, with stupendous views of handsome hills and umbrageous hollows, and reached the entrance to the reservation by a road between ant-hills that were like ruined pillars of ancient palaces or temples, we found that the Christmas spirit had percolated to the animal kingdom, and mahouts and elephants were on a holiday like ourselves. But the British army did not recognise defeat. The Colonel and the Lieutenant set off on an unofficial hunt, poaching for at least one animal, regardless of consequences. Shortly a moderately sized elephant was shepherd-ed from somewhere, and caparisoned in a big gunny-cloth secured by a rope round the creature's capacious middle. I have forgotten who drove, whether it was a man or boy who had been retrieved from the leafy silence or the husband of the young Scotswoman in a hobble skirt whose hefty legs protruded left and right across the forward part of the elephant's back like a pair of guns cleared for action. Gretta came third, poised on the middle of the back, holding on to the Scotswoman's waist, while I, over the inadequate tail, held on to Gretta's waist. The military graciously awaited our return, if we did return, for their own share of the adventure. I fancy that the beginning of our jaunt was something like this: a great heave that sent me gasping on the back of Gretta's neck, and then a second great heave that flung her backways on to my chest; then a relatively perpendicular advance over rhythmical rollers into an ocean of foliage, or perhaps the reverse. After some minutes of complicated struggle to keep one's balance in a preposterous position, and to retain the position lest a more preposterous one was found on one's back on the jungle path, I heard Gretta's exclamation, "O Jim!" which meant that a "miracle" was somewhere in sight. On examination of environment I became aware of a vast splash among the trees

moving in our direction. The splash was the noise of a group of monkeys as they jumped from bough to bough with pauses to peer at the queer spectacle on an elephant's back trying to look Christmassy under obvious difficulties. We got somewhere and back: and after the military made their sortie and returned victorious we had *al fresco* lunch, for which there is, we discovered, no better appetiser than a ride on an elephant in a teak forest with nothing between you and the fall of man (and woman) but a not too clean or strong gunny cloth tied round the elephant's girth with a piece of not too stout rope.

A week-end excursion by house-boat on the Buckingham Canal to Mahabalipuram thirty miles south of Madras, the scene of Southey's "Curse of Kehama," gave us our first detailed study of one of the supreme achievements of the Hindu genius. The journey thither from dusk to dawn through a moonlit night between rows of palms on each side of the canal; with the rhythmic splash and drag of poles plied by supple-bodied coolies; and on the roof of the boat, till sleep-time, songs by one or other of the party, songs that are "hymns" in the western category, was a continuous poem. At sun-up we were in a caravanseraï for ablutions, and *chota hazre*; and as we had only the day, with a necessary noon siesta, we were out with the early birds in search of the archae-artistic worm. And what we found was briefly this:—

A row of four small temples had been hewed, twelve hundred years before, out of a long rock, each carved out of its section with uncanny accuracy of mental foresight as to proportions, arrangement and decoration, and skill and feeling in the sculpturing of the images of celestials and semi-celestials to whose worship the temples had been created. Allowance was made for the rock chipped away by the craftsmen before they found the peak or ridge from which they were to work down to the base. This reversal of "building" is not a theory: the process is seen in a descent from a finished roof through stages of partial shaping down to the rough-hewn base. The images on panels on the outside of the shrines in *alto relievo* (as everything else on the building) were cut out of the single section of the rock.

There was no studio work correctly placed. It was all of a piece.

In our studies in Ireland we had been impressed by the concept of the unity in which the masculine and feminine aspects of humanity fulfilled a purpose, physical and superphysical, beyond their separate ability. Anna Kingsford's drawing of the hermaphroditic Adonai, as apprehended by her in "illumination," carried to us a conviction deeper than that of the ordinary artistic imagination. It spoke of some aspect of reality: and the same reality was spoken when we stood before an image in a niche on one of the temples of Mahabalipuram and saw, after a moment's adjustment of sculptural eyesight to subjective vision, that we were looking at two figures in one, the right side of the double figure being masculine the left feminine. We called a knowledgeable Indian friend for an explanation, and learned that the figure was that of Ardhanareswara, *ardha* half, *nare* lady, *eswara* lord, Shiva and Parvati as one being.

In a mantapam (assembly room) elsewhere, not sculptured out of but into the rock, we came upon a superb 13th century group, like the others, in relief. On our right a heavy but active figure, with a buffalo head on a masculine human body, holding a club poised for defence, leaned warily away from attack by a lissom feminine figure on our left, seated on a leonine animal, plying a number of weapons against the other. The attacking figure was an aesthetical and technical masterpiece. Aggressive femininity free from any suggestion of femality save as a sculptural fact was concentrated on the work in hand—or rather in hands, for a number of arms on each side of the figure menaced the buffalo; yet these were placed without confusion, mutual in their work, but artistically subject to the right and left arms that were stretched across the others in the act of firing an arrow at the foe.

Then we came on "Arjuna's Penance," a rock-face 90 feet long, 30 feet high, depicting the climax of the austerities of the Prince of India that won for him, at the hand of the God Shiva, the celestial weapons that would make him invincible in his struggles against his enemies. That the reception of the weapons

was no reserved deific durbar, but a transaction in which the universe was interested, was shown in the horizontal lines one below the other of celestials, heroes, mortals and animals, facing, from both sides of the great rock, a perpendicular break about the middle of it where the two chief figures of the story stood. Elephants large and small and monkeys were sculptured to the life at the bottom of the immense relieve; and a cat on its hind legs gave an imitation of the ascetic posture of Arjuna as if to say that it, too, had an interest, if a remote one, in the event.

It had been "a good day" for the cerebrum, too good a day to be a good night on the glide home from sunset to sunrise. All were insolated to saturation, and after a light dinner got into the house-boat and drifted into sleep and towards Adyar.

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Our interest in various aspects of Indian culture brought musicians to us, from whose performances on the floor of the common room of Leadbeater Chambers Gretta proceeded to her ultimate understanding of the ancient Carnatic system of music, with its 72 *ragas* (scales within the octave of which a dozen or more were in common use) and up to 19 *talas* (beats in a bar), whose number, scientific and psychological analysis, and assignment to occasions and hours, made the vocal music in which we had been brought up sound and feel like nursery rhymes.

In this over-shoulder glance at happenings that were more significant than we then realised, was one that occurred shortly after our arrival and gave me an idea of the complexities of the politics from which I was happily shut out. This was the Chief's participation in a session of the Indian National Congress, in Bombay. The Congress had been created by a group of delegates to a Convention of The Theosophical Society in 1885, four years before Mrs. Besant had come upon the latter and joined it in London. The objects of the Congress were simple: Unification, regeneration, consolidation, the first two applied to India, the third to the relations of India with Britain.

When life brought Annie Besant to India, and she found that a spurious alien-imposed education had left the

school-and-college-going members of the Hindu section of the people a prey to the poison of religious inferiority injected by foreign proselytising agencies, she inspired and led a movement for the restoration of understanding of their ancient faith, and respect for its observances and its vision of human origins and destiny and the technique of individual and social life ; and she pioneered the Indianisation of education for Indians in India. But her efforts, she realised, were frustrated by bureaucratic opposition. Nothing equal to urgent necessity could be done until India could do it in her own way through her own legislatures. Hence, at the 1915 session of the Congress, with the Past of India in her memory and its Future in her imagination, she announced the Present ; she stood for an immediate uncompromising demand for Home Rule for India. In doing so she shocked the Past and received from it through the lips of its representative, the President of the session, the title of "impatient idealist." She also shocked the Future. Mr. M. K. Gandhi had just returned from South Africa with a reputation for Indian leadership. When, in a speech to the Congress, he spoke of "the Satanic Government" of India, Mrs. Besant interrupted him and asked him not to use such words. She was as keen as he on the reformation of the Constitution of India, but she would have it carried out constitutionally. The platform incident was noised abroad, and the first signs of an antipathy between Mrs. Besant and Mr. Gandhi, not in ideals but in ways of their attainment, appeared. But Mrs. Besant roused the country as no one before her had done, so that when five years later, in 1920, the Congress bade good-bye to both its Past and Present and entered on its Future under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, the national consciousness was wide-awake and things began to happen.

The month of June 1916 was the month of the declaration of war on her and her Home Rule movement by the British Government of India through the Government of Madras. Hostilities were based on a Press Act of 1910, that was enacted in order to meet sedition and violence, but was continued and stretched to cover propaganda for political change that was

interpreted as being a threat to the overlordship of Britain. With the curious left-handedness by which unprincipled power strikes at one individual and not only rouses multitudes to protest but creates widespread intense antipathy, the Press Act was invoked against Mrs. Besant's "New India." Security for two thousand rupees (then about one hundred and fifty pounds) was demanded of her as the keeper of the press. The amount was not a great sum, and she paid it on June 5; but it meant that one's expressions were under close watch, and liable to an unsympathetic interpretation that would lead to forfeiture of the security, with the sequel of either a repetition of the security or the termination of the publication with the consequent disposal of the property and machinery and unemployment of the staff.

The bracketting of Mrs. Besant with the violent seditionists against whom the Press Act had been aimed stirred hot feeling through public meetings over the country. The culmination of public protest was a meeting in the Victoria Hall in Madras on June 12, 1916. A brilliant and eminent team of speakers was announced. The temptation to Greta and myself to see and hear the aroused intellect of South India, famous for its subtlety, overcame tropical summer heat (probably 100 deg. F. in the shade) and a sudden monsoon deluge. Thousands of others had the same determination. The doors and verandahs of the capacious hall were crammed by serious listeners despite awful weather and the attempts of an anti-Indian newspaper to sabotage the meeting by prophecies of disorder among the audience. The nearest approach to disorder was the vociferous welcome to Mrs. Besant as she moved to the platform. Five eminent Indian speakers dealt with the subject from various points of view, earnestly but never emotionally, argumentatively, never arrogantly. Mrs. Besant spoke last, and stressed the threat to all pro-Indian newspapers that the attack on her symbolized. She was then 69, vibrant with a mental and emotional energy that she kept under the control of a stiff-lipped will. She thanked "those who had defended their liberty of speech, and expressed the assurance that they would be patient



through what might be a struggle of two or three years until constitutionally they had freed the press, and India could speak without fear of rebuff or rebuke." Alas for her assurance !

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(M. E. C.) My first contacts in India were as varied as one could wish. To nature was added the interest of humanity at various levels. The "boy" who had been allocated to us was quite a study. He had some distinction of character and mind that may have been developed during a time when he had been a waiter on one of the railways, and had acquired an ease of movement with various classes of people, and more than usual use of English, though it sometimes went delightfully beyond bounds. He came to me one day and requested leave for some hours, on the ground that his cow had "borned a child". He was a moving spirit in village life, his village being inhabited by the servants of the Theosophical Society, who belonged to the out-of-caste order beyond the four Hindu castes—Brahmins, Kshattriyas, Vaishyas, Shudras. Drama was, we found, ingrained in the nature of Indians, and the village drama was an important annual event. Visitors from far and near gathered and squatted in front of the soiled and crooked curtain, slung between two crudely decorated side-pieces, that would open on some story of Gods and Goddesses and heroic individuals. Thumbuswami (on principle we called all servants by their names, never as "boys") gave us the invitation to our first Indian drama. I asked him when it began and ended. It began before tea and would end after two in the morning. He evidently sensed my reaction to this strenuous programme, for he added, "Master and Mistress need not come till twelve, just before I climb through the window and kill the princess." We could not disappoint him—and the princess would turn up as usual in the morning to begin his daily duties.

And talking about Indian entertainments, it was just about this time, March 1916, that Jim and I became part of a temple tank-festival and got intimately mixed up with folk life in its most solemn and happy phase. This was at the village of Tiruvanmiyur, near Adyar, which we had already got to know. A great crowd of people from the country round about sat in family

groups in dim light on the stone steps leading to the large sheet of water to see the flotilla bearing deific images round the tank to a pavilion in the centre for ceremonial purposes. There was no outward connection between the people and the priests. But we had got to know that the sight (*darshan*) of a holy person or object was regarded by the people as a blessing, while to be in the vicinity of the revered object, though unseen, was just a degree below sight in spiritual benefit. The costumes of the people in such gatherings were always a treat to the eye and the aesthetic sense. The fundamental colour of the men was white with patches of yellow or red in neck-cloths and turbans. Tints were more general in the women and children. The single-piece robe (*saree*) though simple and uniform, was always pleasing in its gracefulness, and responded to fashions or availability in colouring material, blue in one place, dark red in another, and others. I gravitated to a group that had a number of little boys and girls. Jim followed suit, and we found space on one of the stone steps. Curiously, appreciation on the part of the women appeared to be centred on me. Jim had bought a number of plantains and proceeded to distribute them. Smiles from the children induced smiles from the parents and relatives, and these and gestures helped out our complete ignorance of Tamil and their scanty knowledge of English. We had a very happy time. We learned nothing, but we were deeply impressed by the orderliness, the friendliness, the gentleness, the affection between elders and children, and by the absence of smoking or signs of alcohol.

Two of my early excursions remain in my memory as delightful privileges. One was with Mrs. Besant to a political Conference at Palghat, Malabar, in the South-West. There I saw at close quarters the position of leadership that the little white-haired lady had attained, and heard and saw her superlative oratory hold a multitude spellbound, and mould them to one vision and one mood. I had the great honour of presiding over her at one of the etcetera meeting that were generated by such conferences. We were put up for the day and night in a big empty bungalow partly furnished for the occasion. There I got a glimpse of Mrs. Besant's self-dependence. At the end of the

day, not being an angel, I did not fear to tread into her room with the announcement that I had come to help her. She nipped my good intentions in the bud by informing me gently but firmly that she looked after herself.

The other excursion was to Poona on the uplands not far from Bombay in the first week of June 1916. My visit was to take my seat as a member of the first Senate of the new Indian Women's University that had been founded through the vision and devoted labour and sacrifice of Professor D. K. Karve. From enforced poverty he had worked his way up to educational eminence, and to the crown of traditional Hindu life, voluntary poverty in which he gave his genius for organisation to ideals and the uplift of Indian womanhood. I was delighted to get to know a group of upstanding, intelligent Indian women, who had been helped to social and mental freedom by their saintly Guru, and had gathered around him to help others to the larger life. I was envious of them and envy of the good is a stimulus to good action. My contribution to the session was the putting of comparative religion in the curriculum of the University.

I returned to Adyar from the excursion by Hyderabad, the capital of the great State of the same name ; a curious historical anomaly in that its population were mainly Hindu, while its Ruler and his Government were mainly Muhammadan. I made the detour in response to an invitation I had received from Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who had attained fame as a poetess, and was beginning to do so as a politician and public speaker. Her home, "The Golden Threshold" (the title of her first book of verse), was a shrine of art and culture, and a magnet to all that was refined in the city, not to mention casual respondents to its attraction from outside like myself. She had been born of Bengali Brahmin lineage in Hyderabad and had scandalized the orthodox by marrying a man of a lower caste. She was now at middle life, a year younger than myself, with her very distinctive family, including her devoted husband, Dr. Naidu, around her. Like Mrs. Besant, she was short ; but, like Mrs. Besant, she gave one the impression of largeness when one got in touch with her inner self. She talked of subjects, of herself, her ancestry, her poems,

yet on the personal side of her brilliant and vivacious and epigrammatic talk showed no sign of self-consciousness or conceit. A three-hours chat with her, in which she read me her love-poems in her high sing-song way, stimulated me as wine is said to do. During my short visit, Mrs. Naidu took me for drives around Hyderabad City and to Golconda Fort. These gave me my first sight of the decorative exterior of Islamic culture in a great City and the impersonality of its religious architecture and floral decorations as contrasted with the immense richness of Hindu deific statuary and the florid scrolls on pillars.

June 25 was a day of emotional oscillation. Early I was taken by Mrs. Besant to an Indian wedding. It was always an education to be with her off the platform, and to see her as the humorous semi-Irishwoman and the kind mother. But in the evening, when Jim came from "New India" office and told me he was dismissed, I was knocked out by disappointment—to think that our obviously appreciated services to India should be cut off, and that our breaking away from our home-surroundings and special work should be counted as nothing. I had a very heavy heart and a good cry all to myself. Jim's nerves, for all his philosophical surface, were on edge. But, as he has already told, things came all right, and we began preparing for a change from journalism to education.

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#### CHAPTER XXVII

### TEACHING YOUNG INDIA

(J. H. C.) Nature held out simultaneous attractions to us in our new milieu. We had, as we saw from our front and rear verandahs at dawn, small hills in ranges round the plateau on which the town of Madanapalle was situated half a mile eastward, with culminations for sunrise and sunset in two hills topped by small temples. Within the rhythmical horizon were groups of trees, paddy (rice) fields, stretches of rock and sand, villages, and a

main road towards the frontier of Mysore State along which bullock-carts trundled and jutkas ran. We were quits in our responses to nature. But we shared humanity on a chronological basis, she specialising on contemporary incarnations and their parents, particularly their mothers; I looking through fathers and sons for reflections of the ancient religious genius and philosophical acumen that I came to regard with the veneration due to truth. It was something of a shock, therefore, to find that the more Indian I talked to the descendants of the Rishis (sages), especially those who were or were being educated, the more foreign and laughable I sounded to them.

The compound of The Theosophical College at Madanapalle was bounded on the north by public offices and a small short-term jail. On the south the boundary was a Mohammadan burying ground to which appropriate processions wended their way by a path along the bank of a river that flowed once or twice a year in the rains and as a river-bed continued the southern boundary to the eastern end of the compound. On the east was the market-town of Madanapalle of 7,000 inhabitants. West of the compound lay a hamlet of outcastes. The ground of the weekly market (*santha*, usually called shandy) lay between the college playground and the graveyard. The market was held on Tuesdays; but it began on Monday evening with the invasion of bullock-carts from east and west laden with all kinds of commodities, that continued all night, and filled the times of sleep with every tint of local colour in sound, in sudden whoops, shrieks, admonitions, pettings, snatches of singing that, we learned, were always songs of God. The shandy ended officially on Tuesday evening, but extended itself to Wednesday in the clearing up of filthy unhygienic refuse. Market-day itself was an exasperating and alluring pandemonium. Its hubbub and stench invaded the college class-rooms and gave me a weekly sick headache that induced a vow to have the unacademical anomaly removed elsewhere—a vow that I fulfilled fifteen years later. Rumours of interesting “performers” lured me occasionally into the crowded interior. High-pole acrobats did not excite me. I had seen Blondin on his tight rope, and others. But there was one item

I had not seen elsewhere ; an unimpressive slip of a man moving about with empty bottles in his hands, and, when he scented the possibility of an anna, smashing a bottle and chewing and swallowing its fragments. I was on the *qui vive* for the sleight of hand, but my eye was not fast enough.

Just how a high school grew up in such apparently incongruous circumstances and flowered into a college is one of the prophetic sports of Indian education. In the course of time the propagation of the Christian faith reached the mainly Hindu town of Madanapalle. Education was started by the missionaries. Proselytism was denied. But atmosphere did its work. Conversions among the pupils followed ; so did a storm of protest that resulted in the establishment in 1876 of a school in which Hindu boys would be free from religious interference. A second followed. Then a third that from 1888 to 1892 was head-mastered by R. Giri Rao, B.A., a man of such small bulk that it was a wonder how he could carry his extraordinarily large heart in it. In 1892 a High School was made out of the three lower schools, through the help of Mr. Giri Rao and a local lawyer, Mr. O. L. Sarma. In 1910 the High School was on the point of having to close down through inability to bridge the inevitable gulf between income and expenditure in Indian education. To this point the Theosophical movement converged. (Mrs. Annie Besant's educational idealism ardently desired the expansion of the heart-breaking eight per cent of indigenous literacy which was all that a century and a half of education under British domination could show. This was the quantitative side. On the qualitative side she tried to make up for the lack of religion in education, which was, in her view, a deprivation of the idealism that was fundamental in the nature of all Indians whatever faith they were born into. When the position of Madanapalle High School was brought to her attention, Mrs. Besant sponsored its continuation, and delegated Mr. Ernest Wood, a young Englishman who assisted her in her educational work at Adyar, to carry out the salvage. Not only did Mr. Wood put the High School on its feet, but he developed alongside it a second grade College (half-way to B.A.). Mrs. Besant's ideals were taken up by the Theosophical

Educational Trust which she formed in 1913. The school was taken over by the Trust as its first unit ; and the Theosophical College was opened in 1915. When we arrived in 1916 the combined High School and College had a muster of 640. Of these 150 were in residence in cottages, dormitories and cubicles on the compound, 18 being on the ground floor under us. Primary schools in the town, that had taken up the Besant ideal of all-round education for body, mind, heart and soul, brought the roll of students to a round thousand.

My first post was that of Lecturer in English. Before long I found that my exposition of poetry (prose was taken by another Lecturer) went flat. What was wanted, I learned, was dictation by me of answers to probable questions in future examinations. This took the heart out of my work. But my impulse to service found vent in additional duties when the treasurer of the College was transferred to Adyar and his office duties were added to my class-work. There was also something sustaining in the feeling that, behind the unsuitability and materialism of the official education that we had to administer and its debilitating influence on mind and character, there was a vision of the latent spiritual nature of the students and of the incalculable possibilities of their futures. The faithful continuation of the sense of devotion to the highest things in life, the constant presence of pure patriotism, the unemphatic but effective breaking down of social barricades, the joy in artistic expression, energised one's thought and action, and before long engendered a community spirit in which students and staff were equal sharers.

It is not possible here to give the details of what became a fascinating day-to-day adventure in human relationships and development. I can only offer a few summary glimpses of the happy life that moved around us as we became the actual, if not the official, heads of the institution. The open animosity of the English Principal to Mrs. Besant's agitation for political autonomy in India led to his retirement. The Vice-Principal, Mr. C. S. Trilokekar, M.A., a Mahratta who had served with Mrs. Besant in Benares and fully shared her ideals, became Principal. I was promoted to the

Vice-Principalship. Gretta became the "Mummy" of the girls in the school.

The day's work was made sacramental by the opening "dedication" given to ten minutes of aspiration in short prayers by students from the various faiths in chronological order; Hindu, Zoroastrian, Buddhist, Christian, Mussulman; a general prayer such as number four in Tagore's "Gitanjali" which itself expresses the whole compass and technique of a true system of education; and either an item of western hymnology such as "Let us with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord for He is kind," which each student interpreted in terms of his own faith, or (after we had learned it later from Tagore himself) "Jana Gana Mana", or Mrs. Besant's "God save our Motherland". There was no empty or formal sentimentalism in this "daily dedication," there was just joy in stretching out one's consciousness towards all life.

To the fixed curriculum of the Department of Public Instruction and of the University of Madras we unofficially added arts and crafts. A sculptor-painter, Mr. N. K. Dewal, was brought from Tagore's Santiniketan. We installed two shuttle looms for weaving saris for women and dhotis for men. We also installed a village "pit" loom. Its work, being slow and under direct human touch, was much better than that of the shuttle looms. This gave me a glimpse of economics at close quarters, and of the choice opening out before humanity of displacing human labour by machinery controlled by a few, or of developing hand-crafts whereby a larger number of workers could make a comfortable living.

On full-moon nights we dined together on the roof of one of the buildings, with kerosene lamps to reinforce the lunar glow. These inter-dinings at first had repercussions in distant orthodox village homes. But all sign of opposition died down before long. Caste was forgotten in good comradeship and high aspiration. There is no caste separation in a holy place, and our college came to be regarded as such. Every Saturday night students gave a bajana (recital of hymns) in a dormitory, with sacred pictures, flowers and incense. At the end sweets or



savouries were handed round in the Indian version of the "love-feast".

When I as Vice-Principal took a late walk westwards towards the hills on the boundary of Mysore State, word soon went round the campus, and he did not go lonely for talkative and happy company. Ordinarily evening "prayers" were said in front of our house around a bust of the late American educational enthusiast, Colonel Henry Steele Olcott. On walking nights, devotions were done under the immense stars at some favourite point on the road; and the boys tramped homeward with glow-worms in their hair, and I accompanied them with luminous spots in my imagination.

Games and physical culture were made obligatory in the school and college; but the obligation rested lightly where health and happiness accompanied duty. Our physical culture master, Mr. Harikrishna Chetty, knew every occidental system as well as the Indian systems. He was an expert in exercising and imparting breath control. I have seen him deflate himself to a wasp-waist, have a heavy chain fixed around his body, and snap the chain by inflation. At a college function in Madras he asked me to induce Mrs. Besant to permit him to stop her big Rolls Royce car with a rope attached only to himself. He sat on the ground with nothing on but his khaki knickers, got a long cable laid around his back and fastened to the car. He inflated himself, and gave a signal for the car to go. The experienced driver put all needful gadgets into action, but the only thing the forty horses could do was to stretch the rope. He taught his students to perform similar feats. A delicately built lad lay flat on his back and breathed as instructed. Two comrades on each side lifted him to a position in which the back of his head rested on the top of the back of one chair and his heels on another, his stiff body being a bridge between the chairs. Two comrades jumped on to the lad's chest and sang a hymn and jumped off. A big slab of granite was lifted by a number of boys on to his head, and smashed to pieces by hatchets and hammers. The lad was lowered to the ground. He deflated himself, and retired smiling to his place. These were only the trimmings of physical culture. The solid good came from

regular discipline that transformed weedy village boys into fine young men though never of the muscular kind.

The first troop of Boy Scouts in India was formed in Madanapalle College in 1915 under the leadership of a student from Ceylon, G. P. Aryaratna, a well set-up, quietly strong, very intelligent young Buddhist. Aryaratna had been trained at a school in Ceylon by Mr. F. Gordon Pearce, an Englishman who had devoted his life to the service of the youth of the Orient. Attached to the troop was a fire-corps, which rendered invaluable service in occasional outbreaks in the surrounding villages in the dry season, when sparks from cooking operations set alight the combustible thatches of cottages.

Our College Parliament, of which I acted as Speaker for a year to give the technique of debate, settled the affairs of India once a week with remarkable earnestness and despatch. Visitors dropped in and closely watched the proceedings, for rumours of political expansion were abroad, and Provincial Parliaments were not unlikely in the near future. They were, in fact, established in 1921, and one of our visitors became the Member for a neighbouring district. In later years some of the pupils became legislators. With the Parliament went a Jury for the trial of offences. Their services were not often called on; but when they were, their findings and awards were well grounded and seriously observed. Discipline was, indeed, an easy matter where freedom, comradeship, and idealism were the elements that made up the atmosphere of daily life.

When the first wave of the non-cooperation movement spread into Madras Presidency, the powers behind the College were at one with Mahatma Gandhi in his desire to free India from external domination; but they disagreed with his technique of agitation. (Our rule was that, while students might if they wished attend political gatherings for information and future experience, they should not, during their studentship, mar their studies by the mental and emotional stresses of actual participation in politics. I accompanied them to such meetings, and gave them an example of reserve which they faithfully followed, until the stupid interneging of their "Mother", Mrs. Besant, by the Madras

Government brought politics straight into their lives and outraged their deepest emotions, for they literally worshipped her.)

Our test came when General Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, visited Madras, and word came to us that "Mother," who was an enthusiastic Scout, wanted the Madanapalle group to go to Madras and join the Jambouree. Three brothers were members of the troop; an elder and two juniors. The juniors were full of joyful anticipation of the excursion and spree. But the senior had been a close reader of non-co-operation literature in private, and decided to non-co-operate with General Baden-Powell, who was a symbol of India's enslavement. I interviewed the three boys together, and put the situation before them, and gave them two alternatives: take the train with the rest of the boys who were going to Madras, and on the journey decide either to proceed with the troop to Madras, or change into the train for their home city. They changed for home; while I preserved the countenance of a College Principal, behind which there was a congenital rebel who gave them an unofficial cheer for their pluck.

Parental protest at the unannounced arrival of a consignment of returned family soon reached me, and I learned what a number of unpleasant adjectives could be affixed to my name. And there the matter appeared to have ended. But it happened that some months later I went to a country town in Mysore to preside over a Theosophical Conference attended by delegates from various parts of the State. At the reception I recognised the father of the rebellious triumvirate, and the younger two with him. I smiled at the little lads, to whom I was much attached, and made a sign of rapproachment. In an instant they were hanging on to me, and crying their joy at reconciliation. All the father could manage to say was: "I did not understand." Which is, when one comes to think of it, all that ever is to be said in human separations. In a few days the boys had rejoined us, but not at Madanapalle, for changes had come about which removed us to Guindy, near Adyar. The elder boy had gone into business; and when he had free time on my subsequent visits to his city, he installed himself as my escort and messenger. But he never

expressed regret for his domination of his younger brothers, for he had compelled them to break discipline : and I never suggested that he ought to ; for the tide of life moves on, and is more important than any of its waves.

The passing of Ganesh Paranjpye remains in my memory surrounded by a solemn beauty. He had come to Madanapalle to build up his health after a heavy attack of fever at home in Cawnpore. For some days he was in good health, but suddenly relapsed. The doctor did all possible for him. The next morning at six I awoke from a dream of having passed Ganesh's room, and seeing him sit on a chair on the verandah dressed in a new suit of European clothes and looking well and happy. I smiled my pleasure, and awoke, and expressed my fear to Mrs. Cousins that Ganesh had taken on other garments, in other words, was dead. Just then a knock came to our door, and I called out to know what was wanted. The voice of Maung Maungji, our only Burmese student, replied : " Please come and see Ganesh. There is something strange about him." I went at once, and found that he was just passing out as peacefully as a sleeping child. At sundown that day we cremated his young body in the dry bed of the river. Brahmins performed the necessary ceremonies. Just as the sun was touching the horizon, and before the pyre was lighted, the students made a ring of solemn faces around the remains, and sang the evening hymn that Mrs. Cousins had taught them. There were few dry eyes when they sang with a significance that their young minds and hearts had not before realized :

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day.

Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.

Change and decay in all around I see.

O Thou who changest not ! abide with me !

Situated as our community was at Madanapalle, we had to be our own entertainers. A session was assigned each year to a performance of a drama in Telugu Tamil and Kanarese ; also a school text in English. The organizing and rehearsing of these dramas was a liberal education to the participants. A story out of the Puranas was chosen ; the proper tunes assigned to the various stanzas—for Indian drama proper is " opera " but the music was

not freshly made ; it was an adaptation of established melodies. Our music master rehearsed the matter. The "orchestra " was a baby harmonium (a European horror for which unhappily we had then no available alternative), a drum, and an ancient fiddler in the wings who stuck his head out in view of the audience and followed the singer in unison but just a beat behind.

The creation of scenery and properties for the drama was always an adventure. Mere suggestion was not permitted by dramatic tradition. Everything had to be as it ought to be. If Ravana had nine heads five thousand years ago, he must have nine heads to-day. The navigation of all that brainy equipment of cardboard heads on each side of the actor's on to a small and crowded stage was an event. At first I thought the Indian student lacked a sense of humour. What the students did have, and I had to catch up on, was a sense of symbolism. The nine heads were not a piece of dressing or a joke. They were the indication that that was Ravana, and all that Ravana meant to them of romance and spiritual significance in the stories which their mothers had taught them in their childhood, and the wandering teachers had interpreted to them in the villages.

For the drama of Prahlada a raging sea was needed. I pointed out (in my habitual technique of "leading out" by suggestion) the scarcity of water, and the difficulty of constructing a tank that the audience could see into. But the drama-makers were after something more subtle ; not objective realism, but an imaginative reality created by objective media so symbolically true that they needed no glossary. The student deputation did not argue thus with me, though most of them were not incapable of it. I was doing some studentship of my own. What was needed was "indents" on local shopkeepers for (1) two pieces of timber about 16 feet long and a couple of inches each way otherwise, (2) a pot of blue paint, the bluer the better, (3) several sheets of thick white cardboard, (4) a handy paint-brush, (5) some yards of small rope. They got the indents and materials, and created a mythological ocean in the midst of the arid Deccan that came nearer giving me sea-sickness than any merely real ocean before or since.

Prahlada was a lad who had incarnated for the purpose of teaching humanity the futility of religious intolerance. For this laudable purpose he acquired a set of enemies who tried various ways of getting rid of him. One way was to drown him. Hence the raging sea in the drama. Two lengths of waves, cut like the teeth of a gigantic saw, of a blue that no common or garden ocean could ever hope to attain, their crests uniformly white, were placed in position across the stage, and hung to the flies at a distance of three feet from each other. A boy at one end of each, sets the waves swinging slowly in contrary motion. The curtain goes up revealing a raging sea. Prahlada is on the edge of it declaring his devotion to God. His enemies are on his track to stop his chanting of the wrong name of God, their's being the only right name. There is no way of escape save by trusting to God and plunging into the raging sea. He plunges, and with much puffing and spitting of mythological salt water, safely reaches the other side of the ocean to the great joy of the audience. Objectively he had crawled across the stage-floor on his stomach. In imaginative reality it was the hand of God that had supported him. And God and the solemnly happy little artist, Radhakrishna, one of the rebellious brothers, were tumultuously applauded.

It was when this young artist and I were walking and talking among the stony ground on which the College was built that he suddenly cried: "Stop sir!" I stopped. A six-foot cobra was across the path in front of us a couple of yards and apparently awaiting signs of our intentions. We stood still, and the gorgeous creature, deciding that we were not aggressive, slid into a hole. It may have been dealt with later by students or workmen, for a cobra hunt was sometimes a necessity, and ended in a village feast of sweets and savouries and music to celebrate the elimination of danger. Other student groups would not injure a serpent for anything. A student sleeping on the ground of a cottage verandah found a cobra doing the same beside his pillow, and merely disturbed it for the purpose of suggesting that it was time to go home.

There came a time when my imagination demanded larger and more vigorous exercise. A strong desire came on me

for a renewal of the experience of drama-making which I had enjoyed in my young manhood in Ireland. The means to the satisfaction of the desire came to my hand in a tattered booklet which I picked up on my room floor. Glancing over it I found it to be a short sketch of the life of the Hindu Rani (Queen) Mirabai of Mewar in Rajputana, who lived in the end of the fifteenth century, and is still a potent influence in the life of northern India through her devotional songs. Through some freak of imagination Mirabai's life was pulled over into the next century and became mixed with the story of the Mogul Emperor, Akbar the Great. But the historical "howler" gave me a good theme in the clash of three types of religious temperament, embodied in the Rani Mirabai, the simple saint-poetess; the Rana (King) Kumbha, her husband, the fanatical religionist; and the Emperor Akbar, the religious eclectic. Out of this I wrote the drama "The King's Wife" in four acts in blank verse, with English verse renderings of some of the Rani's own songs which I had got in Adyar two years previously. I had visualized a fifth act, in accordance with my tatterdemalion authority; but somehow it would not come. I had a guilty conscience over my trying to create an environment that I had not seen, though William Shakespeare was no less ignorant of Elsinore, and Robert Southey of Mahabalipuram, than I of Chitorgarh in Rajputana. But before I got the question of a fifth act settled in my mind events happened that made history in our individual lives and in the life of India, and took me on a journey that passed through Mirabai's country and decided the final curtain of the play. But of this later, and before the events, some glimpses of personality.

We took Thumbu, our Panchama (fifth or out-caste) house-boy at Adyar, to Madanapalle, and he entered with zest into his new life, accompanied by his wife and two children. The autumn in India is rich in Hindu religious festivals, and these were observed in the College, as well as the Christian and Moham-madan festivals. Two days are given to the asking of the blessing of Devi (Goddess) Saraswati, first on records and their implements (books, writing-materials, etc.) and on the tools of domestic life. Thumbu invited us to his kitchen for the

*puja* (worship). All the paraphernalia of that department were spotlessly clean and neatly arranged. And in the little smoke-stained kitchen that "untouchable" young man made himself a priest and his kitchen a shrine, and his employers humble participants in the deep mystery of human aspiration. He recited the appropriate scriptures, lighted and waved his camphor, and did it all with grace and power.

In the College the *puja* was being performed by Brahmins. The spectacle of this "out-caste" acting as his own priest was therefore something of a revelation to me as to the liberties taken with ceremonial within what I, like most westerners, had taken to be a cast-iron system. Further revelation was just ahead. I noticed the absence of an image of the Goddess and told Thumbu that he should have asked me to get him one so as to have a better *puja*. But the Goddess was there, he asserted, and indicated a sprig of foliage stuck in a mound of rice on a plate, which I, in my ignorance, had taken as being no more than an ornamental flourish. Thumbu sensed something of puzzlement in me, and added that if master did not like the piece of tree for the Goddess, he would throw it out and put a piece of stone instead. "Master knows, everything is the hands and feet of the Goddess." Master had his private opinion that this was so; but what mattered at the moment was the flash of realization that the image as image mattered exactly nothing to that humble seer of reality. All that mattered was its reminder of the omnipresence of Life.

And there was Asoka, a boy of the Reddi sub-caste, not intellectual in the bookish sense, but markedly intelligent, and so humanly transparent and clean that shy children took him as their universal father, and he had the freedom of every home. It was a searching moment in my life when Asoka, without a quiver, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, invited me to the cottage in the town where he fathered a group of his cousins who were students in the College, in order that he might worship me! Occidental worship, such as I had been reared in, takes place on Sundays, or in sentimental songs, and concerns itself either with divine personages or the female sex. Here was



something outside my categories. I explained my difficulty in my presuming to assume even temporary divinity. Asoka's rebuttal was: "I am trying to realise unity with God. But it may take me many lives to do so. You, my *guru*, are my father and mother, and my ideal model. You are the nearest thing to God in my universe." I postponed an answer. I consulted my Principal, Chintamani Trilokekar, and found that he had had a similar invitation, to which he meant to respond. With his help I came to see myself as a symbol objectivising to the earnest lad his own aspiration, so characteristically Indian, and I accepted the responsibility. That evening in Asoka's cottage, which had been cleaned and garnished for so solemn and happy an occasion, Asoka's paradigms, his double *guru* separated into Mahratta and Irish forms, were seated on chairs covered with Indian cloths, garlanded, anointed with sandal-wood paste, prayed to in Sanskrit, offered the *arathi* of burning camphor; and, on resuming our humanity, treated to a delicious love-feast of Indian dainties on the carpeted floor.

Sundaram, son of a brilliant Brahmin lawyer, conceived the shiny idea that to be a member of a circus troupe was the summit of human attainment. He nearly attained the summit when Madame Tarabai, the woman "strong man" of India, came to Madanapalle on tour, with her miraculous feats of skill that made strength feel crude, and her ramshackle circus. Sundaram haunted the show, and through the blandishments of his starry eyes induced Madame to give a special benefit performance for educational work. The performance brought down the crowded house—also an unanticipated deluge that streamed through the loosely lashed and frequently tattered canvas roof of the big tent, and in a few minutes flooded ring and auditorium. The local ladies in their finery (there was no *purdah* or seclusion in our parts) scampered for public or private conveyances. Sundaram and other students held a heavy wooden bench as an umbrella over Mrs. Cousins and me as we waded to a *jutka*. Sundaram became a medical doctor, and a brilliant foe of venereal disease, and its causes.

And there was Laxman (A. Lakshmana Rao, to which he added Hoysala when he became a famous poet in his native Mysore.) I had to give him private lectures imploring him not to profit overmuch from my classes in English poetry, he being a poet, and sensitive to significances, therefore in danger of temptation away from his own tradition and tongue into the cultural disloyalty which the domination of foreign influences had induced in so many Indians of creative capacity. Laxman happily followed the light, and carried over into his own Kanarese my idealism for content and expression in poetry; not in English poetry alone, but in poetry as such. Poems of his have found their way into the school-books of his native Mysore, where he himself became a School-master.

I would be doing less than justice to Madanapalle character if I did not recognise our community of interest with the animal kingdom through the scout dog. If he had a name, I have forgotten it. He emerged from the far-spread group-soul of the pariah-dog that is one of the problems of life in India, and became an honoured personage among us. No one could tell how he came to be accepted as an almost human brother, or when and how he took his place as an essential of the scout troop, a regular sentinel over scout properties and attendant at drill, and a faithful companion at camps. At "daily dedication" he took his place on the platform at my feet, and sat and stood as occasion required for meditation or prayers, and at the conclusion walked solemnly to his duty at the scout room, or to such other canine business as occupied the place of mystery behind his lustrous kindly eyes. He accompanied the scouts on excursions. On his last, as far as Madanapalle was concerned, he got out of a train at a station on some phase of the canine quest, and did not get back in time. His son took his place at prayers.

One of my pupils was a moving spirit in the young Islam community, especially among an active and vocal group that disputed the logic that said, because the Prophet had worn a beard, therefore they should go about wearing beards. In order to demonstrate their devotion to the faith in spite of their refusal to conform to custom, the anti-beard party had organized

a play, and to this play they had invited everyone who was more or less anyone in the district, including the Christian missionaries. My pupil had undertaken to write a poem in English as a prologue to the play in Urdu. He brought it to me for revision. When we had made many drastic changes he suggested that if I would like to see the Mohurrum procession, he would conduct us: madame also.

A strain of distant music added a seductiveness to the invitation that drew us out of doors without thought for personal appearance. My wife was, I dare say, with the instinct of her sex, suitably apparelled. I had discarded my collar at 85 Fahrenheit in the shade, likewise my front stud, and found comfort in old unlaced canvas slippers that were sufficiently holey to be cool on tropical floors, yet had sufficient unity of purpose as footwear to bear sudden excursions into the odorous Indian night in pursuit of washermen's donkeys that conceived our garden plot to have been created for them.

So we sallied forth to see the Mohurrum procession. As it turned out, it was the procession that saw us, and not one procession, but two. The public street of Madanapalle in front of the mosque was crammed with sightseers—children of Islam of all ages, ancient fathers with long beards under newly washed turbans, younger fathers in baggy-kneed pink or green trousers, with gaily brocaded youngsters held shoulder high, all as distinctive in features amongst Hindus as Jews amongst Christians. And not a woman was to be seen, whereas at Hindu festivals they were at least as numerous as men.

Room had been made for my wife and me by the crowd with delightful friendliness, and a number of our Muhammadan pupils, including the poet, gave us their company. One of them invited us to view the procession, now about to start, from the verandah of his home. In anticipation of our acceptance of the invitation two chairs were already in place.

The father of our student-host welcomed us on the family verandah with hearty courtesy; an act of much grace to outsiders, seeing that he was one of the patriarchs of the faithful, and we were mlechchas (infidels). Mohurrum was the Good Friday,

so to speak, of Islam. On it the sons of the Prophet Mohammed fell. Hence the problem of peace in India when Mohurram coincides with some general or local Hindu festivity; such occasions being to the Hindu opportunities for making "a joyful noise" unto some aspect of the One Lord; and sorrow and joy do not mix.

The procession had almost reached our vantage point headed by a troupe of men-dancers from a tribe of Sughalis, a lonely people with an insanitary tradition who dwelt at the circumference of India's religious life and eked out a slender livelihood by gathering firewood from anyone's ditches. I was cogitating over the broad spirit of Islam that permitted such a prelude to its most important festival, even as it permitted the Hindu band to head its procession to the praying-ground, when the leading torches stopped in front of us.

And then I realised that, if we had been born in private, we were now going to have a lurid publicity thrust upon us. I appreciated the friendly spirit of the celebrants, but my pleasure was jarred by the horrible realization that a collarless and studless shirt and ancient unlaced and tattered shoes were no fitting costume for a person occupying, so to speak, the saluting point in a march-past!

A pair of eyes laughing out of a dark face, a row of shining white teeth, appeared at my feet, and a "tiger" placed a lime in my hand and a few flowers in my wife's lap. I knew that my ceremonial discourtesy was forgiven, or, rather, swallowed up in the delightful variegation that is the predominant surface characteristic of India.

The drums and reeds began again, and the front of the procession moved on to make room for another section. The procession passed without further stoppage, and I thought we could get away to open-air to clear our eyes and throats of the dust set floating by the sandalled or slippered feet of the never resting multitude, and the smoke of the illuminants. But a new outburst of music and light and a new marching crowd held us in our exalted place; and we had to go through the whole thing all over again, whether at the hands of the pro-beards or

anti-beards I do not now remember. Here, as in other Mohamedan and Hindu festivals in which I have participated, I saw the orderliness that was characteristic of all Indian crowds. No matter what apparent confusion or absence of organization might be among the large numbers that gathered on such occasions, there was nothing in the nature of rowdiness, and no sign of alcoholic intoxication.

Even the animal kingdom shares in the religious life of India, dressed in his or her best, fed gloriously for a whole holy day on aristocratic rice and ground cocoanut and treated with the ceremony offered during the rest of the year to super-human beings. In the middle of January you will observe sundry items of decoration beyond the usual on the cattle that make the roads round about Madanapalle colourful. My first realization of something special afoot in the animal kingdom was coming across a fine horse, with a brilliant cover, followed by a magnificent bullock clad like a mediaeval charger in a gorgeous cloth that hung almost to the ground from neck to tail. His horns were painted and tasselled, his dignified neck was garlanded, his slender ankles were encircled with rings of flowers.

A short distance away all the cattle of the district had been gathered and so arranged that they faced a central point, where a priest of the caste of the cattle-owners, Shudra, threw flowers and rice over them and invoked the divine blessing on them against disease and accident during the coming year. A small goat, decorated, daintily fed, respectfully treated, was despatched with a single blow. A large fire was kindled by the priest. At a signal it was scattered, and the herd was set free to find their way home.

Out of a cloud of dust came a galloping, bellowing mass of cattle and buffaloes of all sizes, careering like schoolboys on an unexpected half-holiday. Handsome young animals engaged in mimic sideways combats, but lost no speed. Fat buffaloes, with horns that went straight back almost to their middles, put up their noses and swam past with a sound that seemed to be a mixture of bark and grunt. We had to mount a high ditch at the first onset, for it is a matter of principle with a buffalo never

to swerve from its predestined path. A dusty twilight settled upon us, and through it phantom creatures sped with a pattering like gigantic raindrops. After a while the nondescript undecorated section of the herd had rushed indecourageously homeward, as though glad to be rid of religion. A respectable and orthodox section succeeded, and the dust died down. Noble bullocks and sedate cows moved quietly along with heads up, bells tinkling, garlands swaying, tassels dangling—a vision of human and animal comradeship.

After the procession of the cattle came several drummers beating march-time on single drumheads like enlarged tambourines. Men, women, children and a few specially clothed animals followed. Then came a band of drums, cymbals and bagpipes, playing in the curious Indian way that at first hearing sounds as if it were a medley of rival tunes, but with usage resolves itself into haunting music. With these came jolly youngsters, some of whose costumes did not run into more than silver anklets, whirling burning faggots about their heads. These they had lighted at the ceremonial fire, and were now keeping alive to spread the consecrated flame about the country side. As we walked homewards we saw several rows of cattle outside their own homes awaiting an extra blessing. Dried twigs were spread in their way and set afire with one of the faggots; and men and cattle marched gaily through the blaze into a new year.

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#### CHAPTER XXVIII

### AWAKENING INDIAN WOMANHOOD

(M. E. C.) The activities of our life at Madanapalle did not give me full satisfaction. They had their pleasures and interests; but the correction of students' essays in not very clear writing and in very rudimentary English became a burden. I did not wish to give up this donkey-work; but I did wish for something more human and creative. One day Jim, with customary

intuition of my mental states, asked me, "What about Votes for women?" "In a hundred years we may begin to think about it," I answered. My estimate (which I was destined shortly to falsify) was based on a western notion of the age-long subjection of Indian women by their men-folk, and their consequent backwardness.

Our College life impinged on that of the neighbouring town of 7,000 inhabitants. "Irish hospitality" led me into inviting the ladies of one family and another to tea, a function which under the title of "light refreshments" was happily outside caste restrictions on "food"—that is, the central dietetic necessities of rice and curry, rasam and buttermilk, whose ingestion was a ritual. One of our lecturers, a Brahmin, got the idea of having a similar "party" to which he asked other members of the staff and their wives. Nothing of the kind had been heard of before. Its unusualness gave a piquancy to the pleasure of tea and home-made sweets and savouries. But its social significance was in the equality of the sexes. At "food," also called "meals", the men of the house were served by the women. At the party everybody served everybody else under the leadership of our Brahmin host. Something was happening though I did not then know what. The tea-parties moved to various residences. I recall one as typical. One of our lecturers, a smart-brained and highly vocal Brahmin, had brought his slim young wife to settle down with him near the College. Our host and we were chatting on the cloth-covered floor of the small general room when the young lady entered. She had never been in the company of Europeans before, and she passed like a shadow on the wall to a position of obscurity behind her husband. That was the beginning of our acquaintance. In the thirty years between then and the writing of this note, I saw her develop from self-effacing timidity to being a confident, informed, executive woman, a graduate of our College, a Senator of two Universities, a member of a District Board, and an Honorary Magistrate. She was one of a great company of Indian women who, unknown then to me, were awaiting the signal of emancipation. Happily I had no notion of what was pending or of the nature of the signal and the direction

from which it would come. So none of my own ideas could interfere with whatever was arising out of the inherent genius of Indian womanhood. I simply reacted to the life around me, and my first reaction was to follow up our tea-parties, which had shown me that Indian women were just as human as myself and as interested in one another, by bringing together the wives of the teachers and some of their friends in the town, and seeing what would happen. What happened, after some preliminary meetings that created enthusiasm in those who attended them, and criticism in those who stayed away, was a society which called itself the Abala Abhivardini Samaj—the Weaker Sex Improvement Society, an inferiority title that took me some time to get used to. Anyhow my repugnance to avowed inferiority had only to stand trial for a year, and quickly became an obvious misnomer through the growth of initiative and ability in the members and influence beyond its local boundaries.

Some of the members were outstanding characters, "Auntie" for one, whose Brahmin heart was as big as the amazing brown legs that she sent in advance of herself when she descended at our door from the trotting-bullock carriage that was the Rolls Royce of the town. But an exceptionally large and strong physique did not prevent her from being caught in the influenza epidemic of 1917, and in her dying moments she called for her "sister Margaret". The bullock carriage was hurried off to our home, over a mile away, for me. The Brahmin lady, that everyone loved for her kindly spirit, passed to Swarga (heaven) from the arms of her Irish sister—an utterly unorthodox thing to do, and probably very rare, since the touch of one outside her caste was pollution. But love and mutual respect and confidence have a way of driving bullock carriages through outworn conventions.

But the special activity that united the women and children in real joy without separation came by the happy accident that on one of my excursions, this one to Burma, I came on a small local industry of rattan-weaving. I saw in a flash that the turning of the cane into articles for use could be developed into the production of all sorts of useful things that were also beautiful. I learned the method on the spot, and on my return obtained



the required tools and materials, and demonstrated a new art to the Samaj. The members took to it eagerly. By and by baskets for fruit and flowers, plates for *pan supari* (betel leaves and nut) and for carrying offerings to temples, appeared with individual variations that inspired the others. Before long our example was taken up, and ladies' afternoon classes and rattan weaving broke out in many places.

News of this had reached Mrs. Dorothy Jinarajadasa at Adyar, and she took the Samaj as the model for a Women's Indian Association. The Abala Abhivardhini Samaj, to give it its timid title for the last time, became one of the first branches of the new Women's Indian Association with 70 members, Mrs. Annie Besant being its President. This was in July 1917.

I was Honorary Secretary of the branch from its opening in 1916 until our transfer to Adyar in 1922. Within that time the cultural and social interests of the members widened far beyond their customary boundaries. The Madanapalle Branch of the Women's Indian Association contributed its quota to the revolutionary spectacle of Indian women sitting on the Bench of a Court publicly dispensing justice. Mrs. Jayalakshmi Kumar, wife of the Principal of the Theosophical College some time after my husband's transfer to Adyar, led the way. After her came Mrs. Lakshmi Gurusurthy, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Daniel, and Miss Chandra Royal, the latter becoming the first woman to be made President of the local Bench of Honorary Magistrates. In 1922 a Baby Welcome was opened by the Branch. This widened the scope of experience in responsibility, organisation, punctuality and continuity; and the nearness of the activity of the new department to home-life, in bathing, medicating, clothing and entertaining tiny boys and girls, mostly from the poorer streets, drew out the mothering instinct of the members in many delightful ways. In all this work our veteran adviser and encourager, Mr. R. Seshagiri Rao, a local lawyer of high principles and refined tastes, was always at hand and willing to help.

A summer vacation visit to Adyar from April 5, 1917, was full of intense interest. Mrs. Besant had founded a new order of devoted helpers for good causes. The title, Brothers of Service,

with herself as chief "Brother" stimulated my risibility and ultimately my pugnacity. My audible objection to the outmoded primacy of masculine terminology was met from one side by a dull acceptance of whatever came from above, and from another side by the argument that such terms as brother and brethren had become inclusive of both sexes. I met this kow-towing to male convention in the opening of "the day of the woman" by emphasising the subtle effect that false and inadequate terms exercised on mental states and through them on action. My attitude reached the ears of those in authority and further controversy arose. At the instigation of an eminent member I allowed a suggestion that I might join the new Order to be put before Mrs. Besant. I was told that she did not think I could be admitted with my mind against the name. To bring the matter to a point I applied for full membership, passing over the stage of neophyte. Two days later Mrs. Besant called me to her room. At the end of a long stiff interview she said she would not change the name, but she would take me in as a full "Brother", so that, as she put it, I might keep them straight on a matter that certainly had its importance. Next morning she received me ceremonially into the Order, and with her own soft hands put the silver chain and pendant round my neck and blue cord round my waist. The foundation-stone of the headquarters of the Order of Service was laid next morning. The ceremony was most picturesque. I was up at 4.30, and, after a bath, was out at the site well before sunrise. The laying of the foundation-stone was done with masonic honours. I was not then a mason but I found the milieu and the stately ceremony, like something that I had read of the Greek mysteries, very moving, and in due time I became one of the principal officers, and my husband had a position on the floor.

The first week of June 1917 got filled with rumours that Mrs. Besant was to be interned. Some who had got the idea that Lord Pentland (the Governor of Madras) had been relieved of stomachic distress by a dietetic prescription from Mrs. Besant through his chief housekeeper, who was a member of the Theosophical Society and a vegetarian, did not believe that he would

do anything so humorous. But in matters of duty an Englishman was always an Englishman even when he was a Scotchman, and occasionally when he was an Irishman, and Lord Pentland of John O'Groats or thereabouts did his English duty shortly afterwards. On June 17 news of the internment of Mrs. Besant and her two collaborators in the Home Rule agitation, G. S. Arundale and B. P. Wadia reached us. Jim was called to Adyar the same day. In his absence I organised a protest meeting that gave the women of the town a taste of the "larger life" and the peculiar restrictions that enlargement involves. The internment of Mrs. Besant was an entirely political move, and entirely foolish, as it immediately aroused all India, and gave her propaganda more publicity in a few days than it would have got in years of constitutional agitation. Mrs. Besant's activities on behalf of women and children, her work for education, her help for the depressed of all grades and religions, had made her a legend of benevolence. They revered her as Ammaji (Great Mother), and became indignant at the disrespect shown to her in shutting her away from the humanitarian activities that were life to her. The feeling against the internment of Mrs. Besant grew; it went so deep that even little boys fasted on the monthly "internment day". But the philosophy behind the College and High School had a restraining influence on emotion, also we had activities that were of the nature of release.

The Principal of the College, Professor C. S. Trilokekar, got the idea of using the prevailing enthusiasm as a means of presenting her, when she was released, with the beginnings of a National College. So on the morning of July 16, the assembly found itself the other way round in the Besant Hall. A National College could not be inaugurated from the platform on which the day's work of a College affiliated with a denationalising University was begun. The prayers of the religions had to approach deity from the opposite point of the compass, north instead of south. It was a wonderful occasion. The big hall, not long roofed after standing open to the sky awaiting donations, had a vast and cathedral-like feeling notwithstanding its stark granite walls. It was filled with students and teachers and sympathisers from

the town, probably a thousand in the white cotton smocks and shirts that make a gathering of Indians such a clean and cheerful sight with touches of feminine colour in saris here and there. Prayers, one from each religion and one from all together, were chanted with special fervour. After short explanatory speeches by the Principal and the Vice-Principal (Jim), I gave the inaugural address telling of the ideal of a system of education, as propounded by Mrs. Besant, for the bringing out of all the powers of the individual and putting them in happy and fruitful relationship with life, a system to come ultimately into the hands of accomplished and experienced Indians. Then followed a procession round the campus. The preliminary class of a National College was formed. Jim and I were closely in touch with Mrs. Besant's mind on education, and Jim had spoken and written so convincingly on the subject that he had been asked by Mr. Arundale to draft the syllabus for a University course for the College of a possible new scheme of national education. Then came the anti-climax. A visitor to Mrs. Besant in internment brought back the news that our starting of a National College was a mistake, that she had a much larger scheme in view ; but that the class might go on as a preliminary class and await events.

Another diversion was a visit by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa and Mrs. Dorothy Jinarajadasa (August 17 to 21). They brought a touch of fine personality to the place, she with her queenly beauty of face and figure, he with his charm and vivacity. The Besant Hall, roofed and floored, the roof in red tiles, the floor in grey slabs, was officially declared open by Mr. Jinarajadasa. A great crowd gathered, and everyone was glowing with enthusiasm and anticipation for the future. I took Mrs. Jinarajadasa to a women's meeting in the neighbouring small town of Vayalpad. There she got a glimpse of one of the difficulties of advance movements in the country. There was no one in the school hall when we arrived. Two hours and a half later it was full of an animated and vocal crowd in which babies with their usual noises and maternal panics were prominent. But it was a good meeting, though it upset our time-table, and necessitated our return in

darkness. Of course, a cloudless Indian night is never really dark, and a stub of a candle in a legally necessary lamp on the side of the driver's seat of our one-horse "Victoria" was more confusing than illuminating. When we got within three miles of home, something went wrong with the complicated works of the four-wheeler, and we had to sit in the starlight with as much patience as we could muster until an empty jutka, heading in the same direction as ourselves took us home in the wild and zigzag manner of jutka ponies, we being in the posture of meditation but without its repose. A fortnight later rumour reached us of the impending release of Mrs. Besant and her associates—but the telling of this part of the story belongs to my collaborator.

(J. H. C.) On September 6 (1917) the bottled up resentment over the internment of Mrs. Besant was turned into intense joyful excitement by a rumour of her release. It reached me at 8.30 p.m. I knew that the best way of cutting across the possibility of exaggerated emotion in the town was to call a meeting for everybody in Besant Hall at the unprecedented hour of 10.30 p.m. The place was jammed. We had no programme. Songs and impromptu speeches got uproariously mixed. At one point I had so identified myself with the mass emotion that I saw the possibility of making a symbolical representation of the unity of East and West as it existed in some individuals as a prophecy of the future. By some means I got the heavily built elderly Brahmin Headmaster of the High School, C. Ramaiah, M.A., up on to an inadequate and decrepit table that usually stood apologetically out of public view in a recess of the platform. With our arms around one another we gyrated and danced to the infinite delight of the crowd, cutting international capers that neither of us would have dreamt of in our sober senses. The multitude sang its way home in various directions at midnight. Next morning emotion was thrown back from joy to resentment intensified by disappointment. Amma had not been released. The principal and Gretta and I had as much as we could do to keep exasperation from boiling over into some uncontrolled action that would do more harm than good to Mrs. Besant and her educational work.

While the College and School were assembled in Besant Hall for "prayers" on the morning of September 18, word came that Mrs. Besant and party had actually been released. The assembly was hilarious. A holiday was declared, and a procession was announced to start from the College at 1 p.m. after food and rest and go through the town with the joyful news. All was ready, when the first and happily the only hurdle appeared across our path. Just as I was about to give the signal to start, a Police Inspector informed me that he could not allow the procession to proceed. Why? Well, there was much political excitement and it might lead to a breach of the peace. I submitted that the procession was purely a School and College function to give the students a harmless outlet for their joy that their beloved Mother was free to look after their education once more. She had always gone against students taking part in politics. As to a breach of the peace, nothing of the kind was possible as far as the students were concerned. I had intended to start them off with the marshal leading, but as an assurance of good order, and as a hostage if necessary, I would myself lead them. At a point in the town, for the first time in the known history of Madanapalle, a band of fifty Indian women and girls in bright saris and with jasmine flowers in their long hair-plats, headed by Gretta, took their place in a public procession, without a thought, apparently, of custom or orthodoxy.

Next day orders came from Adyar to send down the Guard of Honour and Boy Scouts. This was to help in keeping order around the Theosophical Headquarters, when Mrs. Besant would arrive home on the twenty-first, and was fairly certain to be escorted from the railway station by a large concourse of men. Gretta insisted that I should go with them. One never knew what might happen that would require quick responsible action in which I could support the Principal.

We were all alert at Adyar early on September 21. The Guard of Honour and Scouts were disposed in full dress with staves along the road from the gate to the front of Headquarters. They looked fit for anything. So much for looks. The customary half hour's journey lengthened into two hours and a half.

At long last the head of the procession appeared on Adyar Bridge, and in a short time entered the Theosophical compound chanting "Bande Mataram" (Hail Motherland). The paths and spaces had already filled, and when the escort neared the portico of Headquarters, Guards and Scouts disappeared under the human avalanche. Trilokekar and I took places with others where she would alight so as to safeguard her from the congested and excited multitude. The hall was crammed. Speeches were expected, but she was too tired, and made for the gate to her upstairs apartments. Some eye-signal flashed between Trilokekar and me. We left the others and elbowed a way for her across the hall through the human jam, and rushed round the outside of the Library to the door to "the roof" to forestall a threatened invasion. We were just in the nick of time. We were able to hold back the forerunners of the mass that had lost all judgment and were obsessed with the gratification of their own frenzy, and would have overrun the most reserved and private rooms of the place. The minute Amma was inside the door we pressed it against the crowd, and succeeded in bolting it. Amma leant against the wall, garlanded up to the eyes, and smiled, but was too weary and damp and dusty to say anything. She was helped up to "the roof" and Trilokekar and I, pulsating and perspiring, went downstairs by another way.

The scene in the Hall was that of a happy hooliganism, softened and perfumed and made picturesque by the Indian impulse to adoration and the accessibility of floral means to its gratification. Some one had to be worshipped. Mrs. Besant was unable to fulfil the emotional uses of an "idol". As a worthy alternative there was the venerable figure of "Mani Iyer", Sir S. Subramania Iyer, 75 years of age, every inch a sage, in simple white Indian garb, with long white beard, and the face of wisdom and calm, qualities on which India placed a value beyond wealth or rulership. All India knew of Sir S. Subramania Iyer as one of her most eminent "sons;" the first Indian to break the galling custom that only a Britisher could be official Government Pleader: an erstwhile Vice-Chancellor of the University of Madras; thrice Chief Justice of Madras High Court, a

co-founder of the Indian National Congress, and, after his official career, one of Mrs. Besant's chief helpers in the Home Rule League which she founded. In the extremity of age he had retired from public work, but the internment of Mrs. Besant brought him out again to head the movement for political freedom and risk the rumours of further internments in which his name was mentioned. So Mani Iyer, after greeting the ex-internees at the entrance to the Hall, was made an alternative for salutation, and sat on the platform to receive floral tributes on Amma's behalf. The decoration of the Hall had been carried out beautifully and abundantly. Lines of flowers stretched across the ceiling, and from these floral pendants swung as if participating in the joy of the occasion. Some one in his enthusiasm pulled down one of the pendants and threw it at the platform. This brought down a festoon that went the same way. The infection spread. The decorations were in a pile on the platform with Mani Iyer's eyes smiling over them.

We left Amma to the two or three days' rest that the decline in her health through the unwonted inactivity of internment, and the strain of the morning, obviously needed, and went to our various quarters to await orders as to our taking our charges back to Madanapalle. They had done their duty as efficiently as could any line of thread across the path of a herd of enthusiastic elephants, and no one blamed them for the smashed flower-pots and the flower-strewn hall that remained after the multitude left Adyar to its customary<sup>\*</sup> peace. We were hardly settled in our rooms when a notice came round saying that the President would meet the residents under the banyan tree at 5 o'clock, and Trilokekar and I got orders that she would review the Scouts, also under the banyan, at 8.30 next morning. Freedom, familiarity and friendliness had been a potent tonic. Under the great tree she was the kindly, universally interested Amma, forgetting the three months of blank severance, and bringing the past and the immediate future together in happy links of service. When the assemblage was arranged for the scout review, I told Amma the proposed programme, which



she approved. One item I emphasised in a stage whisper, was a serious accident, by a queer coincidence just in front of her seat, but help would be at hand. She smiled her share in the conspiracy. At the arranged moment a cyclist fell and made all the signs and sounds of agony from injured limbs. A whistle brought a First Aid squad and paraphernalia. In a few minutes he was bandaged and stretchered, and presented to Amma, who examined the demonstration and pronounced the victim in good health. We left for Madanapalle next day, with stories for morning prayers on many days by the Principal and Vice-Principal, and others by the participants in their camps and dormitories.

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#### CHAPTER XXIX

### VOTES FOR INDIAN WOMEN

(M. E. C.) One day in 1917 the daily newspaper announced that the Secretary of State for India, Mr. Edwin P. Montagu, was coming out from England to join the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, in a survey of conditions with a view to political expansion towards Queen Victoria's long-announced goal of self-government for India. Jim had read the news first. He handed the paper to me, and when he saw I had read it, he asked "What about votes for women?" That was the simple beginning of the movement which, in less than a decade instead of my ignorantly anticipated century, saw Indian women exercising the political franchise on the same terms as men before the women of England had won political equality with men, saw women ultimately sitting in the Provincial Parliaments, and one of them, Dr. S. Muthulakshmi Reddi, elected by the men of the Parliament of Madras to be its Vice-President. My reaction to Jim's question was to put out feelers in different directions. I wrote to Professor Karve, of the Indian Women's University, Poona, about the possibility of getting up a deputation to the Secretary of State

and the Viceroy, and had an encouraging reply. In the middle of October (1917), after much wiring and writing, I got an application for a deputation signed by a number of leading women in various parts of India and despatched to the organisers of the Montagu-Chelmsford tour. Then came an interesting turn of events which indicated that something in the cosmos had a bigger idea of the immediate future of Indian womanhood than the most forward amongst us. Our application, which was for an opportunity to state the claim for an extension of girls' education (that was all, though at the time it was a revolutionary idea), was declined as being outside the terms of the enquiry which was limited to purely political considerations. Jim was my intimate adviser and encourager in all things. When I showed him the reply to our application he repeated his question of a couple of months previously. "What about votes for women *now*?" There was no alternative to the direction of fate. Again wires and letters, anticipations, "stone-walls" a skeleton diary says, jungles of discouragement so dark that you couldn't see either the wood or the trees, rays of heart-lifting light, refusals, promises—and, at last, on November 28 (1917) a wire saying that a deputation of ladies on the subject of women's suffrage would be received on December 18. The big hurdle was the address, and this was put in front of me. I can tell anybody who wants to know, that to have your finger on a turning point in the history of a vast country is no matter of light refreshments. A month in Holloway Jail and another in Tullamore seemed, in retrospect, rest cures compared with the brain-racking job of having to formulate a demand without precedent in the long history of India, a demand far past the understanding of all but the minutest fraction of those for whom it was to be made, and likely to have their opposition as well as that of men of orthodox and conventional mind. Opposition didn't scare me. What worried me was my ignorance of the colossal reality of India. I was a mere two years in the country. In my occasional excursions I had got glimpses into humanity and history. From our Dublin studies in Indian philosophy Jim and I had acquired our ideal view of

individual and collective life ; but had been sane enough to expect no nearer an approach to the Upanishads on the Mount Road in Madras than to the Sermon on the Mount in the tenement streets of Dublin. But the ideal persisted, and sometimes led me into queer corners. Centuries of social degeneration lay between the superb marriage ideals and practice of Vedantic India and the railway platform at the pilgrimage station of Tirupati where I saw a big man beat his little wife. The inhumanity, the un-Indianness of it, hauled me like a streak of red lightning out of my compartment into a protest that was a mixture of indignation on behalf of outraged womanhood and a lecture on the Vedantic relationship of man and woman.

I had to balance up my perhaps exaggerated fighting spirit with the Indian quietism when I came to the point of drafting the first request for votes for Indian women. I had bad times over it, for it wouldn't come, or move when it came.

At last, after squirms and blanks and a half formed resolve to throw it on to a real writer, like Sarojini Naidu who has to be on the deputation, it came. How it came belongs to the inside of my life, and will be for the first time told at the end of the address. It came, and I sent a copy to each of the expected members of the deputation for suggestions and corrections. I expected elaborate amendments to be worked into a fresh statement. To my surprise, and to the saving of much time and expense, every member wrote or wired expressing approval. And this is the substance of the document that began making Indian history, after preliminary courtesies.

We have asked for a portion of your valuable time because the women of India have awakened to their responsibilities in public life, and have their own independent opinions about the reforms that are necessary for the progress of India. . . . We are in touch with the new outlook of Indian women, and we make bold, at this historic time, to lay before you Women's views concerning the necessary post-war Reforms, as we believe them to be the necessary complement to the views of our men. . . .

Our interests, as one half of the people, are directly affected by the demand in the united Scheme (I. 3) that "the Members of the Council should be elected directly by the people on as broad a franchise as possible", and in the Memorandum (3) that "the franchise should be broadened and extended directly to the people". We pray that, when such a franchise is being drawn up, women may be recognized as "people", and that it may be worded in such terms as will not disqualify our sex, but allow our women the same opportunities of representation as our men. In agreeing with the demand of the above-mentioned Memorandum that "a full measure of Local Self-Government should be immediately granted", we request that it shall include the representation of our women, a policy that has been admittedly successful for the past twenty years in Local-Self Governments elsewhere in the British Empire. The precedent for including women in modern Indian political life has been a marked feature of the Indian National Congress, in which since its inception women have voted and been delegates and speakers, and which this year finds its climax in the election of a woman as its President. Thus the voice of India approves of its women being considered responsible and acknowledged citizens; and we urgently claim that, in drawing up all provisions regarding representation, our sex shall not be made a disqualification for the exercise of the franchise or for service in public life.

In order to fit ourselves and our children for future public responsibilities arising out of the foregoing considerations, it is absolutely essential that our educational system should be reformed. At present only one girl out of every hundred, and only thirteen boys out of every hundred, are educated. . . . We bring the urgent necessity for immediate action in educational matters before you now because the granting of facilities for education is a section of Indian Administration definitely under the control of the Imperial Legislative Council and the Government of India, and it

must be made as far as possible a uniform policy a throughout all British India.

We therefore ask (1) that the Government shall make a pronouncement in favour of Compulsory and Free Primary Education, and immediately set to work to bring this into being area by area, as is being done in several of the Indian States. (2) We ask that during the time elapsing before the completion of this reform, the Government shall immediately devote as much attention to the education of girls as it is now giving to boys, and provide an equal number of school facilities for them, and thus remove the unwise differentiation which provides facilities for ten times as many boys as girls, a policy which defeats its own ends, as the uneducated wives of these boys later hold back their progress.

In order to supply teachers for this wide spread of education, we ask the Government to provide a largely increased number of Training Colleges for Indian Women Teachers and also to establish a number of Widows' Homes for this purpose, supplemented by the grant of scholarships to widows and those anxious to be trained as teachers. Several travelling scholarships should also be made to assist Associations which are now so widely attempting to continue the education of married women outside ordinary school hours and curricula.

As a better physical standard is also an essential of Indian progress, it is necessary to have educational means by which to cope with the disastrously high rate of infant mortality and the high death-rate of young married women. We therefore press Your Excellency, and you, Sir, to urge the Government to establish more Medical Colleges for women and to institute short Maternity Courses, giving certificates to duly qualified persons, in connection with local hospitals in the large towns throughout the country, and to encourage women to attend them by means of scholarships.

We deal with all these matters now, because, unless action is taken with regard to them, all other reforms will lose their full efficacy.

A few words as to how this statement came through me. In the thinner atmosphere of Madanapalle, with ways of mental and emotional insulation on our upper flat at times, the sense of enlarged consciousness and vital rhythm that I had frequently experienced in our early married years in Dublin, came just when I was at the point of desperation. I was moved to get foolscap paper and pencils; and my old experience of my hand and some part of my mind being used by something beyond the boundaries of my normal consciousness returned. The "address" with its knacky way of making the barred subject of education an essential part of it, came without deliberation or hesitation, with no shaping on my part. There was nothing in the nature of trance or overshadowing. I was in full possession of my mental faculties, and aware of what came through my hand. I made no changes in the script; neither did those to whom I sent it.

The enquiry of the Secretary of State and the Viceroy as to possible political reforms in India had been carried on in the north, and those of us who intended to go on deputation no matter where were ready for any journey. Then came the news that the enquirers were to come to Madras, and that the Women's Deputation would be received there.

When I arrived on December 16 from Madanapalle at Madras Central Station, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu had already arrived from northwards and was surrounded by a crowd of students. A car took her to the home of Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar; another took me to Adyar. A jolly afternoon tea on Mrs. Besant's verandah at the Theosophical Headquarters oiled the wheels for settling points of procedure. Mrs. Naidu was chosen as leader and spokeswoman, the voice of awakened Indian womanhood. All was in order except the required tickets of admission. But this did not deter us, or prevent my sleeping in the odorous quietness of Adyar. Next morning I met other members of the deputation at the train and sent them off to their various quarters. A wire came from Jim saying that a packet, presumably containing cards for the deputation, had arrived at Madanapalle, and that he was redirecting it to me. But it was almost certain not to arrive in time, so I scurried round until I found the officer in

charge of admissions, and on the strength of Jim's wire he issued duplicates.

From one panic we moved to another. The time of the deputation was changed to late in the evening. It was easy to notify the members at Adyar, but to get word round those bedded out in other parts of the "city of great distances" was a problem. That good man C. Jinarajadasa started out at 6 o'clock next morning and knocked them all up to be at the rendezvous, Government House, at 11 o'clock.

At 9.30 on the morning of December 18 (1917), Mrs. Besant took the Adyar contingent in her car to a studio where the deputation was assembled and photographed. At 11 we were ushered into the dual presence and received with cordiality. The Viceroy struck me as a perfect gentleman, but not impressive in intellectual quality. The Secretary of State, Mr. Edwin Montague, was obviously human and very intelligent and earnest. Mrs. Naidu read the Address as if she herself was composing it as she went along. There was no reply; but four members of the deputation were given private interviews: I, being only the Secretary, was not one of them. That afternoon we had a great At Home in Gokhale Hall. I made a life-friendship with an admirable lady, Miss (Dr.) Joshi of Bombay. My diary says, "I like her". I have never ceased to do so, and have watched with admiration her development into one of the foremost women of India as Rani Rajwade.

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## CHAPTER XXX

### NATIONAL EDUCATION MAINLY

(J. H. C.) I left Madanapalle for Madras (December 20 1917) to spend three quiet days at Adyar with Gretta between the deputation and starting for what promised to be anything but a quiet time at Calcutta during the winter holidays, and the session of the Indian National Congress over which Mrs. Besant

was to preside. Trilokekar and I took a jutka from the Madras station, and on the way to Adyar looked in for a few moments (as we innocently thought) at a students' meeting in a large compound to be addressed by Sarojini Naidu whom I had not seen before. I was surrounded at the entrance by a gang of excited young men urging me to hurry up, and preside. The meeting was in protest against a Government Order (G. O. 559) prohibiting students attending political meetings.

When I reached the platform, Mrs. Naidu rose and gave me a most cordial greeting. Tumultuous applause prevented either of us hearing the history-making words that we must have said. I had published a longish critique of Mrs. Naidu's poetry: "Sarojini with her own exquisite qualities, and with the no less interesting defects of those qualities". This, I had learned, disqualified me as a critic, since she was perfect. My head on a spear outside "The Golden Threshold" had not yet been proposed—and was postponed owing to her immediate acceptance of me into an obviously cordial friendship. The audience, as youthful audiences will, did the same. Under the unexpected circumstances I postponed the "President's opening remarks" to the end: and Mrs. Naidu chanted in mezzo-soprano for not much under an hour. I don't remember a word of Mrs. Naidu's address: and of my closing remarks I remember just one: "What is it you are protesting against? Surely there is some error on your part,—or perhaps on the part of the Government whose order on students not to go to political meetings is called G. O. 559—and what does G. O. spell?" A great shout of "Go!" and laughter answered the question.

We started on the forty-hour train-journey to Calcutta on the night of December 22. A great crowd saw the President-elect of Congress off, and at stations all along the line groups of people of all grades presented flowers. Something of the national importances of the occasion had got into the consciousness of the people. A tremendous welcome awaited the President-elect at Calcutta: a vast cheering multitude outside the crowded and cheering station, decorated horse carriages with uniformed drivers and attendants, and temple umbrellas. Our welcome was



less multitudinous and vocal. Sir John Woodroffe met us with cordial friendship, and motored us to his commodious and artistic home. The day ended with intuitive fitness in the presence of the three Tagore brothers at dinner, Abanindranath, Gogonendranath and Samarendranath. We retired with the atmosphere of art and beauty and high philosophy.

To us personally a most important event of the visit was the first official meeting of the Board of National Education. It was most impressive to be among a large and animated gathering of leaders of culture in Bengal and elsewhere in India, and to feel the growing sense of understanding and approval of the scheme of the proposed University as it was propounded by George Arundale standing at the side of Mrs. Besant, who was elected to the Chair. The Board took charge of both school and college education. The Theosophical Educational Trust merged itself in the parent body of the new scheme, the Society for the Promotion of National Education. The establishment of a National University was formally accepted. At an adjourned meeting, on December 30, Sir Rabindranath Tagore was elected Chancellor. Mrs. Besant was elected Chairman of the Executive Committee of the parent body and Mr. Arundale, its Registrar, was elected Registrar of the University. Gretta and I were asked to become members of the Council. Later we were put on the Senate.

December 26 was the great political day at Calcutta, the opening of the thirty-third session of the Indian National Congress with Mrs. Annie Besant as President, the first woman to occupy that position. As political leaders were recognised on entering the great platform, they were uproariously greeted, with special emphasis for the President-elect, and an immense climax for Sir Rabindranath Tagore, then at the peak of his fame. From his seat he caught sight of us and gave us a salute of recognition, a priceless memory. For the opening of the session he ascended a high pulpit with slow dignity, and recited the invocation, an English lyrical prose version of his Bengali verses. His descent to the platform was one of the unrehearsed scenes that make history. Mrs. Besant rose quickly from her chair, met the poet, offered her hands to him, and touched his hands with her

forehead. Then Rabindranath offered his hands to Mrs. Besant and bent from his height and touched her hands with his forehead. The Presidential address was a long weighty document, not for momentary entertainment but for giving permanent annual expression to the contemporaneous political position. It filled the first session.

Other sittings of the Congress went into details. At one of these I listened for a while to Sarojini Naidu; and left Gretta and went to the exhibition of Indian paintings, where I spent two hours absorbing their beauty and purity. On another evening we were among the guests at the Tagore joint-family mansion, to see a performance of Rabindranath's play, "The Post Office". One end of their great salon represented the post office, realistically but very artistically. The world-famous poet and his famous painter-nephews, Ababindranath and Gogonendranath, played the chief senior parts, and a junior member of the family the part of the sick boy. The play was in the original Bengali; but I was familiar with its English translation, and was able to enjoy a new gesture-language, and a new verbal music made by a master of imaginative speech.

On another afternoon a number of delegates, including ourselves, were shown over the recently built scientific research institute created by Sir Jagdish Chandra Bose out of his savings of a life-time. Dr. Bose had won recognition for early discoveries that led up to the wireless transmission of electricity; but these had taken him to the more congenial research into the capacity of response to external stimuli in plants and minerals, with its philosophical implications of a single life-process differentiated only by the varieties of form and characteristic technique of the various kingdoms and groups of nature.

There were other Congresses, Conferences and Conventions at the same time. A Cow Conference was presided over by Sir John Woodroffe. I attended it as guest of the Chairman and was much touched to realise the long and philosophically founded solicitude for the cow in Indian tradition compared with the tyranny, cruelty and horrible death inflicted on incalculable

numbers of cattle and other animals in Ireland to enrich a few landowners and degrade a large number of apparently human beings by participation in so barbarous an occupation. Gretta attended a Conference of women in furtherance of the cause that was at its beginning. She also had a party of Indian ladies at the spacious and hospitable Woodroffe home.

The year 1918 carried the work on towards National Education, with ups and downs. I was helped through these by absorption at suitable intervals in the writing of a play on the life of the famous Rani (Queen) Mirabai of Mewar, Rajputana. When I got to the end of the tragic fourth act, in which the saintly queen proceeds to carry out her fanatical husband's command to drown herself, my imagination became confused by two artistic questions. I had reached a true dramatic crisis that had the purification of classical tragedy. But my authority had a fifth act of reconciliation between the pure-hearted devotee of Sri Krishna and her song and dance, and the superstitious zealot, her husband. A commonplace anticlimax threatened the play. I had also reached the realization that the life and nature of Madanapalle, which influenced my visualisation of the dramatic milieu, might be very different from that of Chitorgarh in Rajputana, the scene of the play. I should, for the sake of artistic verity, see the place. But that was impossible.

Then the impossible became possible. Out of the blue came orders that I was to go to Karachi, Sind, to talk during the first National Education Week. On the way I was to make calls on schools and other institutions that might affiliate with the central society. A look at a railway map showed that I would have to change trains at Marwar junction. This raised a thought ; and on enquiring of a friend, I found that Marwar was an entrance to Mewar, the former Kingdom of the Rajput husband of Rani Mirabai. I also learned that lineal descendants of Mirabai would make me welcome to Udaipur State, in which her home on the fortified hill of Chitorgarh was situated, and that I should have all facilities for seeing the former haunts of the royal devotee whose songs were still sung, after some four centuries, in their original Hindi.

Udaipur and Mirabai were almost a month ahead of my timetable which began on March 21 with a hearty send-off by students and staff. The interval had new revelations of Indian life, human and sub-human. At Bellary, well on the way to Bombay from Madras, the problem of finance settled itself by the simple scriptural method of "ask and ye shall receive". I laid my educational and transport cards on the table, also my hat. The hint was taken, and I passed on with sufficient funds to take me to Karachi.

From Bellary, on the way to Poona, I made a detour to see the remains of the City of Vijayanagar (Hampi), one of the miracles of artistic creation, and one of the freaks of the sub-human affair called human history. My base was Hospet, where I was put up in the Theosophical Lodge. In moonlight I talked on National Education, and added 125 rupees to the fund for the work. I started out at 6 next morning in a car with two local friends, one being in charge of the ruins, and from 7 to 11.30 we tramped in strong sunlight over the fragments of what had been a city that at its centre was three miles by two miles, and with its vanished suburbs had covered 120 square miles (12 by 10). Vijayanagar (victory-city) had been founded in 1336, and after two centuries of progress culminating in the 21 years reign (1509—1530) of Krishnadeva Raya, whose poetry in the Telugu language is still a college text-book, fell on evil days, and was destroyed by Muslim States in 1565.

At Poona (March 26), the second city of Bombay Presidency, and once the capital of a kingdom, the reaction to my propaganda was double and contrary. Poona was the centre of virile educational movements, and was not enthusiastic over a new one from outside. It was also highly rationalistic, and not in favour of a view of education in which religion was regarded as a central principle. This was the intellectual Poona that made public meetings difficult; and gave me a night's thought on the comparative values of a so-called scientific certainty that left you where you were, and free and inclusive exercise of the intuition and the higher feelings that opened vistas beyond oneself. But there was another Poona, less brainy but more vital. From it I

received offers of affiliation from a number of schools with the Society for the Promotion of National Education when the Society was ready to receive them.

My first call at the great city of Bombay was devoid of propaganda. It was more or less of a rest between the strenuous beginning and what was to be the strenuous continuation of my tour on behalf of National Education. Next morning I was off with a group of Sindhi students of Madanapalle by a small steamer to the island of Elephanta to see the tremendous triple image (trimurti) and its attendant statues in the cave. The colossal sculptures filled my imagination with something of the vision and craft of the image-makers of the eighth century, and performed the service I have always asked of art, the service of release from the shackles of history and personality, which are certain sooner or later of falsification and transiency, into the freedom of the imaginative representation of verities that, being cosmic, are also human, that, constantly changing in expression, are eternally unchanged in essence.

My arrival at Ahmedabad next morning was typical of the sense of unity in national aspiration then prevailing in the country mainly under the influence of Mrs. Besant's technique of Freedom first, all else after. All sorts of associations met me with odorous rose and jasmine garlands. I was on the stump, as everybody knew, for National Education. I was one of the heads of the Theosophical College in the south. There was some difference of opinion between Mrs. Besant and Mahatma Gandhi on ways of working towards the common goal of national autonomy. But differences mattered nothing. The lieutenant of Mrs. Besant was motored for breakfast to Sabarmati Ashrama, the home of Mahatma Gandhi. The Mahatma himself was absent leading an agitation on behalf of the peasants of a neighbouring country district. But his quiet though capable wife, Kasturba, did hostess.

I was piloted through narrow streets odoriferously unclean, by narrow dingy passages and up stairs into an untidy room. But in a few moments, squatted on the carpeted floor, I realised that the untidiness was firmamental, and, like all good

firmaments, held orbs and galaxies of beauty, the paintings of the artists who sat with me, each, like a creative deity, presenting his constellation for my scrutiny. Thus began a friendship of soul with a genius for bringing the best out of young people who felt the impulse to expression in painting, R. M. Rawal, then at the beginning of a career that made a sub-province art-conscious.

In the afternoon I was asked to address the students and staff of the new National College that Mahatma Gandhi was developing at Sabarmati. I agreed to do so if they would give me some of the songs of Rani Mirabai at the end. I recall how something flooded my mind with the apprehension of history in the making. Gandhiji's gospel of homespun yarn and home-woven cloth as a means to the liberation of India had not yet taken hold of the imagination of the people. But it was slowly doing so. I improved the shining hour by suggesting to the audience that, while *khadi* (homespun) caps and clothes had their place as symbols of an ideal, they of themselves would take them nowhere: what they needed was to become khadi-minded. Before many years I was to realise that they and multitudes all over India had passed through the symbol to the sacrifice, the deprivation and restraint that khadi symbolised. After my talk there was singing led by the music-master on a fiddle. All the songs were Mira Bai's. Her "Manen chakkara rakoji" got into my memory to bloom alongside such another lyrical immortelle as "The Londonderry Air." I addressed a large audience in the then noisy central hall of Ahmedabad on "National Education." I slept at Gandhiji's ashrama.

Hyderabad, Sind, which I reached across the desert next forenoon, was the last stop on the way to my objective. Hyderabad was reputed to be the bank of the wealthy Sindhi merchants whose trading extended from thence to Spain on the left and Japan on the right. I had learned the persistence and ubiquity of the fine desert sand on the long train journey from Ahmedabad; at Hyderabad it had come home and settled down. It was feet deep inside roads; a caravan of camels was recognisable only by the clung-clung and cling-cling of the bells on

twenty to thirty necks. An offer of a lakh of rupees (1,00,000—about 6,000 pounds then) for local education, gave a hearty push to the hope that springs immortal in the human breast, especially in mine.

I could have got to Karachi from Hyderabad in four hours and a half; but my sponsors thought that national education and I needed an airing, and took us up one bank of the river Indus and down the other on a four-days detour, April 7 to 10, in which we (for I had now proliferated into an entourage of prominent Sindhians) took the good news that we were going to talk rupees out of them to three of the province's largest mofussil towns. At Shikarpur we were housed and fed in pure indigenous style in the palatial home of Mr. Murlidhar Panjabi, a merchant prince. A large public meeting ended in an auction. A new portrait of the founder of the Sikh religion, Guru Nanak, was on the eve of publication at eight annas (pence) a copy. A final proof was offered to the highest bidder, proceeds to the National Education Fund. Two Sikh merchants determined to have the print, each for himself. Bidding, at an apex of hilarious excitement by the crowd at a duel in which neither of the antagonists would suffer, and a good cause would profit, ended at Rs. 500! But the big scoop of Shikarpur was an offer, formally scrolled and signed by the intended donor, and witnessed by an eminent lawyer, of 3,00,000 rupees, interest on which, less a percentage to headquarters, was to create and support schools on the Besant plan of education in the locality. I wired the joyful tidings to Adyar—but (to give an example of the ways of foreign surveillance) Adyar never received my wire. Years afterwards I saw it printed in instructions to Government officers to put them on the *qui vive*. It had been reported by the Telegraph Department, cancelled (though the cost was not refunded), and secretly circulated.

A four-days programme of talks in Karachi to crowds in a big hall on what National Education stood for made me realise how much I did not know I knew about it. Two discoveries were crucial and affected my future thought on and work for education: one, that any prefix to education was not an addition

to it but a subtraction from its reality; two, that a true education could not be limited by religion or race or nation or class, but, being true (that is, a full provision for the fulfilment of the whole nature of the human entity) was *mutatis mutandis* applicable everywhere.

A Saturday afternoon affair was given in the Zoological Gardens. Indian music, vocal and instrumental, was provided. I was announced for an address; but when I saw that I was to make an exhibition of myself in front of sub-humanity in all its squirming and chattering varieties, and that a large portion of the crowd consisted of foreign and semi-foreign adolescents or thereabouts, I reserved my eloquence and changed my programme.

I must have begun with Tagore's "Jana gana" which had become a habit. It went on to Sarojini Naidu's "Leila", in which nature conspired in a telling effect. I was facing east and saw the full moon rising over house-tops and tree-tops; and when I got to the lines,

"A caste-mark on the azure brows of heaven,

The golden moon burns sacred, solemn, bright",

I pointed so dramatically (I was told) over the heads of the audience that they couldn't help turning—and seeing the poetess' imagination and its subject gazing at one another! It was a lunar and literary conjunction that had not happened before in the history of the solar system. I was not allowed to leave the platform. I must perform another miracle. And apparently I did. Someone called out, "Sing an Irish song". This inspired an idea, and I spoke unto them thus: "As an exponent of education, I was forbidden to mention rupees. I have obeyed. The worm is now going to turn. I shall sing you one of my repertoire of Irish songs. If it goes down, and you want more, I shall then have to fall back on my dignity as a vocalist and ask for my professional fee in advance. I may add that the fee will go to providing Madanapalle College with a Malabar jutka, a pony and a year's cost of a driver and fodder". Probably I sang the "Londonderry Air" with Dr. Sigerson's words; but whatever it was, it performed the miracle. I set my hat conspicuously on the edge of the platform, and notes and coins fell into it until it was more than



half full. The programme proceeded, and no one asked for their money back. Then I had another idea. I remembered the profitable auctioning of the eight anna print for five hundred rupees, and I offered the contents of my hat for auction. It was knocked down for the same price. The contents were counted, Rs. 350 for Rs. 500. I handed the contents to the winner. At my farewell talk next morning he gave me a cheque for Rs. 500.

I approached the conjunction of National Education and Drama on a rail-change at Ajmere on April 16, with a rest in a comfortable waiting room, and a look round the city under the guidance of the friends that turned up at all points.

An eight-hours night journey, escorted by a local lawyer, took me to the locality of my quest for historical reminiscences of Rani Mirabai, and local colour for my verse-drama on her life. The ancient City of Chitore lay along the elevated horizon of a low but emphatic ridge. Between the travellers' bungalow and Chitorgarh (*garh* a hill) was a wide ascending plain, very similar to the general ground around Madanapalle. My escort, with local additions who had been detailed to answer questions, took me by tonga across the plain, through enormous gates and short oscillating roads between heavy walls, where an unwelcome visitor could not tell what was round the corner but was perpetually under scrutiny from high-up spy-holes, and threat from embrasures and machicolations. We were within the royal city's walls at 8 a.m., and on foot in the sun for four hours and a half. We wandered from palace to palace and from story to story (what heroism! what inhumanity!) in the disregard of sun and sweat and dust that mental concentration and aesthetical excitement induces.

But the central object of my quest was Mira's temple, where she worshipped and sang and danced into immortal memory. For the drama I had invented a short flight of steps on which the dancing saint could be seen without obstruction. I was right.

" I was deeply satisfied to remain at the foot of the original steps as befitted one outside the castes; but my companions invited me to ascend. I paused on the threshold. They invited me to enter. Inside I whispered, "Am I not overstepping

restrictions?" "There are no restrictions to you", someone whispered in reply. "But an inner shrine, with an image of Sri Krishna, is open. I fear I am trespassing on forbidden sanctities." "The sanctum is open for you to see Mira's temple as she herself saw it." Something inside me made me squat on the threshold, and I fell into deep meditation. When I returned to outer consciousness I was alone, with silence, and half-light, and dimly seen pillars and a graven image, and a memory vivified by an inner reality and certainty as to my effort to put something of the beauty and devotion of Mira's tragic but triumphant life into the purest verse that I could command. My companions, with a sensitiveness that profoundly moved me, had withdrawn to a distance, so that I might be alone in the fulfilment of my wish to have contacts with the environment in which the royal saint, singer and dancer had lived.

We started for Udaipur by train at 7 next morning (April 18, 1918). On the seat opposite my escort and myself was a Sadhu (religious devotee) in orange robe, blind of an eye. He scrutinised me kindly and I gave him a smile. He drew characters (Hindi I thought) on his left palm with his right forefinger. My escort told me the Sadhu was very much interested in me. This was his silent day; but he could converse with me in signs through my friend, who would translate my side of the conversation into his vernacular. We exchanged thoughts on the Vedantic philosophy. He was delighted to find a European who knew its ideas. Before his alighting station he invited me to sit beside him. He put my right hand into a position in which my index finger pointed diagonally upwards. He put his own left hand in a similar but opposite position, and by drawing an eye-line up each finger to a point at which they met, indicated that our paths, though apparently different, met at the apex of spiritual illumination.

I was met by a number of State officials at Udaipur City at noon, a group of men costumed, bearded, capped in the picturesque ensemble of Rajaputana. Their welcome was most cordial; and to my knowledge of Rani Mirabai's home they added more on the history and artistic distinctiveness of the capital of the

premier State of Rajputana. The State had been founded in the middle of the seventh century, but indications of a settlement as far back as the third century have been found in stone inscriptions. From a century before Constantine made Christianity respectable, four centuries before Muhammad was born, and eight centuries before William the Conqueror overcame England, the small kingdom slowly built up a distinctive Hindu civilization with its capital in the midst of beautiful nature.

I was taken for a long afternoon tour of the City and its environment. The complex of palaces by the side of the lake gratified every architectural instinct from ancient to modern in their structure and external decoration. State boats and rowers took us to the two palaces in the lake, dreams of architecture doubled by reflection; as were the lake-side palaces with their immense centre-piece of the turbulent times with strong gates, and windows high beyond the reach of enemy entrance. A great temple gave me another glimpse of the blending of Hindu and Muslim motifs, in Hindu pillars as bases of Saracenic arches. A small museum was entertaining and informing in a collection of the *pagaris* (turbans) of India, headed by the one that had been exchanged, according to old etiquette, between a Rana of Udaipur and a royal guest, Prince Khurram, who became the Mughal Emperor, Shah Jahan.

With a brief interval for refreshment, I was confronted, in my bedroom, by twenty members of the Theosophical Society, largely State officials, who wished to have a statement as to how the Theosophical principles of brotherhood and mutual appreciation, and practices of purified and exalted life, could help in reconciling the widening differences between the religions and the social groupings of humanity. We exchanged thoughts and experiences for an hour and a half in the atmosphere of perfect mental freedom and kindness that I had come to realise as integral in the Indian temperament.

I was back at Ajmere two days later, and at Night I talked on education to a big audience in the premises of the Arya Samaj.

After a hot night in a railway rest-room, I started for Agra, with a vague hope of being able to tell somebody-else's grandchildren that I had seen the Taj Mahal. I was joined en route by Professor Kulkarni of Gwalior, who broke the news that everybody had been scattered by plague, and no lectures were possible. We were entertained in the house of a friend; and on my mentioning the planetary conjunction of the moon and the Taj, we sallied forth in tongas and I was permeated by a delicate silver frenzy from 11.30 to 1 a.m. The Taj Mahal was built by Shah Jahan, the Mughal Emperor, over the body of his favourite wife and adviser. It was begun in 1630, and finished about 1650. Twenty thousand workmen carried out the dream of the bereaved monarch. From 7.30 to 9.30 next morning we were at the Taj again, taking in the details of structure and ornament that early daylight set in fascinating juxtapositions and contrasts. In the glamour and generalization of moonlight "unbroken perfection is over all". In daylight the imperfections of history and unregenerate humanity appear; floral patterns, once jewelled, were replaced by less temptatious ingredients; the multiplied and glorified and intermixed echoes from the domed ceiling, as an attendant flicked a duster on the simulacra of the central tomb and its unintended companion beside it, and another attendant evoked angelic murmurings and choruses and vocal fugues by chanting the names of deity, had nothing to do with religion, but everything to do with rupees obviously laid out as decoys.

I was at Gwalior next morning. The change from railway rooms and travellers' bungalows to the capacious and tasteful home of the chief bank manager of a well-developed State with an area of 26,000 square miles and a population of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions, was very acceptable. A bath, good food, a rest, the disposal of many letters, and a drive by mine host, Mr. L. Arathoon, keyed me up for a highly official dinner engagement, black tie and all. Our dinner host was the British Director of Public Instruction; another guest was the British Resident. It was interesting to touch the official British mind in the place of power in Indian India. I had no antipathy to them as human

beings. I found much to entertain the unprofessional psychologist in me; but my freedom complex resented the circumstances that placed the directing of a peoples' education in the hands of men who were racially, religiously and temperamentally the opposite to all they should be.

From 7 to 8 next morning went in a fresh-air motor-drive by Mr. Arathoon to the impressive fort and round about, with Man Singh's Palace and the colossal Jain figures, one 57 feet high. On the way the car pulled up to let a trap and horse with two men who looked like railway guards just off duty pass by. My host got out and walked towards a man who walked towards him from the trap, both showing signs of respectful greeting. They came slowly, chatting, towards the car—a nice collaboration between the professional and technical classes or perhaps a customer seeking an overdraft. The man, engine-stained, grimy, with a battered topee on the back of his head, rested his arms on the door of the car, and expressed much interest in the lecture I was to give that evening on education. Much to his regret he would have to miss it as he had to leave in the afternoon; but he requested me to urge the necessity of making good manners a central subject of education. As my host returned to the wheel after chatting with his acquaintance of the dog-cart. I suddenly recalled a face in a photograph that I had seen for a second in his drawing room.

"Who is that?" I asked in alarm.

"That's His Highness."

"And I took him for a railway-man just off duty!"

"You were quite right. He was enjoying a pet hobby in driving the mail. He is an expert engineer."

"Will you drive back till I make a profound apology?"

"It would make no difference to him. He obviously saw that you did not know him. Some time again you may meet him, and you will have a mutual story to laugh over."

At 5.30 I presided over the annual meeting of the Students' Union in the Town Hall, and after it gave a lecture on "Three Steps in Education". By that time the urgent need for the training of taste and skill through the arts and crafts had got well

and truly tramped into the stuff of my mind, and I fancy the Three Steps were, physical, mental and emotional, not forgetting "good manners."

The moonlight that had tempted me to the Taj Mahal did the same to a late dinner in the compound of a temple on the Fort. The adventure, through the bright mind of Professor Kulkarni, was extended to an open-air sleep, with a minimum of paraphernalia that had been prophetically included in the things for dinner. Mosquito nets were omitted on the ground that there were practically no mosquitos on the Fort. The practically no mosquito came in lyrical delight to have a good time on my face. The night went in spasmodic efforts to frustrate its intentions. From 7 a.m. to 9.30 was scheduled for an exploration of the Fort and its ruined temples. Our path appeared to tend towards a modern building, perhaps a school. We neared it by stages indicated in well-remembered questions and answers, with a suitable interval, including a temple or an aspect of nature, between; the question being mine, the answer Kulkarni's.

What is that building that we seem to be approaching?

That is the Sardars' School for young nobles of the State. . .

They seem to be gathering for the day's work. But why do they gather in so orderly a way outside the school?

Perhaps they have some special occasion to observe. . . .

Two young men are carrying garlands. I wonder what for?

They are obviously expecting some one . . .

. . . Why should we intrude on them? Let us go on our walk.

It will be interesting to see what they are doing . . .

(A garland goes over my head; another over Kulkarni's).

How kind to a passing visitor; and where do we go now?

Let us go inside . . .

(A procession, ending on a platform).

. . . What are they assembled for, do you think?

They expect an hour's lecture from you.

Indeed; and having told me so much, perhaps you will tell me the subject.

It will be given to you, brother.

It was given to me. While I was being introduced in laudatory terms by someone who knew little about me, I had the brainy notion that, as S stood for Sardar, it also stood for service; and on that slender parallel I build up a homily on the subsequent uses of education, not forgetting my mission for national education, which, curiously enough, and through no overt action of mine, became, years later, the type of education of the school.

At 6 that evening I gave a second public lecture in the Town Hall, this time on "Art in East and West".

An evening extemporaneous address happened at the death-anniversary of one of the ancient nobility of the State. Relations and friends, men and women, filled a large room in a spacious mansion. On a sudden invitation to speak on the occasion, I again referred to Kulkarni for an appropriate subject. Happily he was more suggestive than in the morning. "Talk about fidelity, and you may refer to the father as an outstanding example of that virtue." After the anniversary, dinner was laid out around an ornamental pond on which glass vessels floated with a lighted candle on the surface of each showing up an ever-moving gold-fish. Death is said to be the universal leveller; so also is dinner in India. The guests, probably fifty, sat on wooden oblongs, facing the pond, princes, nobles, ministers of State, Government officials, civilians with a couple of European ladies—no Indian ones. There were no formalities or speeches at the feast of delightful vegetarian preparations served on silver dishes; and there was no distinction of caste or race or salary. Next day I started for home.

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#### CHAPTER XXXI

### "IN THE MIDST OF LIFE . . ."

(M. E. C.) Parallel to Jim's adventures on his first big tour in India, my own experience and feeling were widened and deepened

by contacts with the details of the life in which we were entangled, and the convictions and impulses that were derived from these convictions. School and College work went on; lessons, tiresome corrections, an exasperating number of holidays owing to our inclusion of all the religions; tennis with teachers and students including a growing number of girls; sing-songs; birthdays; Samaj meetings; occasional touches of illness between spells of physical vigour.

Friendly relations with girl students and their families gave me specially intimate contacts with Hindu domestic life. In the midst of its charm and sweetness I was assaulted in my heart by the tragedy of premature motherhood. A girl student of bright promise was stopped in her studies by the social necessity of marriage as soon as puberty was attained. She died with her first baby. One of our girls of thirteen was to be married to a widower of thirty. I argued with her father—but in vain; child marriage or caste ostracism was his choice, and he chose the unheroic alternative. I sympathised with the restrictions on the parents from the universal and awful demon by Custom, especially when given a spurious authority by religion. Marriage by horoscope and the demands of dowry did not bother me much. I was reared in the midst of made marriages, though I was myself the oldest child of mutual attraction. But in the forcing of motherhood on little girls, with its obvious evil influences on national physique, and its frustration of the mental development of its victims, I was revolted by the slavery and indignity put on womanhood by the inconsiderate domination of men, and there grew within me a determination to do all I could to forward all circumstances calculated to bring women into public and particularly legislative life, so that this evil and others might be rectified.

My efforts in this direction met with the rebuffs and helps that all pioneering work knows. The antipathy of the Irish Parliamentary Party to the claim of votes for women, on the ground that it would go against the main cause of freedom, was paralleled by the refusal of Mrs. Besant to make votes for Indian women a plank in the platform of her Home Rule League.



But if the woman's cause could get no official help from Mrs. Besant's group, whose aim was Home Rule within the British Commonwealth, there was the growing political consciousness of the educated classes, through the development of the organization of the Indian National Congress, to appeal to. I had written a pamphlet on the necessity of woman suffrage in India, and taken steps with the support of my colleagues to get a resolution in favour of votes for women passed by the local Political Conferences. I accompanied Mrs. Besant (May 6, 1918) to a meeting in Madras of the recently formed Women's Home Rule League—an expedient for getting the support of women for the political movement without committing the League to votes for women. From thence I accompanied her to a Political Conference at Conjeevaram. I had attended women's meetings a month previously in Trichinopoly, Srirangam, and Tanjore, where I met the now familiar enthusiastic response of womanhood, and felt that nothing could break the spirit that was being created. The resolution had been passed by other Political Conferences. The Conjeevaram Conference had a great verbal tussle over it. Curiously enough, a worm-eaten diary, May 11, says nothing but "Fight on women's resolution". Whether it was passed or rejected, I probably rejoiced in the positive gain of a large number of warm supporters, and relied on its inevitable growth as the principles and implications of the women's cause came more and more to be realised. Whatever the decision of the Political Conference was, there was no doubt of the opinion of the Social Reform Conference that followed it; the suffrage resolution was put from the chair and accepted with enthusiasm. This, I felt, was the voice of India free from the trammels and distortions of political tactics, and it gave me much hope for the future when preliminaries were got over and the question of votes for women in the anticipated new Constitution came up. A political resolution by Mrs. Besant at the Social Reform Conference roused much harsh controversy, and, I regretted to notice, disclosed considerable antipathy to her leadership. Hitherto the Presidency of the Indian National Congress had fulfilled itself in a long Presidential Address surveying the political situation and a year

of quiet dignity. Mrs. Besant's Address had been not only a cold survey, but a hot demand on the Bureaucracy for a long step towards the freedom of the country. She made it known that her year of office would be one of work. They had put her in the office of leadership, and she intended to lead until the next President was elected. A certain element in the atmosphere of the Conjeevaram Conference might be summed up in the phrase "We'll be hanged if you will". But the immediate cause of the defection was her pro-British recruiting policy.

The movement for National Education proceeded. I had attained enough knowledge of and skill in Indian music to anticipate the need of a music syllabus for the new University. When I visited Tanjore (April 14) I invited a conference of eminent Indian musicians to consider my draft syllabus. To my great pleasure, indeed to my surprise, they heartily approved of it. A month later, the Senate of the National University appointed me as Professor of Western Music, and made me Dean of the Faculty of Fine Arts. A few days later I presented the syllabus for the degree in Indian music to the Senate. There was some natural criticism, but it was accepted and duly published. Jim was appointed National University Professor of Geography. At this time also Mr. Trilokekar, Principal of Madanapalle College, was sent to Sind as Principal of a National College affiliated with the University at Hyderabad, and Jim became Principal at Madanapalle, where the running of two Colleges, the official and the national, by the same staff on the same premises, was raising objections in the University of Madras, with which Madanapalle College was affiliated.

Our vacation visit of 1918 to Adyar, in the rising heat of summer, was artistically notable, and a relief from the political tension of Conjeevaram, from which I returned first class with Mrs. Besant's *samans* (baggage). Two sisters, Eleanor and Kathleen Elder of Scottish lineage, had brought from England an interest in Greek dancing, and had trained a fine ensemble from both Western and Indian residents. An evening's recital in the Headquarters Hall is a fragrant memory. Sarojini Naidu came unexpectedly and lunched with us, and stayed over for the recital. I did not see

the dances as I was playing the pianoforte accompaniment in a side room; but I was familiar with them from rehearsals. In an interval I played various pieces. George Arundale came into the music room, wafting his arms like the conductor of an orchestra and settled down with his elbows on the piano's low back. To get the flavour of the repartee that broke out in a pause in the music it has to be remembered that the piano had been *hired* for the occasion, and that the Theosophical mind was populated by an ascending order of Powers behind life referred to as the Hierarchy. Jim also was standing beside the piano. When the piece ended, Arundale said, "Quite a good instrument. Who does it belong to?" You could see the glint in Jim's blue eyes as, very solemnly, he replied, "It belongs to the *hire*-archy." "I'll go and tell her that"—and Arundale made his way through the squatted and seated audience to Mrs. Besant's chair. From the door of the music room we watched him bend over her, and that the quip went home was evident from the smile behind her glasses and the up-and-down movement of her diaphragm. On such occasions a solemn little Indian girl, with jasmines in the plat of jet black hair down her back, was an absorbed spectator—destined to become, almost two decades later, a classical Indian dancer of the front rank, and the most spiritual of artists: Rukmini Devi, the creator and Director of the remarkable school of arts and crafts, the Kalakshetra, at Adyar.

The National University was formally opened simultaneously at Adyar and Madanapalle (its central college) on July 7. Jim went to Adyar for the event; I presided over the Madanapalle function. Another opening was the night school in the village of Chippili, a mile along the main road to the Mysore State frontier. This was the continuation of an educational adventure of a young student of high lineage and as high ambition to serve young India, D. Rajagopalachari (Raja), of the comprehending eyes, the inquisitive nose and the forceful chin. Before this he had originated and built a village school a short distance along the same road, out of money mainly his own. Many a time Jim and I sat on the floor and enjoyed the teaching, and singing, and acting of the little students inside the single room, while their

relatives' heads filled the doors and windows perhaps with curiosity, perhaps with regret that they weren't as young as they used to be.

Our respective birthdays became festive occasions. I had taught certain universal hymns and psalms to the students. These came in for special celebrations along with "songs" (hymns) in Telugu, Tamil and Kanarese. July 22 this year opened at dawn with

Awake, my soul, and with the sun

Thy daily course of duty run,

and on November 7 with

Let us with a gladsome mind

Praise the Lord for He is kind,

accompanied by flowers and fruits which respectively we received in our hastily donned dressing gowns. Good wishes punctuated the day's work, and at night we had a glorious rowdy-dowdy with songs, charades, and games on the floor, that made us all hot with energy and side-sore with laughter.

A short absence by Jim at Madras to deliver his first set of lectures as Professor of Geography in the National University, brought me up against death in a nerve-testing form. Our cook, being a first-class swimmer, supervised a group of students in learning the art in one of the deep irrigation wells a short distance from the College. They were mostly small boys, but they had been joined by one of the seniors, Thyagaraja Iyer, a somewhat eccentric young man but clever, foreman of the College Jury, large and strong in body. I had warned him not to go swimming without the cook. On September 1 I was awakened from my early afternoon siesta by a call for first aid at the well. I rushed to the well to see what had happened. Thyagaraja had, against my warning, taken some small boys to the well. The cook was too busy to go with them. Thyagaraja had said that it was a bad *nakshatram* (ominous phase of the moon) but he didn't care. By the time I got to the well he had been ten minutes under the water, and the frightened boys could do nothing. The local doctor and senior helpers came, and the body was brought up the steep footpath to the bank. All expedients were

used, but in vain ; the bad *nakshatram* had fulfilled itself. The body was laid in the room which Jim used as an office under our flat. The residents, after the Hindu custom, left the bungalow for ten days. I slept alone, the dead young man in the room below, much to the surprise of all concerned. Jim returned from Madras next forenoon, and on ascertaining the facts wired to the bereaved father, Sir T. Sadasivier, Judge of Madras High Court. It was said that the wire was handed to him when he was playing tennis, and that he read it, put it in his pocket, and went on with the game. Later, he said no one was to blame, not even his wayward son : it was all karma, and had to be accepted in the spirit of the "Bhagavad Gita".

A week later death was again intimately among us. The founder of the High School, R. Giri Rao, went to see friends at a distance. Word came that he had suddenly collapsed and next day that he had passed away. A day of meetings in his memory followed. It took some time to get used to the absence of his gentle kindly presence. A month later death was with us with a vengeance.

On October 5 Jim and I and Dewal started on a vacation trip to Hampi in quest of clay moulds of old bas reliefs in the Vijayanagar temples, from which to make plaster casts as models for drawing and designing. We had six glorious days of exploration and discovery among temples and palaces of all types, and found many panels to model. News reached us that there was much sickness in the town, with a hint that it would be well if I returned to see to the welfare of the resident students who had not gone to their "native places" for the vacation.

When I reached Madanapalle I found a town of mourning and panic. The epidemic of influenza that, it was said, had started on the battlefields of Mesopotamia, had reached Madanapalle with staggering force. Twenty townspeople were dying daily. All the women of the Samaj were ill. The local hospitals were overcrowded. Our students, though weak and apprehensive, were as yet unaffected. Hindu cremations became continuous ; so did Mohammedan burials in the graveyard just over the wall of the College compound. When the village on

the west was overtaken, graves were made along the edge of the Bangalore road. I volunteered for sick nursing among the poor and was given three cases. To these I added some of our teachers and their wives who lived in the town. My beloved " Auntie ", as has been told, called for me, and died in my arms. Two of our senior students made a fine team of helpfulness, one a Hindu, the other a Mohammedan. They carried medicines to their fellow religionists who were struck down ; they saw to the cremation or burial of those who died ; they worked day and night together in the " Madanapalle spirit " of service without any distinction.

When Jim returned from Hampi, the epidemic was at its height of 25 deaths daily, with, happily, only one student showing influenza symptoms. He immediately sent the students with some teachers off in jutkas to Horsley Konda at 4000 feet, with orders to enjoy themselves, and not to come back until they felt they could not stay away any longer. They returned healthy and happy in ten days, and the epidemic was rapidly subsiding.

Meanwhile, the infected student got worse. He was put in a cot in a dormitory. I looked after his food and medicine by day, and Jim slept near him and saw to his needs by night. Every caste-rule and safeguard against infection was broken. Happily he recovered. His father, a temple officiant in Mysore, came with fruits and flowers to thank us. We apologised for having to overlook rules and regulations and hoped it would not cause any ceremonial difficulty. On the contrary, he informed us through an interpreter, the boy had been saved and blessed by us. We were, he said, true Brahmins in the ancient Vedic sense. Then came Peace, and a local variant of it, of which Jim will tell.

(J. H. C.) As newspapers reached Madanapalle from Madras, the news of the Armistice of November 11, 1918, only came through with the morning post of November 13. We ran up flags on the College and School buildings and I declared a holiday. Notice of a public meeting to celebrate the event in the official centre of the town came round. I put the organization of a procession from the College and School in the capable hands of our games master, Harikrishna. Gretta

scurried around to make up a procession of women to give thanks at the temples of the town. The College and School procession was headed by a large mounted and garlanded double portrait of the King and Queen. The Home Rule League, with its red, white and green flag, later to become with an addition the flag of free India, joined us. We made by far the largest part of the crowd around the official flag-staff from which the Union Jack flew. The core of the gathering was a number of petty Government officials and members of the local Panchayat Board, and a handful of American missionaries and their followers, headed by the chief missionary, a humorless man of unconcealed antipathy to us because of our Theosophical principles. While we were waiting for the proceedings to be opened by the Chairman, the Sub-Collector of Madanapalle Taluq, the missionary said something to him which directed his eyes to the Home Rule flag. The Chairman addressed me with the information that he could not allow an unauthorised flag to be flown on that occasion, and requested me to have it removed. I had to think quickly, and replied more or less as follows :

"Sir, this meeting has been called as a public, not an official, expression of joy at the termination of the war. A large and influential part of the public desires that India shall have legislative freedom similar to that enjoyed by the people of Britain, and of the United States. Their desire, coming alike from Hindus and Mohammedans, is expressed in their flag with its sections of red and green. The presence of the flag has no propagandist significance here. It is merely an indication that a particular body of Indians joins with the others in the happiness of the occasion. I am not responsible for the flag. It casually joined the College and School procession which was headed by the only portrait of Their Majesties at the meeting."

I paused a moment. The Chairman said, "I am afraid I have to ask you to remove it."

I continued :

"I am convinced, sir, such a thing would not have occurred spontaneously to your own mind, but was suggested by the

American missionary at your side. I protest most emphatically at the impertinent interference of a foreigner in affairs that do not concern him. As ordered by you, I shall ask the flag to be removed; but I shall follow it, and I do not think I shall go alone."

I did accordingly. The flag went first. Members of the Home Rule League followed it. I followed them. The King and Queen, garlanded and decorated with coloured paper headed the School and College procession to the College playground. On the way we met Gretta heading a "rainbow" of Indian ladies and girls from one temple to another. She asked me why the meeting had ended so soon. I told her what had happened, and asked her not to take the ladies, as had been their intention, to the meeting, but to come to the College compound. An enormous crowd of nondescripts gathered at the rumour of a scene. I got the queer feeling of being on the verge of becoming a "national hero", so I said no word of the "flag incident" and counselled other speakers to keep to the subject of the armistice. The little group of officials, missionaries and their dependants were as nothing compared with our mass meeting.

(M. E. C.) College routine was enlivened by new events and occasional visitors. A very distinctive visitor was the Reverend C. F. Andrews (Charlie to his friends). He came goodness knows why, and left goodness knows when. In the meantime, having only one pair of socks with him, he washed them and dried them in the sun. He was travelling light, he said, but, for all the little he carried, I have seen no one who could make a more fantastic litter of clothes and bedding and newspapers in an hour or two. I did some tidying for him, and he confided in me that what he had always needed was a wife. I had a private idea that what he needed was a husband, for he appeared to me to be a big-hearted woman who had got mixed in his incarnation. He lectured to a crowd of 1000 in Besant Hall, and went on his way, leaving impressions all over the place of kindness and sympathy, and of high respect for Indian art in Java.



## TOWARDS THE RISING SUN

(J. H. C.) Towards the end of 1918 I was invited by the Amateur Dramatic Association of Bangalore, to organise an art section of a proposed festival of Fine Arts, and asked to induce Sir Rabindranath Tagore to come from Bengal and preside over it. Sir Rabindranath succumbed to the temptation to renew a boyhood's visit to the south; and the painters of the Bengal movement responded cordially to our desire to make their work known. A big school and its compound in Bangalore was given over to the festival, and commodious class-rooms provided wall-space for the paintings.

The arrival of Rabindranath Tagore at Bangalore City station was an unforgettable sight. The platform from end to end was jammed tight with people, and crowds struggled in the darkness of night outside the railings to get the *darshan* (blessing of the sight of a holy person) of the King of Poets. The tall, bearded, long-robed poet had to pick his way along the edge of the platform among the cheerings and peerings and reverent touchings of the ecstatic multitude. For all the popular enthusiasm and the uplift of the intelligent and artistically inclined, no pictures were sold in the exhibition. All the same there was one sale. A student of Madanapalle College had procured clay and a photograph of Rabindranath, and proceeded straight away, without instruction, to translate the photograph into perhaps the most difficult phase of modelling, low relief. The distinctiveness and familiarity of the poet's head, like Gladstone's collar, made failure to produce a likeness difficult. The model was cast in plaster of Paris, and the young modeller insisted that his first attempt at art be exhibited at Bangalore. In the casting of the model, some of the red material used in the process got mixed into the white plaster, and with what appeared a puckish sense of humour concentrated itself on the poet's nose. The "brandy blossom" was at its rosiest when I took Rabindranath round the exhibition after the ceremonial opening. I said nothing, but

watched for his response to the accusation. First a look of puzzlement wrinkled his brow. Then the puzzlement changed into hilarious laughter when he saw the alcoholic implication of the red nose, an implication which I solemnly rubbed in by quoting one of his poems with the refrain "to be drunken and go to the dogs". As a memento of the event the Amateur Dramatic Association bought the cast, and paid a hundred rupees for it towards the artistic education of the lad.

From Bangalore Rabindranath made a tour of South India, and came to Madanapalle in February (1919) tired and sick and disturbed by the sight of fabulous wealth stored away in temples when it might be put to the education of the young.

From the memory of a week of intense happy activity around the poet stands out the event that made literary history, and carried the name and thought of Tagore into the minds and hearts of millions of the young in schools and colleges and outside them and ultimately gave humanity the nearest approach to an ideal national anthem. It happened, as so many great events of the spirit do, without anticipation and without collusion. The poet, sufficiently recovered to move about and watch the games on our playground, followed a hint that he would not be refused admission if he came to the sing-song and fun that made Wednesday nights, after dinner, times of healthy hilarity, usually in our small living-room, but this time in the art-room of the College to accommodate a possible large number with half a thought of being in the presence of the poet. When Rabindranath came to the door, we suspended a "hot potato" game to make room for him on the floor in the centre of the crowd. We sang a chorus. I sang an Irish song as a hint that individual contributions to the extemporaneous programme were not excluded. After another chorus Rabindranath asked if he might sing one of his Bengali songs. Leave was granted. In a voice surprisingly light for so large a man he sang something like a piece of geography giving a list of countries, mountains and rivers, and in a second verse a list of the religions of India. The refrain to the first verse made us prick up our ears. The refrain to the second verse made us clear our throats. We asked for it again

and again, and before long we were singing it with gusto : " Jaya hai, jaya hai, jaya hai, jaya jaya jaya jaya hai." (Victory, victory, victory to thee.) We had no idea of who or what was to have the victory. Next day Rabindranath gave the *swarams* (notes) of " Jana gana " to Mrs. Cousins so that the melody should have accurate permanent record. He also made a translation of the song into English as the " Morning Song of India ". That night, under the peepul tree at the back of our home, he went over the song line by line in Bengali, with its English equivalent for understanding, until we could sing it with assurance. It took its place in the " daily dedication " of the combined School and College in the great Besant Hall, and through students and visitors was carried to the borders of India.

A village went on fire on the evening when Rabindranath's " Sacrifice " was to have been performed. The call for the Scouts, who were trained in fighting fires, necessitated the abandonment of the drama. Rabindranath substituted a recital of another of his plays. The proceeds went to the dispossessed villagers. A cheque for a poem in a Japanese newspaper came to him. He handed it over to the fire fund. He took Mrs. Cousins with him to sing to the patients in a neighbouring hospital. A purse was presented to him. He gave it to Mrs. Cousins to add to the fire fund. Out of these sacrifices of Tagore, in lieu of Tagore's " Sacrifice ", the villagers were supported until their homes and their activities were restored. He left what he called " the Santiniketan of the south " well and happy.

The sequel of the visit of Rabindranath to Madanapalle was a visit by me to Santiniketan. This was made possible by a ten-day wait at Calcutta for a steamer to Japan in fulfilment of the piece of good *karma* that had come to me through the collusion of Sarojini Naidu and Yone Naguchi, two poets who had shuffled a third into a Guest Professorship of Modern English Poetry in the first modernised university in Japan, the Keiogijuku of Tokyo. The time was five months after the Armistice of 1918, and civil transport had not returned to normal. A smallish steamer had tramped the eastern seas long enough to merit retirement and disintegration. But the urgent need for

transport for civilians had postponed the happy day. She was furnished a bit; and a suite of small two-berth cabins was constructed on deck around the smoke-stack. This assured a more than necessary supply of heat in the north-east regions of her tramps that had a winter; conversely the torrid summers of her south-west journeys took on the aspect of an anticipation of the inferno.

The extension of time for outfitting the steamer for the month's eight-knots-an-hour meander from port to port round and up the south and east coast of Asia from Calcutta to Kobe, gave me the opportunity to pay a visit to Rabindranath and Santiniketan. I sent a wire announcing my coming; but I got there before it, even though a sand-storm had held up the train half an hour, swaying and throbbing in a gale on a banked-up curve on either side of which lay the possibility of obituary notices. At Bolpur station there was a further delay of an hour while I waited for some one to pick me and my little baggage up. When the quick tropical darkness was almost on me, I fussed around and chartered the one remaining bullock cart at the station, and did the mile or more to the ashrama in the traditional squatted perpendicularity that is all right for a quarter of a mile to the occidental anatomy but after that becomes a means of emotional and linguistic discipline. Schoolboys who had examined the phenomenon of my approach, and ascertained my name, relayed the news some minutes ahead of my bullock-cart; so that, when I appeared in the midst of a group of what I took to be teachers and artists in discussion with Gurudev, no one expressed astonishment. Music followed in an upper room of the poet's house, the musician being the poet's nephew, Dinendranath, who caught and recorded the melodies that came to life simultaneously with verbal song through his renowned uncle.

During my brief call Rabindranath had summoned a conference of such teachers of the school as were not on essential duty and myself to discuss various aspects of education. The poet reclined on a cushioned *chouki* (sofa). The rest of us squatted around the room and exchanged educational experiences

and opinions, with an occasional sagacious or bantering interpolation of Gurudev, who, with great courtesy, renounced the pride of place that was his by a number of rights. Our affinity in ideals was apparent; but three years were to pass before I realised from the copy of his "Creative Unity" that the poet sent to me how close our minds were in the philosophy and technique of what we believed to be true education.

Rabindranath escorted me to the horse-carriage that was to take me to Bolpur station next morning. We lingered in the garden exchanging good wishes and anticipations of mutual work for the highest things in India and the world when I returned from Japan. He stood head and shoulders above the rest of us, a patriarch though two years under sixty, the noblest, most handsome and illustrious figure among men that I had ever met.

The reconstructed and loaded steamer left Calcutta for the Far East on April 30, 1919. A second bunk in my cabin was occupied by the retired Head of an archaeological institution, on the way "home" by a roundabout route for relaxation. Another deck cabin was occupied by a young man going out to Hong Kong as a Police officer and by a whiskered missionary returning from a vacation in England to "the darkness of heathendom." Young bloods were on the other side of the smokestack, to peddle unnecessary commodities among the "backward races" with a view to civilizing them, that is, making them desire more unnecessary commodities. Downstairs a missionary lady-doctor of German parentage was on the way back to duty; and a rotund captain of an eastern tramp was enjoying a busman's holiday on the last stage of a post-war vacation. And there were others, including opium-addicts and demobilised military labourers returning home—humans who had converged from various races and places to share the discomforts and hazards of a microscopic contraption crawling for 28 days along the unsteady surface of immeasurable waters. From 3 a.m. (May 1) to 8.30 we lay in the shifty Hooghly River waiting for the tide that would allow us to feel our way down the opaque water-way some distance to the open sea. From thence four days would take us across "the Bay", with no distraction from dry land save a single volcanic

cone that rose with almost pathetic loneliness 2000 feet above the sea. For two days the weather was "fair" and the sea as calm as the open sea can manage to be. The young moon made a crescent of silver over exquisite tints of green and blue and greys in sea and sky at sunset. But the beauties of nature did not appear to have any appeal to my fellow-voyagers. The group who, in a previous generation, would have been called "bucks", specialised in "chota pegs" (small whiskies) and cigarettes, and not very warlike war-remembrances between the long-drawn-out games of cards. The returning captain took to literature as an aid to repose; and after a chapter lay out in a deck chair with open mouth and shut eyes.

Apart from my archæological room-mate, with whom I had four of five common interests, the fellow passenger who came nearest to me was the young police officer. Like myself, he had been born in the north-east corner of Ireland; and had been interested in the literary and dramatic movement a generation and a half after me. When he identified my name with certain books of verse that he had read, and had even bought, he asked me to lend him some of my books that he suspected I had in one or other of my trunks. Next day he told me I had been found out. (His missionary room-mate had looked into the volumes, and had expressed deep regret that I squandered evident talent in making verses on secular subjects instead of making hymns for the Lord; and still deeper regret when he discovered that I had allowed myself to be influenced by so wicked a woman as Annie Besant.)

Singapore gave us hot nights and warm days. The China Sea levelled up the days, and gave us unrelieved broiling in dead calm. Half way to Hong Kong the thermometer on the Captain's bridge (the coolest part of the ship) showed 94 degrees Fahrenheit; the surface water of the sea was 86. Such extreme heat portended a change in the weather. It came that afternoon in great thunder and lightning with a choppy sea, and thinned the attendance in the dining-room. A sleepless night from the gyrations of the steamer ended at early morning in Hong Kong harbour.

The steadiness of one's floor in harbour after the uncertainties of the open sea was so acceptable for work that I resisted all temptations to go ashore on the usual banal quests of ordinary sight-seeing. My fellow-passengers could not understand my lack of curiosity; but I had a feeling that I was not quite so unobservant as they thought, and that I would possibly get nearer to the essential Hong Kong than they before we left it.

On the third afternoon a reply to a letter I had sent on arrival turned up in the form of an Armenian member of the Theosophical Society who happened to be one of the leading business men of the city. From five until ten he took me through every phase of its life in his car, and put me on board the steamer knowing more of the place, from its simple folk of the bazaars to its occultists and intellectuals and the lovely natural features of the island than my fellow passengers put together.

We left Hong Kong at noon on May 20, and next day went through the climatic gamut from a morning of dead calm to a night of wind that increased to a hurricane with big seas breaking over the bow and sending their spume into the windows of our cabins. Speed came down to seven knots; and so we pitched all night and next day until evening, when the wind had fallen behind us, and the sea had the pretentious innocent guise of a small-boy trying to give the impression that he had never been rowdy in his life.

The matter of my soul had not been lost sight of by the missionary. The night before we reached Shanghai, where he was to land, he apparently made up his mind to have it out with me after dinner. Contrary to his practice of early retirement he kept close to me in my customary walks along the deck. I sensed his intent, and decided it would be as well to get it over. I was, in fact, rather spoiling for a fight, as I had developed a hearty dislike of the little common man's ignorant cocksureness that had no scintilla of intelligence or gleam of humour. But his view of me from his side must have been of a polite, attentive, quiet-spoken person who was apparently ready for his ministrations. He led the conversation round to my apparent interest in the services on Sunday. I hinted that I would like every day

to be a Sunday as far as recognition of the higher life was concerned. Did I care for his sermons? I was much interested in them, though occasionally questions arose in my mind. Indeed, could he be of help in answering them? I knew that my questions were beyond his power to answer; but his patronising assurance riled me; and the conversation developed, more or less, as follows, C for Cousins. M for Missionary.

C. At the last service you gave a sermon which you entitled "The first five minutes."

M. Yes; (light condescending to darkness) Can I clear any doubts about it?

C. Perhaps. You gave an account of the first five minutes in Heaven of a new-comer who agreed with your interpretation of the Bible.

M. (dimly feeling a sting). Yes. Have you any questions to ask about it?

C. Then you described the first five minutes in Hell of those who did not agree with you.

M. Quite right. Any questions?

C. I have one question covering both periods.

M. What is it?

C. You are one of the class of men who are familiarly known as "sky-pilots". Your work is to show people the way to both Heaven and Hell, and how to reach the one and avoid the other. Now pilots are expected to know both the way and the destination, like the pilots who bring this steamer out of and into certain ports. My question is, Have *you* been to Heaven or Hell?

M. N-n-o.

C. Then how can you pretend to describe them, and to know the way that leads to them?

M. We read in the . . . .

C. Never mind what you read. Do you *know*?

M. The Book says . . . .

C. Many books say many things. The question is what you know. Suppose the Captain came to us now and said: "Gentlemen, the dynamo has failed us. Can either of you help us out of a serious crisis?" and you said: "I have read in



a book . . .", the captain would probably turn with a snort from you to me and ask if I knew anything *practical* about dynamos; and I would tell him I had made a "shocking machine" for my mother's rheumatism when I studied both the theory and practice of electricity as a youth, and I might be able to spot what was wrong: anyhow I could try. (Passing to the offensive). From what I have heard you preach, you know nothing of either the theory of spiritual electricity or of the practice of turning it into heavenly light or infernal heat. Now I will tell you some things I *know* about what is popularly called "kingdom-come."

And I reeled off one psychic experience of my own after another until the old man, who was more accustomed to preaching sermons to others than to having one preached at him, signified his desire to retire—not a bit dented in his own complexes.

From Singapore, close to the equator, our course towards Japan had been roughly north-east, with a steady fall in warmth, till by the time we came within the upsetting influences of islands on temperature and atmospheric pressure, overcoats were brought out of trunks and sleep was broken by regions of fog that stopped the ship and started the siren and provoked other sirens into voice in all registers and from all points of the compass, probably (as the mind is apt to conclude between sleep and awakeness) all bearing down on us. At daylight, on May 28 we dropped anchor in Kobe harbour with its background of low hills behind a dimly seen city, and its foreground of calm water on which countless steamers and small boats moved hither and thither or lay at anchor with all the indications of world-wide intercommunication and commerce.

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#### CHAPTER XXXIII

### A JAPANESE YEAR

(J. H. C.). On settling down as Professor of modern English poetry in Keio University I learned that I had already arrived in

Japan and was "quite famous" in translations in coterie magazines. I had no way of enjoying my fame, as I must learn the syllabic ideographs into which the Roman script of my originals was transformed. A re-translation back into the queer English of Japan did no more than tell me that the subject matter of poetry in Japan consisted of sight and sentiment—something visible to the mind's eye with, by preference, a sad feeling attached to it. Ideas went over the Japanese head as easily as they went through the Irish one. I had typed synopses of studies on the way from India, thinking I was going to be Guru to the successors of the students before whom Lafcadio Hearn worked out his famous lectures. Instead, I had to pack the synopses at the bottom of a trunk for use when I got back to India; and my classes turned into shallow annotations of the meanings of meaningless poems.

I asked the most articulate of my students why he was interested in English poetry—to which he added French and Italian that he was studying, as he was studying English, entirely for content, with no desire for their architecture or imagination or music. He told me, with a self-assurance so congenital and deep-seated as to be unaware of itself, that he was studying in order to be able to take Japanese culture to Europe. Japan was, he said, the Italy of the East; but French and English were the most widespread means of expression.

My general class-work received an extension when I gave a series of seven public lectures on "Modern English Poetry," by request of the University, in the great auditorium, once a week. The hall was filled by teachers and students specially interested from all the Universities and language teaching institutions in Tokyo. Each lecture was reported in extenso in the press, and summaries went to China and the United States of America. After each of the seven lectures I gave tea and cake to a couple of dozen eminent visitors, each group being different, and made many friendships, one of them being with the Unitarian organiser of the University, Dr. Clay Macaulay, then 80, who in his youth had known Emerson. The effect of these lectures, aided by the emphasis that was laid on my verse and prose, was that

I became something of a literary lion; only something, for I shrank from the drums and trumpets of mainly ignorant laudation, and responded with a not too leonine roar to invitations to poetry parties here and there in the city, and to schools and colleges before which I had to play the role of a collaborator with two poets, A.E. and Yeats, whose fame appeared, somewhat to my discomfiture, to spread over me a double Elijah-mantle whose hem hung round my shoulders and tended to obscure such literary costuming as I might legitimately wear.

One of these meetings took a very distinct place in my life. I was called on by a dapper young Japanese to convey to me an invitation from the promoters of a new magazine, "The Asian Review," conducted entirely by Japanese, but written in English, to act as literary supervisor. This led to a ceremonial dinner to inaugurate the magazine. The dinner took place in a beautifully furnished Japanese restaurant in the heart of Tokyo. As we calculated, speculated, romanced, and glowed, the Japan of the bowler hat and French Renaissance architecture receded. We moved forward, by a curious inversion, towards the seventh century when the great influx of spiritual idealism from India through Buddhism awoke the island empire to true being. A group of geisha danced and sang. When they bowed farewell, a troop of girl attendants began their shuffling procession of eatables that occupied an hour and a half. When the last item had disappeared, the editor told the story of the inception of the magazine—a growing feeling on the part of a group of alert men that ordinary journalism was standing between the outside world and a true understanding of the national aims and methods of Japan; a determination to circumvent the evils arising out of this circumstance and the discovery of possibilities of idealistic propaganda not at first visualised. Just before the function concluded, something happened. I felt I wanted some incense sticks, and got them. I handed an incense stick each to seven of the company and asked them to light them from the *hibachi* (fire box) and placed them on the *tokonoma* (picture-recess) in front of the dummy magazine. I stepped back towards the unoccupied end of the room. I dropped on my knees, and with hands palm to

palm invoked the blessing of the supreme spirit of the universe, as we dedicated 'The Asian Review' to the service of Humanity, and prayed that the ancient ever-living soul of Japan might use it as an instrument through which She might again incarnate fully in Her people, for the uplifting of the world.

As I rose to my feet, the others automatically did the same. The Indian invocation, Om, came resonantly through my lips. Then all together cried *Banzai, Banzai, Banzai*, throwing our hands, in the traditional manner, above our heads with each cry.

A Japanese translation of my invocation was published throughout the Empire. I drafted, by request, the editorial foreword of the first number, and corrected the English of it and a second. My return to India broke the connection, and I do not know what happened to the Review; but I have occasionally wondered if it was as idealistic as I thought, or subtly paving the way for the subsequent attempt to civilize Asia in Japan's own way, which ended in tragedy.

My living conditions were exactly to my desire to experience the life and ways of Japan. I was shown a disused tea-room of the President of the University that I could have, with the warning that it was in entirely Japanese style. I accepted the offer and I was left alone after hours save for the cook of the club and his family, the sole Professor on the premises. The room was about 12 feet square; a wooden structure with paper windows (*shoji*); sliding doors (*amado*); a floor of woven cane matting (*tatami*) filled with cotton waste, clean and resilient, pleasant for all waking and sleeping activities; cupboards with pictured sliding doors; a *tokonoma* (recess) for a *kakemono* (hanging picture) and a piece of craftsmanship. The roof of my home was shingled with small wooden "tiles." It was entered from outside by a twisted row of stepping stones along a "garden" that grew here and there a shrub and tallish trees. There were three stone slabs as steps from ground to verandah. From the first of these I looked across uncountable house-roofs on one side of the city. In the foreground the watch-tower of a fire-station clanged out the news when the "flowers of Tokyo" were in bloom; and the cook awoke me at any hour of the night to don my *kimono* and

watch if any of the glittering petals were borne by the wind of destiny to our roof.

Beyond the fire-tower and the wave-like but motionless ocean of roofs, on clear days I could see from the lowest step to my verandah the cone of Fujiyama, sixty miles away, exquisite in snow-crowned simplicity. At one sunset, one only, I was transfixed by a shaft of light from the sun as it dropped, with the shape-changings of twilight, right into the crater of the mountain, and laid red areas of reflection on the surface of a pool between my room and the University club, through which the dull shine of eternally moving gold-fish seemed to be weaving fibrous patterns out of the diffuse stuff of light and night.

I recall a conversation, partly in Japanese, partly in English, that tried to be highly anglicised but only succeeded in being Japanised pidgin, a conversation in the drawing-room of Paul and Mira Richard, at whose home in the suburbs of Tokyo I was a frequent visitor. Politics were then at the top of the conversational bill among people who trusted one another to keep confidences intact. I was regarded as one such, I don't know why. On that occasion I heard more socialism talked than I had done since my early twenties, when I was a devotee of Robert Blatchford with his spicy weekly paper, "The Clarion." When all had departed save a quiet, good-living revolutionary, I remarked to our host how interesting it was that such rank socialism, the antithesis of the Japanese political organisation, should be espoused by certain of the company who were officers of the Palace. The mild Japanese revolutionary smiled and said something in his own language and translated it into English which, shaped by the French mind of Paul Richard and oiled by mine, became "The darkest spot in under the lamp," (not of course, the modern electric bulb).

"And yet," as I wrote in my book 'The New Japan' two years after I returned to India, "There were elements in the life of Japan as I saw it which puzzled me. There was no mistaking the universal intense personal delight in artistic objects; yet some of these objects, while exquisite as regards material and craftsmanship, were hideous in subject—masks,

for instance, in ivory, wood or clay, representing vile demoniacal countenances." I noted the irritating juxtaposition of beautiful embroidery and ugly angles in women's clothing; of horrible new-fangled electric poles beside exquisite traditional buildings. It was "not easy to understand how a people so sensitive to beauty in the particular should be so insensitive to ugliness in the general. . . ." By and by my delight in Japanese painting, ancient and modern, and in the various crafts, was chastened by the realization that these lacked idealism; (and idealism was, in my æsthetical credo, the test of the quality and life-expectancy of any work of art, whether it was expressed or implied.) The lack of æsthetical sensitiveness showed itself in a number of ways, but two will serve as examples.

In a historical play a fleeing chieftain just had to have a horse. So one came fumbling along a gangway that, in the queer mixture of realism and symbolism, meant from a distance. Its head went up and down like a child's movable toy; its tail oscillated with the regularity of a clock-pendulum. It was accepted as a stage horse, though it walked on four human feet. On another occasion a castle was burnt to the ground by actual fire on the stage. These junks of realism added nothing to the outer or inner action of the drama; rather they held up the action. Some element of self-deception appeared to pass over from stage-craft to authorship. A Professor of English (a Japanese) invited me to a first performance of a new play of his. The setting and language were Japanese. The author explained the situations as they arose, until this became unnecessary, as I perceived that it was a familiar play of Bernard Shaw's located and dressed in Japan, but attributed to that Professor.

Some similar lapse from æsthetical morale seemed to me to have befallen Japanese painting. The works of Yokoyama Taikwan, one of the then few living followers of the Japanese pictorial tradition modified within its own genre, were lovely in composition and technique, perfect if you wanted nothing more than a picture to look at, but soulless. "How is it," I asked Mr. Taikwan in his studio, "that you, the foremost progressive painter in Japan today, as I have been told, have

shown me half a dozen pictures here the subjects of which I have, in my short study of Japanese art, seen many times in the works of other artists both past and present?" (Waterfalls, pine-trees, carp, etc.) He replied: "It is because we Japanese have no originality. We do not invent or think. We take pleasure in going over and over the same subjects. Our art is all in its technique." To which he added, "We look to India for ideas."

I saw the disease of modernism in full blast in the western-style section of the annual exhibition of Japanese painting in Ueno Park—"a Japanese annexation of the most rudimentary elements in western art schools, elements that were carried some degrees lower in the scale of bad art than their prototypes could achieve." There were others who saw this conflict. "The Japan Year Book" dated it in "the era of chaos." Typical of it was a painting that "summed up the technical, æsthetical and mental offence of the new movement." A glass bowl containing several gold-fish rests on a lacquered stand about three feet high. The stand is placed in the middle of the floor of a room—likewise in the middle of the picture. Two ladies stand gazing at the gold-fish, one on each side of the bowl, each a replica of the other in size, position and attitude. So far so bad as regards commonplaceness of idea and dullness in conception. But—the ladies were stark naked and fat, and the complexion of the skin gave one the creepy feeling that they had not been painted in oils, but boiled in oil. I can recall the group of modernised students scrutinising my face for signs of my reaction. One asked me what I thought of it. I replied in a query: "Do Japanese ladies take off their clothes when they view gold-fish?" They pondered the question for a moment, and one answered, "No." I passed on to the next garish caricature of art; and neither the questioning student nor his companions had the ghost of an idea that my own question had put the oleaginous nightmare in its place as a pretentious and unintelligent mockery of both art and life.

But there was one Japanese artist who gravitated to me at the end of one of my Keio lectures, whose work, when I saw

it in his studio at Yoyogi, on the outskirts of Tokyo, gave me the touch of greatness in both extent and quality and vision. Tami Koume, a young man, was not only a painter of superlative achievement in both Japanese and western ways; he was a thinker, and had had experiences of the life beyond this which coloured and exalted his art. But the earthquake of 1922 ended his career.

On the perimeter of Tokyo, at the suburb of Nakano, when Noguchi was lecturing in Keio University on classical English poetry as I was on modern, was his lovely home where I had my first flavourous touch with Japanese life and the menace to life in earthquakes. I had "jumped to the generalisation that Noguchi, in his excellences and limitations, was the most typical entity in Japan. I had begun to perceive that the absence of the abstract quality in the mentality of my students was not a defect of youth, but was common to professors and students, and to professional and business men whom I met . . . (There was no feeling of long views, of large conceptions, of the wavy edge that is characteristic of the horizon of mystical vision. But this mental character was acted upon by a unique aesthetical sense which, where it could not interiorly influence the mental nature, at least set the mark of art somewhere upon it, and let the incongruity speak its own message." In his home on Sunday afternoons, when I was not visiting elsewhere, in addition to much talk on painting and verse, I read through his books, and noted their aesthetical qualities and cerebral deficiencies. But his regard for Japanese painting was almost wholly indigenous, and went into valuable books in English.

On my visits to Nakano, the process of exchanging greetings and removing footwear in the somewhat dark entrance to Noguchi's house did not give me the opportunity of recognising what appeared to be a relief of, perhaps, Shakespeare. But one day I realised that it was the life-mask of Francis Thompson, and asked how on earth it came to be there. He told me that, when in England, in 1903, he had been given this copy of the mask by Francis Meynell in London with strict unjunctions that he was not to let it out of his possession or to allow it to be copied. I



suggested the exchange of the mask for that of a leering stage-demon in the studio. Whereupon the family—Noguchi carrying the Thompson relief, Mrs. Noguchi, and the three children—with the maid at the end, and myself in front purifying its transit by waving fragrant incense sticks, made a procession that would have caused the serious Catholic poet almost to smile.

My circle extended its circumference when I spent a weekend at Yokosuka (accent on kos) the chief naval harbour of Japan, in the home of my most intimate pupil, Genichi Yanome. His father was a General, in charge of the concealed fortifications that were intended to protect the Emperor and the country. A less warlike person would be difficult to discover outside Japan: four-feet-plus from ground level, chubby, smiling. The General welcomed me by kneeling on a cushion on the floor and touching the floor with his forehead. I did the same on the cushion on the other side of the hibachi.

I had reached the Yanome home through the streets and by the harbour, the streets crowded with seamen on leave, the harbour crowded with warships of all kinds and sizes. But I did not talk to Yanome of my reactions to Japanese pugnacity. Indeed, he did most of the talking, for our walk gave him an unusual opportunity to be autobiographical. His father was of the Zen sect of Buddhism, which had evolved the tea ceremony and the Noh drama on the side of meditation, and ju-jitsu on the side of action. His father had taught him the latter as a means of self-defence, and it had come useful at a crisis. It happened that fellow-students and himself had fallen in love with the same girl, who showed a tendency to favour him. His rivals had decided to eliminate him and reduce the competition to A and B. They waylaid him on the bank of a river. Much to the surprise of A and B, they found themselves floundering in quick succession in the not too clean river. Ju-jitsu had done its duty. But it might only have postponed and intensified the enmity of adolescence. The girl disposed of the situation by committing suicide. General Yanome left his family free to follow their own religious bent. His wife was a strong Protestant. Their charming and intelligent

daughter was a pious Roman Catholic. The son was a modern materialist.

My next radius extended 45 minutes by train west of Tokyo, plus a short electric train-run to the sea-shore and a walk to Kamakura Bay, every minute and foot crammed with Japanese life and nature: men, women and children at all sorts of avocations and summer enjoyments. The occasion was an excursion of the Young Party, a group that had no rules save those of happy youth; no officers save those who would give a perpetual contribution of happiness; no programme save that of the season and desire. Initiation was achieved by participation in an adventure. I was regarded as eligible, though in sight of fifty. They discovered that "the grey in my hair was like snow on a valcano; it covered the fire of incorrigible youth." I had no excuse for not becoming a member. Hence this adventure of initiation. The party numbered nine, three ladies, six young men. We wandered about, plucked gigantic tiger lilies, exchanged poems and thoughts and quips, and lunched al fresco at a restaurant at the entrance to the grounds in which the Dai Butsu (more-than-man, Buddha) had sat since skill and vision had, in 1252, constructed out of bronze plates an image of the Buddhist calm and meditation, thirty feet high. We entered the hollow interior, and reverently climbed the stair to the little shrine within the head.

The home of Professor E. E. Speight, at Nikko, 90 miles from Tokyo, was a farther extension of my travel-radii, a two-storeyed house, without architectural pretension, next neighbour to the summer residence of the Midado on one side, and to a Noh enthusiast on the other, who dragged the chants of the drama from his solar plexus or his pelvis for hours daily in a voice that on a western platform would earn him the tribute of ancient eggs or cabbages. The interior of the house, where it was not used for eating and sleeping, was a collector's paradise. Every nook and corner, floor mat and shelf and wall space, was crowded and covered with ornamented sword guards, dagger handles, ivory and wood-carved ornaments, statuettes, colour prints, kakemono. On the upper floor I was given a lovely room to inhabit for three

weeks during a 'tween-terms vacation, part of which I had spent with the Richards higher up near the hill station of Oiwake on the side of the perpetually active volcano, Asama Yama. My first night in Speight's home set poetry going. He himself had written much excellent verse that oscillated between clever humour and high idealism, with good-will and gentle sentiment between. At the end of a happy afternoon and evening of literary and artistic exchange he escorted me to my room. On a table at my bed-head I noticed a receptacle containing a number of sharpened pencils, also a writing-pad. These, I learned, were a constant provision for visitors who, like himself, might have sleepless hours and might need materials for whiling them away. When I was abed, with an electric reading-lamp at hand and shelves of the latest books of English verse in the shadow, the pencils turned into spears of challenge and the pad into a shield. Something in me remembered a night on the steamer from Calcutta when I had been entranced by the sight of Venus and Jupiter in so close conjunction that the long silver reflection of the two planets became one on the placid surface of the sea. Something of the spirit of Japanese poetry, its brevity and clarity, asserted itself, and I put the conjunction into a quatrain that I hoped would give not too much pain to the poetical sensitiveness of mine host.

When I awoke after a dreamless night I was surprised to find that something deeper than either dreaming or waking consciousness had taken the four lines as the theme of what I saw to be a well-constructed and deftly worded development in two intellectually complementary directions as of beings, one descending into the waters of our life, the other rising from below upwards, as of the aspiring spirit of humanity. All I had to do was to transcribe an already composed poem, "A Planetary Conjunction."

I had seen press reports of violin and piano recitals by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eichheim in and around Tokyo in aid of good causes; and when he, as his contribution to an after-tea American entertainment, told of his keen interest in the music of Hindustan, and of their intention to visit that country, I knew

that I had found two spiritual friends. Henry Eichheim had, for almost a generation, been a show-fiddler of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His wife was a first-class pianist. In subsequent days at Nikko they quenched the thirst of Speight and myself for good music, and I planned a tour of the musical centres of India for them with appropriate introductions.

Through the Eichheims I extended my travel radius the whole length of the great road, colour-printed by Japanese masters, from Tokyo to Kyoto, 400 miles, for a week-end of musical friendship and mutual pleasure in nature and art. Of the conjunction of nature and art, the temple of Kiyomidzu remains in memory as a type; so perfectly allied in form and situation that one yields to the aesthetical illusion that nature shaped and draped the wooded hillside to fit the work of art. And nature was at her autumnal best. Above, below, and, around the temple which stood on the edge of a sheer cliff, the foliage of pines, maples and cedars had developed all possible shades of red and yellow over the fundamental browns, greys and greens of stems and branches and persistent leafage.

Winter, with coughs and chills in the air and the thorax, brought a desire for a change to a place of milder temperature than Tokyo or Kyoto. Atami, a centre of hot-springs, 50 miles from Tokyo, was chosen, and the Scottish wife of the Scottish journalist, Hugh Byas, editor of the Hebraically owned English daily paper, "The Japanese Advertiser," added to the Eichheim-Cousins group. We imagined ourselves whizzing in a big car over the last 20 miles of 'new motor road' (vide advertisements). But it was to be otherwise. At a wayside hotel the driver put festoons of chains round the wheels. This, we soon found, was because the road was so new that it had not got past the stage of a succession of mud-pits over which the car lurched, shook, stopped and bolted. At times we hung by the skin of the teeth of the chained wheels over sheer quaky cliffs high above the ocean that seemed to spring up towards us with white-mouthed anticipation. Half an hour went in extricating a country cart from a hole. And as if there were not enough holes to serve all possible purposes, we were held up another half hour

by men blasting the road, while the musician heartily did the same.

But at the end of the three most timber-shivering hours that I ever hope to travel on this side of the Inferno, everything was forgotten in the vision of the lovely little town of Atami on the edge of the blue Pacific. The smoke-plumed volcanic island of Oshima on the horizon was happily a couple of years or more from the scheduled date of its explosion and the catastrophic earthquake that it generated. Colours and contours at every bend of the road exhausted our adjectives of admiration. Laughter gave a period of recuperation as a man working on the bottom of a boat, naked in winter water (December 16), came to the shore to *warm his hands* at a small wood-fire.

A walk next day took us up a bridle path to a height of 2,700 feet in four miles, to the Ten Provinces pass. At the shrine from which one gets the first glimpse of Fuji Yama (12,365 feet) overcoats, that a servant had carried on a shoulder-pole, had to be donned. Near here we came on a little snow-covered inn, surrounded by chrysanthemums and stone images, and shaded by gnarled snow-laden pines: the Japan of pictures and prints. Across a broad expanse of sloping country Fuji rose, snow-clad, lonely, robed in entrancing simplicity and purity, surely the most lovely single natural object in the world.

The reputation of the railway—a thing, so to speak, of bamboo and string, that wriggled on shaky props over the edge of the Pacific dragged by a true copy of the precursor of George Stephenson's "Puffing Billy,"—denied it our patronage on our return journey; so did our experience of the "new motor road." The remaining mode of transport was a small coastal steamer, an ancient wooden affair, cocked on the water and tilting as each passenger stepped aboard. The ocean had the sheen and smoothness of oiled silk of an amazing blue-green colour. Fuji was seen momentarily at breaks along the coast, with a last glorious view as the beautiful finial of a foreground of pine-clad land, smooth water and fishing craft. And there is a final memory of an American lady and a Scottish one being carried from the steamer to the shore pickaback by two all but

naked Japanese men, who grasped their projecting legs like the shafts of rickshaws in what I smiled to see as a reversal of "the white man's burden." Some time afterwards, all the fatal accidents that might have given us a joint obituary notice happened to others. Later still much of the town was burnt out.

My friendship with the Eichheims brought about an incident that indicated the worlds that revolved and rotated within worlds in the area of the firmament under which the Sun Goddess created Japan. On my autumnal visit to them in Kyoto I found they were hungry for friendship with their kindred, especially as Thanksgiving Day was approaching, and there would be social jollification among the American population at Tokyo. As I was *persona grata* at the American Embassy I was aware of anticipations of the annual event, though, not being an American in this incarnation, I knew I was not on the invitation list. But it occurred to me that the Eichheims might be on it if strings were delicately pulled. I had to ascertain whether the Embassy would care to have after-dinner music; and if so, would the musicians accept an invitation. The musicians thrilled to the idea—but high-up diplomats, they were sure, would not stretch their hospitality down to mere artists. The Ambassador, Roland Morris, when I made an occasion to suggest, that, if he would like good music on Thanksgiving night, the Eichheims might be in Tokyo, said: "What!—but they are big artists. They wouldn't stoop to a mere diplomatic feed." And that was how I came in for the after-dinner coffee, and was enthroned beside the Ambassador, who rolled in his chair with joy as the happy fiddler played, as he probably never played before, and the lovely gracious pianist made a perfect accompanist and exquisite soloist. Between them they lifted what might have been an ordinary rowdy-dowdy into an artistic event of the highest order; and at the end of each item the Ambassador smacked me on whichever part was nearest him, and stage-whispered, "You did it!"

There was another diplomat (name reserved) who indicated another of the criss-crosses of life in Japan. I was invited to give a talk to a school for western children run by missionaries;

an improving talk, but without religious references—from which limitation I know that my own religious convictions were debarred. It had been rumoured that I was a dreadful thing called a Theosophist and some of the parents had kept their offspring at home on that dangerous afternoon. To those exposed to infection I gave a talk on what I should like to be if I were at their age : a circle (which they learned about in their mathematics) that would look in every direction yet always at one circumference (moral: see everybody as members of the one human family) ; a loom (such as they could see in weavers' houses) on which a shuttle made, out of threads that had no apparent connection, lovely designs (moral: look for beauty and wisdom everywhere, and try to weave them out of our own lives) ; a mountain (which they learned about in geography) that rose like Fujiyama, into the clouds and attracted showers of refreshing and nourishing rain for the thirsty plains (moral: as we grow older try to rise higher not only in position but in character, and in doing so we shall find that we are also going deeper and expanding our lives). I was cordially thanked for my address, so appropriate and helpful—and the good people didn't know that I had laid out the three objects of the Theosophical Society. On my way home in the tram a lad sat beside me and told me he had been at my lecture. He thought he understood it better than any one else present. Why? Because he was a student of the Vedantic philosophy and Theosophy. How on earth . . . ? He had translated some of Swami Vivekananda's writings into Spanish. His father, Ambassador of a South American Republic, had translated "The Secret Doctrine." He would tell him, and he would invite me to call. The weird juxtaposition of the Bengali philosopher, the Russian occultist, the Spanish language, and a South American Embassy in Japan, not forgetting one sometimes referred to as an Irish poet, kept the front part of my cerebrum in a whirl half the night. Next afternoon I had to sit some minutes in the Ambassador's office while he disposed of business with secretaries. When the last had gone, the formal mask in which he had received me fell away. He turned the key of the door, smiled, set me in a chair by his table, and said, "Now we

can talk." And we talked and talked of mutual interests and experiences. He showed me his 18-year old son's printed translations, and put the climax on them in two large volumes of "The Secret Doctrine" in Spanish, translated, as I knew, by himself.

After one of my University lectures I was asked by an Indian and two Koreans to have a chat in my room. The essence of it was that the Indian, and other Indian friends, were tired of intellectual isolation, and wished that I would found a lodge of The Theosophical Society in which they and kindred Japanese and Korean spirits could meet for free interchange of ideas on the deeper problems of life. I declined to take the initiative, being but a passing visitor; but, my "terms of reference" from Mrs. Besant were that if I was asked if I knew anything about Theosophy, I needn't say no. So I was asked to address a public meeting on the Three Objects of The Theosophical Society. A large hall was filled. Some one suggested the formation of a Lodge. An application of seven members was necessary. Twelve persons, chiefly Japanese, signed applications for membership and authorised me to cable to the President at Adyar, Mrs. Besant, for cabled admission and a Lodge Charter as they wanted a Lodge started before I left Japan for India.

During a month's holiday with the Richards in Oiwake, half way up the ever-active volcano, Asamayama, Monsieur Richard occupied a good deal of my time indoors in helping him to translate a growing collection of "slogans" into English. His French mind revelled in the chiselling of well-shaped epigrams, such as, "Dogma: the living faith of the dead, become the dead faith of the living." The slogans accumulated, and fell into balanced groups and related chapters, and amounted to a castigation, by an ex-clergyman, of ordinary Christianity of remarkable intellectuality and superb cheek, a revision of the New Testament that put the "higher criticism" on the level of Puckish literature, with the humour of Puck displaced by sword-edged wit. When the question of a title arose, I suggested "The Gospel according to (Saint?) Paul (Richard)." He demurred: "Let us be modest—at least in the title." So it became



"The Scourge of Christ," recalling the Biblical story of Jesus driving the money-changers and merchants out of the temple with a whip of small cords. I got the script past the censorship between Japan and India, and it was published in Madras. Years later Madame Richard became "Mother" of Sri Aurobindo Ghosh's Ashrama at Pondichery.

Another glimpse of the Japan of 1919-1920 as I got it was of the Noh drama (*Noh*, accomplishment). In the 14th and 15th centuries (in western reckoning) stories out of the Buddhist tradition were dramatised for enactment in dance. A simple story leading up to an emotion that could be expressed in dance, was told in a slow guttural chant by the actors, with fife-and-drum accompaniment.

The Noh drama brought about a juxtaposition of personalities that remains in my memory with the mixed aroma of a number of differently scented incense-sticks. From the "box" of a fellow Professor of Keio (a square space on the floor within low wooden partitions) my attention was deflected by an elderly Japanese lady two sections from ours, who occasionally took her eyes off the stage to make notes in a book, probably a print of the text of the drama. I asked who she was. My host's unemphatic answer, was "The widow of Lafcadio Hearn." At the end of the dance, I paid my respects to Mrs. Hearn through translation by my host, Professor Togawa, and a fellow-guest, Yone Noguchi. My reference to Ireland appeared to move her deeply; for her husband, though Grecian on his mother's side, specially favoured the Irishry that came to him through his father. She had kept their home as it was during his lifetime, and invited me to call for tea and a chat on November 7.

Mrs. Koizumi, the name taken by her husband when he became a Japanese citizen, treasured all that reminded her of the world-famed man with whom her life had been linked, and whose spirit, according to her faith, continued to be linked with hers. She showed me his writing-table on which he produced books of which she could read nothing, his seat, his numerous pipes, his obviously much used volumes of Herbert Spencer, and the shrine in his study for a portion of his spirit, in which a light was placed as a

representation of spiritual illumination, and bread offered as an indication of the unchanging service of consecrated love.

Tea was laid on Hearn's writing-table. Her children, now young men and women, were, she said, out at their various avocations. But Mr. Koizumi would be with us in the portrait hanging on the wall. I conveyed to the sweet old lady in black kimono my special pleasure at the occasion, which happened to be my wife's birthday. She was obviously touched. She glanced occasionally at the portrait and then at me. I felt she saw some similarity of shape in the head, and in complexion, which vaguely reminded me of a Celtic type, and probably called up a racial resemblance in her own memory. At the door, when we were leaving, she was almost jaunty, as if some familiar thing of the heart had come to the surface of life, not with a reminder of loss but of the everlasting gain of even a few years of mutual affection and service. Through Professor Togawa she said: "You are the first man in the fifteen years since my husband's death who has recalled him vividly to me."

On March 5 (1920), I received a cable recalling me to Madanapalle. In letters I had sensed problems that appeared to need my personal attention. I had made enquiries as to a passage to India should my return become essential. No berth westward would be available for at least nine months. With a possible additional academical year before me I searched about for work to keep me from rusting. Keio was willing to keep me another year, and suggested that I should cable to Mrs. Cousins to come and give classes in English and music. Two other Universities, at which I had given lectures, invited me to repeat my Keio lectures to them. All of these engagements would pay well, and send us back to India with two healthy nest-eggs for the future. Mrs. Cousins got permission to relinquish the work on which she had been engaged for the year of my absence, of which she will herself tell. Then came the recall, urgent and final. I had no choice. My precious "free will" was intimidated by an incorrigible romanticism that preferred the adventure of idealistic education on "subsistence allowance" to wealth for merely utilitarian work.

When I received the recall cable I telephoned to a friend asking him to come with me to the steamship office on a last chance? The chief clerk was sympathetic but without hope. I was about to retire to search for a miracle in some other direction, when the clerk excused himself to answer the telephone. After a number of *moshi moshis* (hello) and spasmodic ejaculations, he held up a hand to us with a broad smile. I pulled up my heart some inches, and my friend looked hopeful. The clerk brought an interminable waiting list, and with a flourish scratched out a name near the beginning of it, and registered my name to leave by the "Kaga Maru" from Kobe on March 22. A suspected enemy had been detained.

Then came a fortnight of farewells and anticipations. My Keio students entertained me in a restaurant, not now as their *sensei* (Professor) but as a fellow writer. They and a wider circle spent a happy evening with me in the home of a patron of the arts (a Russian dignitary married to a Grecian noblewoman), when my reputation was exalted by the insistence of a black cat on occupying my knees.

Two Japanese girls called to say goodbye. I had not seen them before; but with perfect frankness they told me they were lovers of my poetry, and therefore of its author. They had come to recite two short poems of my own that they had seen in the monthly journal of the Young Party. Among corded boxes labelled for Colombo and Madras one of them stood up and made offering for the two, in perfect expression with a voice like a temple bell sounding out of the Fujiware era a thousand years before, when the influence of woman was dominant in art and life. No gift of the many that came to me moved me more deeply than that of my own best given back to me through an instrument that was, as was her comrade, a personification of delicate beauty and transparent purity.

An evening party was in the flat over the Salvation Army. In another flat on the upper floor, an Englishman and his wife lived. They had spent a lonely life in another country, and in a mutual search for what they could accept as truth had come on Theosophical literature. The casual hearing of a familiar

word had opened doors, and they joined the Lodge, and added their crockery to that of the teachers for the party.

I left Tokyo on March 21. The entire staff of the club, who had been more friends than servants, escorted my from Keio to the railway station, each as a last service carrying one of a pile of articles that cold-weather travel required. At the station a crowd of well-wishers added to problems of packing by cluttering up my compartment with gifts—a box for a lady's use, black-lacquered and exquisitely ornamented; a coffee-set in the Satsuma manner; a set of line-versions of famous paintings with biographies of the artists; and others. I made an overnight stop at Kyoto, in the knacky home of a Japanese teacher of English, in order to fill my eleventh deal-wood case with typical objects of art from that old centre of Japanese rulership. Gurcharn Singh, a Sikh artist in porcelain, joined me and piloted me on a side-trip to the former capital, Nara, and across fields to the fountain-head of Japanese culture—the temple of Horiyuji, where Indian idealism entered the Japanese imagination in the seventh century through the introduction of Buddhist thought and art. In the *Kondo* (Golden Hall) priceless examples of the early craftsmanship of Japan were treasured. Frescoes painted by Korean artists trained by masters of the Ajantan method were still visible. These gave us an aesthetical satisfaction of a more intimate kind than the colossal bronze-plate Buddha that had impressed us at Nara. There was something deeply moving in being in the presence of the beginnings, thirteen centuries before, of an art-impulse that had passed its characteristics of reverence and delicacy on from generation to generation.

At noon on March 22 the "Kaga Maru" started down the Inland Sea for the coaling port of Moji. Here we lay a day and a night in a racket of steam-winches and the gloom of a wet and windy day. In sleepless hours I walked up and down the deck while a multitude of recollections arranged and disarranged themselves in a kaleidoscope of thought. Life was moving on—I wondered whither. Out there, in the darkness, was a being; *Dai nippon* (Great Japan) it called itself in moments of relapse from its true greatness to the borrowed braggadocio of wealth

and power that was foreign to the real spirit of the Orient. Yet in that being there was the power of renunciation and the wealth of a tradition of taste. These things I counted as fundamentals. But across the "rising sun," which was the hieroglyph of the nation, I seemed to see the trace of a cloud, drawn up from the marshes of ambition and egotism and envy at whose margin I had occasionally paused in apprehension, outside the topography of my concerns. The rising sun might dispel the cloud—but it might not.

At Hong Kong the currents of history moved around me. Mr. Manuk, who had been most friendly on my journey to Japan, came aboard in the roadstead and took me ashore for a day's outing. In the launch that took us ashore he showed me a letter that had decided our doings for some hours. It was signed "T. F. Wu". The name of Dr. Wu Ting Fang had been known to me as that of the author of a brilliant book on his experiences abroad, during which he had been Chinese Ambassador to the United States of America, and had won high admiration for his capacities as a jurist and diplomat, and warm friendship for his personal charm, unimpeachable life and intellectual qualities. On my way to Japan I had gathered from Mr. Manuk that Dr. Wu, who had led the revolt against external rule, and had been the first to cut off and throw away the hair-plait (pig-tail) that had been the sign of subservience, was an enthusiastic member of the Theosophical Society, and, even in high offices of State, made no secret of his desire to have the new free China rebuilt on the foundation of Brotherhood, the first Object of the Society. And here he was in Hong Kong, waiting to see me! He had been made responsible for the disbursement of the revenue of the Republic. His idea of his duty and his ideal of Brotherhood did not harmonise with demands on the State Treasury for funds on which the still potent pugnacity of a military group in Canton wanted to make war on a group in a neighbouring area. As money could only be obtained over his signature, he vanished from Canton, and was on his way to northern China where threats against him would be futile. His entourage wanted him to hurry on out of danger ;

but when he heard from Manuk that I would pass through a day or two later he put them in a panic by declaring his intention to remain where he was until he saw his brother from his spiritual home at Adyar.

We went some distance up a funicular railway, walked round a number of corners, and were admitted under scrutiny to a tall house that appeared to be doing its best to look unoccupied. The reception room was large and lofty, and furnished in a heavy style that, Manuk told me, was of northern China. The old statesman (he was born in 1842 and was then 78) received us most warmly. His long black robe and black skull-cap, far from being mournful, as in the western tradition, had a remarkable richness, and gave his smallish build much dignity. There was no preliminary talk. I was put into a Theosophical witness-box; and where verbal answers did not satisfy the acute mind behind the dark eyes in the clean-shaven sallow face of the questioner, paper and pencil were subpoenaed, and I created an amazing number of diagrams that he annexed for his own purposes. At the end of a four-hour session the queer Chinese, Armenian and Irish trinity of searchers was ready for refreshments.

"We have talked a lot today. Tomorrow we shall not be so long; and we shall be very quiet. We shall not discuss; we shall meditate." After an hour's dead silence, which was four times more than my jumpy mind was able for, I began to wonder whether too much speech or too much silence were the severer discipline. Anyhow I had the privilege of both, and a rare contact with an extraordinarily furnished and eager mind, an unveiled intuition, and an uncompromising humanitarianism. He intended, he said, to spend some time at Adyar before he retired. But treachery forestalled his intention: he died of hardship and exposure in a flight from Canton two years later (1922) at the age of eighty.

I arrived at Colombo, at the other end of India from Calcutta, at 2 a.m. on April 18, 1920. Gretta arrived from Mangalore via Adyar at 8 a.m.—and life began again.

## A LONELY SCHOOL-MA'AM

(M. E. C.) I kept as brave a face as I could until the train bearing my beloved comrade away to Japan for a whole year had left, and I had said goodbye to the friends of all castes who had seen him off, and got back to my room at Adyar with its poignant sense of vacancy. However, I got put together and vocal by a short holiday at Ootacamund, where friends were extremely kind, and my cycle saved time that went in suffrage correspondence.

Notwithstanding the propaganda for women's suffrage that had been carried on since the 1917 Deputation, the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms contained no mention of votes for women. This led me to shuttling hither and thither organising the public expression of the demand of Indian women for enfranchisement on the same terms as men, especially as Mrs. Besant's Government of India Bill was shortly (July 1919) to be given its first reading in Parliament. A public meeting in Madras brought together a number of eminent and accomplished South Indian women, some of whom, such as Mrs. Rukmini Lakshmipathi and Dr. S. Muthulakshmi Reddy, were destined to places of eminence and power in the political life of India that were then unthinkable.

I sent a protest letter on the omission of women voters in the Reforms to the press. It went all over India. I sent information to England for publication. Curiously enough, though I had the backing of some of the best women of India, I was the one voice publicly explaining and proclaiming the suffrage cause; not because I had any special fitness, but simply because the womanhood of India had not yet found its authoritative voice.

My obligations to the educational movement cut across my suffrage activities. During Jim's absence, Madanapalle College was to be run by Mr. F. Gordon Pearce; and as the starting of a Girls' School in Mangalore, on the south-west coast, needed a Head Mistress, and I was at hand, I was transferred

from east to west some 500 miles, just as the wet monsoon was approaching.

It took some time to assemble my new world. For a while I had to live from hand to mouth, sans husband, sans deputy husband (piano), sans home, sans spiritual friendship, and deprived of a sight of myself, as no mirror was provided for me.

I found the work of a Head Mistress more invigorating than the grind of essay-checking in Madanapalle High School, though in my position of responsibility I had to be everywhere at the same time all the time. The making of time-tables and syllabuses gave me much pleasure ; it had something of musical composition about it. Then I had to flit into another bungalow, more commodious and suited to my work. My baggage, except the piano, arrived from Madras, also except articles stolen out of a box by the simple expedient of smashing one of its sides. I had never learned anything but the most rudimentary physical exercises in my school days—and behold me, at forty, installed as drill mistress of the senior girls. With the help of a young Scout master, who coached me privately, I was soon quite an expert. I got into my year's home on June 26, and unpacked the baggage from Madras. Nearly all my china was smashed. Just enough things for personal use were saved from the wreck. I found the damp and greyness depressing. Nothing could be put out to dry. There was a heavy wet fog each morning, and no sun. Under the thickening monsoon the compound became a lake three inches deep. After ruining two pair of shoes going to and coming from school, I tried sandals, but they gave up the ghost. Bare feet were the last resort. A white dress got dirty and damp in two days. So, as it was not too hot, I took to a dark velvet dress ; but it disturbed me with the incongruous rhythm of two whitish legs and feet from under the dark dress.

The piano duly arrived, in good tune notwithstanding the long journey, the rain, and the treatment to which it had to submit to get it into its place.

Between school activities and the editing of " Stri Dharma " and suffrage correspondence, life moved on. Almost a sixth of our year of separation had passed. In our personal relations



it did not seem to serve any purpose. If it was to drive us apart, it was foredoomed to failure : if it was to bring us closer together, it was quite unnecessary. I could only imagine some justification in seeing ourselves as some kind of agents in the karma of India. Though I kept to the political neutrality that the Women's Indian Association then felt to be necessary for drawing the women of all religious phases into a sisterhood of service for the country and themselves, the lover of freedom in me found it difficult at times to be polite in face of the rapid deterioration of foreign methods of preserving what was called law and order in face of the growing *satyagraha* movement under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi.

Sports that I wanted to have on a ceremonial occasion were a disappointment. When the first race was run, the spectators ran along with it. Some of the teachers viewed the event superciliously. The elder girls would not take any part. It was "undignified to run after you are 12"!—a social inhibition based on sex. I privately made up my mind to help to break such obsolete superstition.

Towards the end of July the monsoon was at what it, no doubt, regarded as its best. For six whole days I could not go for a walk, and walking had always been to me my best physical exercise. I could not go to a shop to order a thick pair of shoes ; and even if I could get them, one wetting would spoil them for the rest of their lives. So I had just to paddle to school and back in my own bare canoes, and risk water on the brain.

The decision of the Southborough Franchise Committee to perpetuate the discredited sex-qualification against women in the proposed Reforms, helped the awakening of the women of India, and brought a touch of outer-world excitement into my segregated life. In a Report of 400 pages the Committee disposed of the claims of Indian women to enfranchisement in four short paragraphs by deciding "not to recommend the extension of the suffrage to women." The main "reasons" educed : (1) because some men were too ignorant to vote, it was too soon for any woman to be empowered to do so ; (2) that the purdah system would not allow the vote to be exercised properly ; (3) that

grave difficulties would be involved in the recording of votes; were so absurdly unreal that I had to cable a protest to London—32 rupees.

The trials of principalship began, after a couple of months, to get on my nerves. The aesthetical life was far below the beauty that Jim and I gathered and created for ourselves. Having to sympathise with pin-points of reforms, instead of condemning all that the pin-point reformers left unreformed, was wearing to one's honesty in self-expression. Music had failed me, as many notes on the piano had stuck with the rain. All the same the demands on me brought out latent ability, goodness knows for what purpose. At one time an unexpected lecture had to be given on the deepest aspects of philosophy; at another a tough problem in algebra had to be solved; then the devising of physical culture exercises, and methods of teaching infants; the laying out of a garden-scheme; and the preparing of materials for rattan work, that needed navvy's hands instead of a pianist's.

My "consulting hours", 5-15 to 7, became quite a feature and brought me some happy friendships. To certain of the European residents I was, I heard, something of a freak, as my Brothers of Service uniform (a plain white jacket and skirt with blue rope-belt, and silver sun-symbol on my neck) was not of any officially recognised Order. One prominent western lady found me after three tries; and after some sparkling chat on literature and art, and piano music in between dumb notes, we fused quite amicably and reached the intellectual and aesthetical level on which different ideas about kingdom-come and the ways to it don't matter.

School-work went on, and my busy days made up in friendship and kindness for Sundays and holidays. Occasionally there came a crash. After a cleaning-out of my rooms by coolie-women, I found that a number of objects of art were missing, but the chief item that appeared to have been "lost" was the prison-brooch that Mrs. Pankhurst had pinned on my breast at a public meeting in memory of my imprisonment in Holloway. Questions and denials only darkened the atmosphere. Enquiries

were not helped by the torrential rain. This created appalling damp. My books were ruined. Boxes were blue-moulded inside and outside. My underclothes never dried; some split in pieces. The smell from these, and from the constantly wet bedclothes, was disgusting.

The inauguration of periodical visits by the students to their temples brought me up against caste. Non-Brahmin girls could not go. Brahmin girls could only go after changing their clothes, as mixture with lower castes among the students and staff had "polluted" them. On the first visit, the favoured fifty came en masse to get my blessing; but I refused to let them come near me, as they might pollute me! It was just an Irish twist; but I saw that it brought realisation of the stupidity of caste restriction to some of them; and I felt a deep thrill of blessing from invisible hands.

Drama became an absorbing interest. I drilled six girls in Rabindranath Tagore's "Chitra." It took some work getting them out of their dead monotony of tone to some expressional pliability. The change was made mainly through imitations by myself, and the imitations revealed to me what a wonderfully bad actress I would have made. But it gave a good start to a method of education that was much more truly educative than most of the incongruous items in the time-table.

All the weathers changed simultaneously. The September space between the summer and winter monsoons dried up all my belongings, wearable and playable; a bad tooth with its ill effect on digestion cleared up; my philosophy turned optimistic.

I felt it my duty to pay a call on the new Collector of our District, a Mr. Ellis. I found him a hearty Tyrone man whose gospel was that there was no country like Ireland. We shook hands on it, and chatted of the places and people we knew, and parted with promises of further improving meetings.

These movements induced others. My little home became a magnet, especially for men visitors whose lives appeared to be enriched by a little feminine company of an intelligent and free kind. My small supply of books for loan was not equal to the demands on it. I had been told by my local advisers that I would

never get any contact with Catholics or Protestants. Instead, I found them coming to me. The secular head of a Protestant mission confessed to being a reader of Evelyn Underhill, and was palpably thrilled when I lent him her latest book.

A visit by Lord and Lady Willingdon brought me a number of invitations to various functions; but the one that mixed gratification and consternation was a personal letter from the Irish Collector. Mr. R. N. Ellis, asking me to dinner with Their Excellencies. I was to be sure to bring my music with me—a thing I never did except in my head. For the sake of the school I was happy to accept the invitation; but I had horrible qualms about appearing in my Brothers of Service dress when all the world would be in full evening dress. There were difficulties too about gloves and shoes and getting there and back; but an English artist lady-friend was a friend indeed, and helped me out in every way. There were 24 diners, all Europeans, 7 ladies. I was given the disconcerting prominence of being placed next but one from Lady Willingdon, the one between being the Tyrone Collector, who, I fancied, had a twinkle in his eye that might have been interpreted in various ways, chiefly Irish.

Lady Willingdon talked quite a lot to me during dinner. She asked me why I was a vegetarian; and I manufactured quite a number of reasons besides the original one. I had a stiff little passage with her over votes for Indian women. She did not believe in women's "rights;" their influence was sufficient—"backstairs" I retorted inside.

After dinner and conversational interval Mr. Ellis asked me to play. The piano was jingly, as all west coast pianos could hardly help being. But Chopin's *Fantasie Impromptu* seemed to go off all right, and another was demanded. More followed.

I had good fun with His Excellency. He obviously enjoyed repartee. We passed lightly from point to point and person to person to "a terrible old lady who has given me infinite trouble." This was Mrs. Besant. "Not half as much as Your Excellency has given her." We parried phrases in laughter. He looked at me quizzically. "I believe you will be just as dreadful." "Probably—when I am 72 also," I retorted. "Then I will have to put

you on the top of that hill (Ootacamund) when you are 72." After a thought he added: "Will you play for me then?" "Of course I shall, to so appreciative a jailer. But if I do, perhaps you will want to keep me there longer." Even when saying good-night, he said, "Remember—the top of that hill at 72." "And what age will Your Excellency be then?" A pause and mental calculation. "A hundred and twenty." "Then I promise." Next day I met them at a Garden party, and he sighed: "I fear I shall not wear till 120." The result of the dinner was my establishment in "society," for which I cared nothing, but it would be good for the work.

Political matters had attained a state of suspended animation. A protest against any dismemberment of Turkey brought Hindus and Mohammedans together. I only heard after the event of a protest meeting in Mangalore. A signal prohibited the attendance of women, I was told: at a protest meeting against a threatened administrative separation in a foreign country there was no protest against the separation of men and women at home! These men! Even in my semi-free staff and students there was a tendency to drop a thing the moment a difficulty appeared, to exaggerate every little obstacle, to worry intensely over small things. My personal prescription against this was constant encouragement, optimism, anti-seriousness, anti-depression, the development of a sense of proportion in the details of life. But the drastic need was, I felt, a bringing of responsibility through freedom into public affairs, and the sharing of this responsibility with women through the parliamentary franchise.

Not far from half way through our queer separation, towards the end of October, the Festival of Lights (Deepavali) gave me a new glimpse of the religious life of Hindu India. A group of Scouts invited me to go with them on a tour of the town to see the decorations and illuminations. The atmosphere of good-will was tangible. I was, presented with a splendid bouquet by a patron of our school off one of his tables for guests. At other shops, as I paused to admire them, I was given a garland, or a sweet-meat, or a sprinkling of rose-water. There was only one fly

in the amber, the entire absence of women. Women's place was the kitchen to feed men.

In anticipation of Christmas, and to raise money for finishing the school building, I become possessed by the idea of producing Jim's play on the life of Rani Mirabai, "The King's Wife." I visualised a cast picked from the best actors in local schools and colleges. If these, and our two best girls, who acted admirably in "Chitra," could be brought together it would open a new chapter in mofussil life. But even our staunchest friends were afraid of "the scandal that mixed rehearsing and acting would raise, and the harm it would do the school." I made up my mind that if I could not get girls for the feminine parts, Mirabai and her maid, I would refuse to produce it with effeminate boys instead of real girls. An unexpected invitation to an inter-college hockey-match added fuel to my feminist fire. I rejoiced in the renewal of the delights of agile and vivid movement that I experienced regularly in the years of hockey in the Derry boarding school with our fine girls' team, and here I was the only "female" present. Even to my most "advanced" girls free movement seemed actually repulsive.

Some days were queer mixtures: on one Sunday I dictated an article in my bedroom to an orthodox Brahmin, had tea out with Hindu lady-friends, came home to give tea to some of the leading local Indian Catholics, went to the Protestant church and revelled in the rich Dublin brogue of the new padre whose sermon contained a funny story and such flavorful phrases as "surely to goodness." I was, I gathered, quite an enigma to the various local sections. The Catholics couldn't understand how an Irishwoman could be both a Protestant and a Home Ruler. The Protestants couldn't understand why I was not a missionary. The European club couldn't understand how I could be so jolly and yet be a vegetarian—and a follower of Mrs. Besant!

Then came the beginning of the victory of the Indian agitation for votes for women—23rd November, 1919. I was hurrying to get through the harrowing end of Lady Constance Lytton's "Prisons and Prisoners," with the description of the

cruelties inflicted on her when she was thought to be a plain working woman, when the devilishness of the Government made me throw the book across my room. I had to pace up and down to quiet my surging emotions of pride in martyred womanhood, joy in having belonged to their band, sickness at the awful things they had had to endure at the hands of supposed civilised men. Just then the post came in with an amazing group of related matters. First came a long affectionate letter from my old fellow-culprit, Mrs. Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence, of whom I had been reading much in Lady Lytton's book; then letters and papers from Mrs. Tata in London, telling me, though three weeks behind time, of the progress of the agitation to get votes for women into the Indian Reforms some way or other; and then (what a climax!) the announcement in the Press that, without any time-restriction, "if any Provincial Legislative Council decides by a resolution in favour of woman's franchise, women should be put on the register of that Province." What a vista of activity opened up! Bombay was sure to give the vote soon, and so break down the sex-disqualification. It was also stated that "the franchise for the University seats is to be extended to all graduates of over seven years' standing" which, of course, included women.

A special invitation took me to a full temple service. It was a unique occasion, without any restriction on me as a foreigner; an anticipation of decades hence when orthodoxy would loosen its bonds. I saw the Goddess, and participated in the ceremonial. There were over 300 worshippers present, half of whom were girls and women. Even my outcaste servant was admitted.

As the possible production of "The King's Wife" drew near, some of the rehearsers backed out; but I had enough stalwarts who had become enthusiastic and would stick on in spite of opposition. The play had become a "cause," the co-operation of the sexes in the cause of artistic truth in drama. Hints of objection from high places grew. Kamaladevi, a student, became a mine of ideas and capability. She set Mirabai's songs, that Jim had paraphrased from the original Hindi, to Indian tunes.

January 22 (1920) brought Mrs. Besant's consent to my joining Jim in Japan. She said she felt it was right that I should do so. She did not "feel it reasonable that we should be separated so long." "Thank you for all you have done in Mangalore." The consent shook me almost as much as a refusal would have done. My poor little will had a hard job to get me through the day between the ecstatic anticipation of recapturing a husband who was the ideal completer of my life, and the heart-breaking calls on me from both Mangalore and Madanapalle not to desert them.

Then came a scrimmage of past, present and future, clearing up accounts and records, getting through the day's work, rummaging in the bazaars for materials for a "trousseau."

The fight for dramatic truth approached a climax. Without a word with me, one of the leaders of the National Education movement wrote me evoking the (presumed) disapproval of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Arundale, and "the unpopularity that the school would get if the play was produced with girls in it." I might be beaten by a ukase from my guru, A. B., but we would go on until it came. As a half-way measure towards reform, I asked Rabindranath Tagore to let me have a play for all girls. He sent me his "Trial by Lakshmi." "But" he added, "my manuscript is illegible, and it must be copied . . . I am looking out for a patient soul for this task—one who has persistence to break through the formidable barricade made with the debris of ruined sentences." He ended with—"How I wish I could have your husband and yourself to help me in building up my educational idea in Bengal. The soil here is more favourable than that of other provinces."

The blow fell on February 2. Mr. Arundale wrote to me disapproving of mixed acting, on the ground that it would react unfavourably on our educational work. His informant, local by birth though then in Madras, must, be asserted, know local conditions better than I. In this I felt he was mistaken and it was an argument that would have blockaded all progress. A large committee of the most orthodox of our members put it on the minutes that they put absolutely no obstacle in my way



concerning the production of the drama. Anyhow I announced that the play had been dropped under compulsion.

The end of the banned play was a queer conglomeration. We arranged a dress performance, with curtains, in my room, as a final party, for the cast alone. At the last moment Kamala came in despair to say that she daren't act, as a relative had threatened to wreak vengeance if she did. There was no time to argue. I simply got into a costume myself and read Mira's part. The worst crash came when the king failed to turn up—kidnapped or intimidated by the opposition. But another member took the part. Kamala sang Mira's songs very sweetly from behind a curtain. A tense atmosphere was dispelled by refreshments and amusements. It was thrilling to have a big jolly Mohammedan, a hearty Indian Christian, Brahmins, non-Brahmins, two Hindu widows, a re-married Hindu widow, and a western woman, eating together and enjoying unrestrained laughter.

On February 28 I received a letter from Mrs. Besant that put all my machinery, as the motorists say, into reverse. "My dear Margaret, I would be delighted if your husband came back: then we could continue the College which is otherwise hopeless after Pearce leaves. If you agree, let me know his address and I will cable. Or better, do you cable and let me know the cost. Then you can take your holiday together, and return together to Madanapalle. It will much relieve my mind. Ever yours, Annie Besant." My feelings went against the recall; my judgment saw it was the only solution of problems. I cabled to Jim. And just as I sent my cable I got both my passport and passage to Japan! Instead of dreaming eastward, I began searching for rooms in a hill-station in Ceylon for a month's holiday with my life's companion. I reached Colombo six hours after Jim's arrival at 2 a.m. on April 18 and was piloted to the pier to meet him by Paul Richard, who, with his wife, had arrived from Japan the day before Jim. How well my beloved looked, and what a joy it was to feel that both ends of life had come together again.

A day and a night and part of a second day put a baddish dream behind us, and brought us back to our old habit of

visiting local schools, Buddhist ones this time, and making sage remarks to students who didn't understand a tenth of what we said. But education was not just then our enthusiasm. We wanted one another; and next day camped in a hotel at Kandy, the old seat of the last of the Kings of Ceylon. The scenery around a lake and in offsets into the surrounding country, including the fascinating oriental garden at Peridenya, was entrancing, perhaps more so than usual in response to our joy in one another's company.

After three days in the little paradise we went higher, through tea plantations, to a Government Rest House at Pattipola, at 6,200 feet. Here, after some adjustment to the rarefied air, we revelled in six-mile walks in the major directions of the compass for ten days. A further week went in a delightful visit to a new friend, Mr. Wilfrid Stott, an English planter, obviously an expert in the mysterious processes of transforming green leaves off stubby bushes into fragrant cups of Moolgama tea, and, in his off-hours equally expert in tracking and interpreting the intentions of "the stars in their courses." The mutual astrological interest of the host and his guest brought about a return of the psychic lucidity of the latter that expressed itself in clairaudient and automatic "illuminations." Nature on the estate was at its loveliest; especially exquisite after dark when moonlight was criss-crossed by fireflies and pervaded by perfumes.

We got down from Moolgama by a hair-raising motor-drive followed by a tiresome train-journey; and a roly-poly crossing in a small steamer, to the landing port in India, where the manners and customs of all kinds of sea-fish could be studied from Dhanushkodi pier in crystal clear water.

At Madura (May 8) we broke journey to gratify the local Theosophists by attending the death-anniversary of Madame Blavatsky (White Lotus Day). A group of Brahmins from the great temple chanted from the Sama Veda, and thrilled us with the intimate touch of an ancient tradition. Madura was red-hot, but in the hours that were not quite so red we saw as much as could be seen by non-Hindus of the immense temple, and of smaller temples and the Thirumal Nayak Palace.

We left Madura on May 9, temperature 102 F., and reached Adyar next morning at 100 F. Here we spent 26 days in the outer and inner delights of that holy place. On June 6 we were back at Madanapalle, motored by a friend, through garlands and fruit, from the station eight miles from the college. The long stretches of land, with backgrounds of picturesque hills, on the way, and the coolish air, were most refreshing. After a crowded welcome-home and a rest, we were taken in procession by the avenue of glorious flame-trees through the homely town to a local hall to receive a public address of welcome, to which we replied as best we could through the emotions of the occasion. We were brought home in procession.

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CHAPTER XXXV

## EDUCATIONAL ENDS AND BEGINNINGS

(J. H. C.) We passed through a series of welcomes to the plain fact that Madanapalle College was doomed. A number of forces were operating towards its destiny. In 1920 the satyagraha movement, of which Mahatma Gandhi was the initiator and inspirer, developed into an all-India boycott of the British Government under the term Non-co-operation. As part of the movement, students were called out of Government and Government-aided schools and colleges, and alternative educational institutions were opened. (These came into opposition with our work, not intentionally, but because the new enthusiasm carried public attention beyond it, and in its intensity intensified the difference between Mahatma Gandhi and Mrs. Besant into a personal animosity, a feeling that neither great soul had for the other. Personally I felt that the drawing of students away from the disciplines and responsibilities of the education that they needed for their future careers, such as they were, was a dangerous error; that it would unloose an incalculable force for ill. The nationalising of Indian education should, I was convinced,

be brought about by argument, demonstration, and agitation, not by diverting the young into the excitement and exaggerations of a political agitation. )I was therefore in a quandary when I began to receive requests for printed matter and details of our scheme of National Education, and particularly when I was invited to preside at the opening of a non-co-operation school. At that point I sought the instruction of the head of our institutions, Mrs. Besant. Her reply was typical of the impersonality that shaped all her actions. Of course I should accept the invitation, for "What does it matter who does the work so long as it is done?" She put principle before the fact that the Gandhi movement was deflecting students from us.

Another force operating against us was curiously contrariwise. Our National University degrees, not being officially recognised, would not take students into other colleges, such as law, medicine or engineering, or into Government jobs. The result of these two pulls from different directions was the reduction of the roll of the National University students to about 30. Still another force was the objection of Madras University to a Government-recognised and an unrecognised college being conducted on the same premises by the same staff, which in fact was no difficulty to us but rather a special and energising pleasure. A fourth antipathetic force affected the High School. While in other parts of India students were being drawn away from schools and colleges connected with the foreign controlled and administered educational authorities, parental fear in our part of the country set about creating a rival High School; and part of our premises were commandeered for its beginnings while its own buildings were being put up on the opposite side of the town. The fear was that the Theosophical High School would be downed by the Department of Public Instruction, and that local children would have nowhere to go for the schooling that led to degrees and official jobs.

A performance of "The King's Wife" lured me to Bangalore, some 80 miles by car. My chief item of a number was a request to lecture on "The Drama in National Renaissance," under the auspices of the Amateur Dramatic Association that had organised

the visit of Rabindranath Tagore of which I have told. The lecture was presided over by Mr. C. Ramalinga Reddy, of whom Mrs. Besant wrote to me some years previously as a brilliant young man who would go far. Years later he reached Knighthood and the Vice-Chancellorship of the Andhra University. The big crowd appeared to enjoy and appreciate my talk; and the chairman suggested that I should write it out and expand it for publication by the Amateur Dramatic Company—which duly happened under the title “The Play of Brahma,” a brochure that, by some freak of literary karma, became the text for a front page (and over) article-review in “The Times (London) Literary Supplement.”

Rehearsals of “The King’s Wife” did not promise an inspiring performance. I found that the staccato utterance of English eliminated the nuances of my blank verse, and that the reduction of action and gesture, which I had probably, and inconsistently, brought from Ireland, disappeared in the Shakespearean rhetoric and windmill gesturing that was then regarded in India as the correct thing in drama in English. The performance was given in a big schoolroom. The members of the dramatic company and their supporters had been invited, and were calculated to fill the hall. But the students would not be barred out. They stormed the hall through doors and windows and filled it with a squirming and buzzing mass of young humans whose determination to hear the play made hearing impossible. After some minutes of inaudible mouth-moving by the actors I rose to leave the hall. Shouts of “Don’t go: we’ll be quiet” rose, and I returned to my seat. They were as good as their words: the actors played much better than I anticipated; and there were warm applause and garlands at the end.

A month’s tour (January 1921) to Sind with Gretta, half of which went in getting there, repeated calls that I had already made alone, but yielded additional interests in nature and humanity through a second pair of eyes that had a way of noting and remembering local changes of dress that I did not possess. At Udaipur, on our way to the train to depart for Delhi I was quick enough to notice a caparisoned elephant at the

entrance to the royal tombs, and a figure, on an ornamental chair, that I recognised as the heir to the gadi (throne) of Udaipur State. I was just in time to make a salutation from our car. Our train was delayed in starting. An official came to our carriage and announced that His Highness the Maharana Kumar had come to the station and wished to see Mr. and Mrs. Cousins. His Highness, youngish and bright, greeted us with a cordial smile from a two-horse Victoria.<sup>1</sup> He knew, he said, of our brief visit. He had read in the newspapers of what Mrs. Cousins was doing for the uplift of Indian women, and I for Indian art and culture, and was very happy that we had taken Udaipur into our interests. He gave us a cordial invitation to return for an extended visit, when the Maharana would be at home, and we could spend some days at the up-country Palace in the midst of solitary peace and beauty. We expressed our happiness at His Highness' gracious courtesy to two foreign nomads, and our hope that we might return to the State. With the palm-to-palm salutation on both sides, we returned to our delayed train, and pondered the whims of destiny that oscillated us from the thatched huts of villages around Madanapalle to the stone and marble palaces of the senior Prince of Rajputana, the land of an almost unbelievable heroism, and of an archæology that went back to the 3rd century.

At Delhi we were put up in a room on the roof of the Indraprastha Girls' School, looking on the back of the great Juma Masjid (Friday Mosque), with its cupolas and minars. The view was streaked across by monkeys on their marauding rounds from roof to roof. Our afternoons and evenings went in lectures in the School and the Hindu College, and the Lady Hardinge Medical College where Gretta gave a piano recital.

We visited the sights of the Nine Delhis and of the New Delhi. The former stirred us deeply with their delicate beauty. The New Delhi, then three years from occupation, irritated us with its heavy foreignness, and the colossal cheek and preposterous superiority involved in the despatch of the Viceroy (Lord Crewe) in which he opined that the removal of the seat of the "Paramount Power" from Calcutta to Delhi, "the seat of

venerable Empire," "should at once enforce the continuity and promise the permanence of British sovereign rule over the length and breadth of the country." One could only look forward to the nemesis secreted in all such offences against the laws of human evolution.

We were at Hyderabad, Sind, on the afternoon of January 17 (1921), and immediately absorbed in a programme of lectures and visits. Greta's "Man's responsibility to Woman" drew a great crowd in the commodious Theosophical hall, which was the cultural centre of the city.

But the peak of enjoyment, with a touch of adventure, was a picnic to the bank of the Indus river, two hours for the picnic and five to get there and back. Transport was by camel-back or by pony-drawn tongas. Mrs. Hilda Wood, wife of Professor Ernest Wood, who was then putting *prana* (Skt. energy) and substance into the new National College, as he had done in the early days of Madanapalle, invited Greta on to the camel which she was to drive. I chose another, with a professional driver. Part of the way was through the crowded streets of the city; the rest was across desert sand to the arboreal and agricultural strips along the edge of the great river. My camel turned out to be grumpy and unwell; and when my spine was rubbed into a flame of pain against the back-board I dismounted and finished in a tonga. What adventures Greta might have had could only be imagined when Mrs. Wood calmly announced that she had never driven a camel before and had not even a theoretical notion of how to deal with so whimsical an animal. Happily it knew better than she how to thread its way through streets crammed with humans and other creatures and equipages, and across its own sandy terrain.

Our objective was a village where certain supplies could be obtained. But the village was empty of inhabitants, though kine and fowl were plentiful. A member of our party suspected the cause of the exit and went in search. He returned with a number of villagers, men, women and children, and all sorts of provender within our vegetarian menu. Whereupon we learned about the practice of *begar*, of the compelling of villagers to

provide supplies for officers on tour without payment. When the two sahebs (Wood and myself) and their two ladies were reported to be approaching, with the customary threat to their meagre larders, they found reasons to be occupied at a distance, leaving the caravan to pass on to some other village. Our scout had explained that we were not officers but friends, and would pay for all that might be provided for us. The result was a repast that was made more than ordinarily appetising by the friendliness of the villagers squatted on the outside of our gormandising circle and its background of ruminating camels and grazing ponies. Mutual kindness made the parting question of payment seem an irrelevancy to the smiling villagers. Ultimately they accepted much less than we expected to pay.

A fortnight's visit to Santiniketan (October 4-18, 1921) gave us the regeneration of spiritual and æsthetical uplift. We were put up in Rabindranath's former cottage, from which he had removed to a new semi-palace, designed by Surendranath Kar. In this there was space for rehearsals of the Poet's dramas under his own supervision; and our days and evenings went in joyful shuttling between our cottage and it. At any time that suited him we exchanged opinions on all kinds of high topics, and on his scheme for creating an International University. But the chief of these occasions was one of the roof-talks, at which the staff and visitors assembled in the beginning of dusk, to listen to, and occasionally take part in, expositions of religious, philosophical, artistic and educational subjects by Gurudev. We all squatted around as we chose. On this particular occasion, he drew out some of the basic principles of the Upanishads, and took us behind cold terms and phrases to their realities. He gave us his idea of personal relationship with the life of the Universe. This could only be fulfilled through some kind of intermediary. Hence, the monotheistic religions, and the psychological reason for their existence. Our long, happy intercommunication was not the comparing of mind and mind, but of that deeper instantaneous stratum of consciousness, soul and soul. When, in the starlit silence, the exalted communion ended, and the rapt group quietly retired, it was some kind of pain to fall back into actuality. We



had no words with which to jar the ecstatic with the formal. All I could do, in signifying departure, was to touch Gurudev's feet; and Gretta kissed his hair.

Our next tour (mid-January to mid-February 1922) was across the Bay of Bengal, three days in a small steamer, Gretta sea-sick all the way. We were put up with friends in Rangoon. One morning I was awakened in the dark by Gretta shouting, "O Jim! hurrah! an earthquake!" We breathed deep, and held tight to our horoscopes, which showed no signs of seismic terminations. The cause of Gretta's jubilation arose from her envy of my record of earthquakes in Japan. She had never experienced one. Now she was happy. It was not much to boast of—only a piece of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda had been shaken down; but it sufficed. A tea-party was given to us by the authorities of the great golden-domed Pagoda on a platform backed by an elaborately decorated facade which indicated to what an extent indigenous temperament could overlay original simplicity with permutations and combinations of craft loveliness. To the accompaniment of varieties of eatables heretofore unknown to us we discussed all sorts of Buddhist teachings.

A trip to Mandalay was divided between rail to Prome and river the rest of the way. We were entertained at Prome by an Irish Judge and his French wife. Duty took the judge some stations up the river with us. His relaxation was the telling of stories; mine was the observing of the Buddhist rules of life being flagrantly broken by men wearing the outer signs of the brotherhood, *pongyis* (monks) who, in yellow robes, ate forbidden foods, smoked, and lounged on soft cots.

We broke journey at Pagan (accent on an) to see the relics of that former capital of a Buddhist kingdom. In its heyday there were, it is written, ten thousand brick-built pagodas in the city. Time and vandalism had reduced them to five thousand. The others were the brick dust of the streets. We rejoiced in the architecture of the pagodas, some of which, with the posture though not with the dimensions of European cathedrals, were still all but intact. In the days of horse-and-foot transport, Pagan was a great, busy and beautiful city. But the river Irrawady

was not a match for the developments of commercial transit by rail; and this ultimately reduced it to an archæological curiosity.

Mandalay, the capital of the kingdom of Burma that the British took over in my boyhood, was the farthest point possible to our time-table. Lectures took up our evenings. The days went in sight-seeing and chats. We walked up to the top of Mandalay Hill to see the pagoda then being built to enshrine a relic of the Buddha.

The relic was temporarily preserved in the Arakan Pagoda, in the city. Occasionally it was shown to approved visitors. Our escort on the tour arranged that it should be shown to us. After I reverently held the casket in which the piece of bone, from the cremation 2400 years ago, was preserved, and guaranteed as authentic by the British Government, I returned it to the presiding priest, who handed it to Gretta; and I yielded to the impulse of so momentous an occasion to squat on the floor and meditate. I became aware of a cone or pyramid of light that widened out from a point high above the Pagoda, and at its base surrounded and interpenetrated the assembly, imparting its quality of spiritual illumination according to the measure of receptivity in the participants. After lunch, and a time of subdued exchange of ideas on the morning's experiences, we had a siesta. I had, according to Gretta, slept soundly and without movement for some time after she had wakened. This surprised me, as the soles of both my feet and the fingers of my right hand were still tingling apparently as a consequence of a dream of levitation such as I had had in various forms widely spaced over a number of years. In such dreams I spread my arms to right and left, breathed deeply, rose from the ground by patting it with my feet with graded strength according to the height of the required levitation, and floated along until the expiration of the breath made it necessary to come to the ground and repeat the process. In my dream I had gone round certain of the streets of Mandalay in this manner. When I came near a man who was lumbering along on foot, I dropped beside him, rebuked him for his obsolete method of getting about, and struck him encouragingly on the shoulder with my right hand as

I showed him how to breathe deeply, strike the ground with his feet, and move through the air.

In the hope that I might get a push to gratify friends who insisted that I should put my experiences in Japan into book-form, I took my diaries to Ootacamund with me on our summer vacation and Gretta brought my letters to her. In our two months' vacation I had "The New Japan," all but finished. Gretta shared in the literary activity. Half way through the holiday she posted the first four chapters of her book, "The Awakening of Asian Womanhood," to Ganesh & Co., Madras, who added book-publication to the selling of coffee. A fortnight later she corrected the proofs. As the first first-hand account of the stirring that was taking place in the consciousness of the women of Asia it was cordially welcomed.

Towards the end of June we were back at Adyar. Day shade temperature was 102 F; midnight, indoors, 92 F. But we got too busy to worry about bodily discomfort. Sunday afternoon tea with Mrs. Besant began things. Shelley's death centenary drew from me a talk to the students on "Shelley's Idea of Citizenship," and on July 8 a public lecture entitled on "Shelley and World-problems," at which A. B. presided and made a masterly extemporaneous summing up.

A week later I was deep in discussion with Mrs. Besant over a scheme for a school of universal culture at Adyar during the coolish half of the year. At a meeting of the Society for the Promotion of National Education, early in the year 1922, it was decided that the National University should be wound up. Political fission had led to the withdrawal of some of Mrs. Besant financial supporters. She had parted with almost all her belongings. She would help to carry on the students to graduation; but no more would be enrolled. Before leaving the chair for the last time, she gave a little sigh and said: "I wish we could have some kind of school to follow the University up." Krishnamurti (Jiddu) was present. As the President walked out, I caught his eye, also the eye of C. S. Trilokekar; and we gravitated to one another. Krishnaji (as he was called by friends) said: "You heard what she said. That was not casual. We must follow it up." I

had been following it up in advance for quiet a while, and had made efforts at synthetic study in Extension lectures at Madanapalle. Trilokekar was thoroughly with me. One morning, as I prepared to go to my classes in English at Damodar Gardens, I found myself looking at an imaginary sheet of paper that had horizontal and parallel lines on it. I knew that I was to fill it with suitable studies of the five main divisions of human activity: mysticism, religion, philosophy, art, science; and to study them under the five main aspects that nature has imposed on humanity: substance, form, vitality, consciousness, superconsciousness. This was, I was aware, the curriculum of the future school (or *ashrama*, retreat, as I thought of it). But the materials of study would require much gathering and systematising. I had not got far in this direction in imagination when Trilokekar called. Had I any ideas on the international school? I had: had he? Strangely enough as he was preparing to go to school, he had got the impression of a wheel whose spokes represented lines of cultural study radiating from a common centre. We saw that he had intuited the historical and I the synthetical approaches to knowledge; and that, while the synthetical study was of first importance, the historical study must be first in time for the gathering of the materials. We drafted a scheme for a session of six months (October 2 to March 31), and we hoped to begin work in the following October. )

Mrs. Besant was favourable towards our scheme, but had to stipulate that she would not be called on for any expenditure for it. With great faith, which neither of the sponsors could back up by security if asked to do so, we assured her. I typed the scheme. She took it to Australia to put before an important gathering of Theosophical leaders. When she returned she announced its acceptance, under the name that I had suggested, the Brahmavidya Ashrama (School of universal study). I was called by Mrs. Besant for a final talk on the coming establishment of the Ashrama. As a preliminary I had to tell her of a birthday offer of a well-paid professorship of English in North India. She frankly asked me to remain at Adyar. She would give up the idea of an all-world school and cancel the proofs of an

announcement she had written for "The Theosophist" if I went away, as she had been relying on me to carry it on. As on another occasion, I was faced with the choice between position plus money and a spiritual service on "subsistence allowance." Said I: "Mother, you need not cancel the proofs. I shall wire in the negative." She gave me a hand-shake that set me vibrating with some kind of force. A morning meeting of the residents of the compound was called. A. B. presided, and announced that she appointed me Registrar pro-tem. The purpose of the gathering was to find out the "faculty" and their subjects. I got enough names to encourage a beginning on October 2, and Trilokekar and I worked out details.

The approach of October 2 (1922), the day after the birthday of Mrs. Besant, brought up the question of the manner of the inauguration of the Ashrama. At a 7 a.m. interview on the verandah of her rooms, overlooking the placid estuary of the Adyar River, we discussed the coming event. Then—adventuring wildly, as the hour of our meetings, was, I knew, just when she was immersed in her leading article for "New India"—I suggested that we needed guidance and authority that only she could give. Would she open the Ashrama with a lecture setting out its purpose and method? She thought for a moment; she seemed to retire behind her light blue eyes; and on waking up again, she said, "I will." ]

The responsibilities of so significant an enterprise of the free and illuminated mind bore down on Trilokekar and myself. We desired a worthy and wise send-off, but did not quite know how to devise it. Trilokekar got a six times wilder idea than mine, the idea that Mrs. Besant should give the opening lecture on each of the first days of the Ashrama, and thus lay out a fundamental curriculum, which the Ashrama would develop. So, breathing deeply and praying hard, we called on Mrs. Besant to report final arrangements for the opening. At what appeared to be the psychological moment, I voiced our sense of the necessity of having a Veda expressing the essence of each of the Upanishads that the Ashrama would work out in detail: only she could give them. Again, she retired behind her eyes; was

apparently "away" for a moment; and on returning said "I will."

The opening week of the Brahma Vidya Ashrama (from October 2, 1922) was an inspiring occasion. The announcement of Mrs. Besant's introductory lectures brought the residents of the Theosophical Society's compound in all but full strength to Damodar Gardens, and drew a number of visitors from Madras. The kadjan (plaited coconut leaves) hall was reserved for the registered students and lecturers; and round it on cane mats and on forms and chairs the remainder of the big audience was seated under the thick mango trees that provided shade from the morning sun. Mrs. Besant arrived, as usual, a minute or less before the time—8.30. No introduction was necessary. At the exact time she rose, said, "Friends,"—and held the audience spell-bound for an hour. At the end she came off the small platform, where, as became my item in the ritual, she put a hand on my shoulder as she slipped her feet into her little shoes.

(The Brahma Vidya Ashrama was primarily intended for members of the Theosophical Society with a view to increasing their knowledge and to interpreting it according to the principles involved in the Three Objects of the Society: human kinship unprejudiced by natural distinction; mutually helpful interest in all approaches to life; development of the latent powers of the individual under the control and in the service of objects one and two. The range of subjects drew visitors from Madras, and expressions of opinion that we were doing something new. I was aware that we were not quite new; that the French Encyclopaedists of the eighteenth century had made a start towards bringing knowledge together, and any step in the way of neighbourship was good. But the aim of the Encyclopaedists was quantitative. The aim of the Brahma Vidya Ashrama was synthetical; that is, the relating of matters apparently diverse, the discovering of their affinities, and the understanding of their apparent incongruities. This led to a perception of quality, and a heightening of the same in the students and lecturers. The work proceeded each "winter" (October-March).

Before and after the opening of the Ashrama friendship was enriched by goings and comings. A two-day visit (August 22-23, 1921) to the Yogi-philosopher, Aurobindo Ghosh, gave me an intimate touch with the long tradition of India. Out of political agitation in Bengal, Sri Aurobindo escaped to the French colony of Pondicherry on the coast of south-east India, and settled for a life of exile, devoted to philosophical, literary, and yogic study and practice. His home soon attracted disciples and visitors, and became recognised as an ashrama in the tradition of the rishis of old. My visit arose mainly out of literary interests. I had read with appreciation a small book of Sri Aurobindo's English verse, and had written an article on it. He had begun a review of my "New Ways in English Literature" with the brief, but sufficing, sentence: "It is not often that literary criticism of the first order is produced in India. 'New Ways in English Literature' is eminently of this class;" and "The Renaissance in India," which included my preliminary impressions of the revival of Indian painting in Bengal, was made the text of a series of chapters on the same theme by the sage covering a year of the magazine of the Ashrama, "Arya," and published as a book under the same title as mine.

My first visit to Sri Aurobindo, 9 to 10 a.m., was difficult. He left all the talking to me. But my second interview next morning was the other way round: he had presumably taken my measure from my previous day's talk (a risky thing for even a sage to do), and talked for the allotted hour. What he said is as completely forgotten as what I said the previous day; but I retain a flavour of gentleness and wisdom, breadth of thought, and extent of experience that marked him out as one among millions.

After our settling again at Adyar, when the Madanapalle College was closed by a foreign Government that cared more for political overlordship than for real education, friendship was still further enriched by visitors from India and beyond. In August 1922 Sarojini Naidu arrived, ill, to rest in one of the seaside bungalows as guest of the President. A morning delight was to watch the white-haired old mother (A.B.) go slowly by our

windows in her car, with a tray on her knees bearing the paraphernalia of coffee and dainties for the patient. She could have sent it by one of her many willing helpers; but Annie Besant the occultist and psychologist knew that the inner atmosphere of the activities of life was at least as potent as the substantial things; that preparing and serving food with *prem* (affection) was an ingredient whose omission reduced food-values—as its omission vitiated all the activities of life.

During her stay at Adyar, Srimati Sarojini was a magnet to all the local leaders in various departments of life; and we too had chats in which her nimbleness of mind and scintillating repartee disguised the fact that she was ill.

A month later, September 29, 1922, I was almost immersed in hot water through the prejudice of Rabindranath Tagore in favour of poets rather than presidents. I was only two thirds through the official siesta at Leadbeater Chambers, Adyar, after lunch, when a young friend (R. Raghunath Rao) put his head through our open window, and, as if he were announcing either the end of the world or its beginning, whispered hoarsely. "The Poet has come." We (partner and I) jumped into our semi-respectables before the Poet entered our living room, which was curtained from our sleeping room by hand-printed Masulipatam cloths.

The great figure in the door of our living room was in its usual fawn-coloured robe and high biretta-like cap. Above his longish grey beard and the nose of aristocracy he smiled through his clear brown eyes; and in his high voice began a literary and intellectual give-and-take that carried us on from 1.30 to 3.30, when a problem of precedence emerged.

The Saraswati puja (the worship of the culture Goddess through the implements of daily life) was to be held at "Chambers" at 4 o'clock. Mrs. Besant was to attend in the dining-room a couple of doors from ours on the ground-floor. For the world-famous author to be discovered in our room, not in the President's rooms at Headquarters, might raise trouble among her entourage. I thought at high speed; and as soon as I got word of her arrival, I went to her and said, "Mother,



Rabindranath Tagore has come. May he greet you now?" "Don't trouble him to come to me," she said, "take me to him." And on the floor of our room the two great luminaries met, with the eminent satellite of the poet, C. F. Andrews, in the background; and hot water was mercifully escaped.

Rabindranath and "Charlie" were beginning a short tour in South India. On their return, hot water again appeared. One of the subjects of our former chat had been the necessity of a magazine, at least quarterly, to disseminate the ideas of the International University (Visva Bharati) that Rabindranath was founding at Santiniketan. He was as chary over the proposed magazine as Andrews and I were keen on it. On Sunday, October 8, 1922, a week after the inauguration of the Brahma-vidya Ashramā, Rabindranath and Charlie came to take me to their temporary residence in Madras to reach, if possible, a conclusion on the matter of the magazine.) I learned this afterwards; for while they arrived unannounced at our rooms, I was at tea with the President discussing Ashrama matters, and blissfully unaware of the second technical breach of precedence. My partner had to do the high-speed thinking this time. She saw, as she told me later, the situation at a glance, and hurried with them to Headquarters. She called a servant aside and told him to tell someone to tell the President that Rabindranath Tagore and the Rev. C. F. Andrews had called. The President had them brought up to her verandah, and gave them tea. All went well. Later they took me to Madras, and, as a result of our conversation, "The Visva-Bharati Quarterly" arose. ✓

Again they went on tour, and again, on their way home, they sent from Madras for self and partner to come for a long chat. Next day (a Sunday) was one of my talks under the banyan tree at Adyar on Rabindranath's "Gitanjali," a weekly commentary that lasted from October to March. Rabindranath wanted to come. This would have been a price-less delight to all concerned. It would also have been an ordeal to me, as I was doing what he energetically deprecated in his writings, namely, developing a Tagore philosophy from the Tagore poetry. Andrews forestalled karmic possibilities by

reminding Rabindranath of an unbreakable engagement at the same hour.)

The visit of Henry and Ethel Eichheim of America that I had mapped out for them in Japan in 1920, came off in August 1922. At Adyar, the President, Mrs. Besant, made the Eichheims and Ethel's daughter her guests, because of their international service as eminent artists; and at a recital that they gave in the Headquarters Hall, to a packed audience of eastern and western residents and visitors, she had them garlanded with the gold-and-silver-thread garlands that she reserved for special appreciation. During their visit I took Henry into Madras for a private recital of Carnatic (Hindu) music of which the Mohammedan singer, Abdul Karim, was a famous exponent. After two or three short pieces, Eichheim whispered to me, "Jimmy, I can't get the hang of this music: it has no time." I conveyed the allegation to the singer with the request to "show him." He sang an air in his soft highish voice. It was beautiful as a melody, but, still it was timeless. Then the singer repeated it, counting out each phrase (bar); with a clap on his knee for the vocal swarams (notes) and a flick of his hand in the air for the blanks between each accumulating phase of the "bar"—thus: 1 (blank); 1, 2 (blank); 1, 2, 3 (blank); 1, 2, 3, 4 (blank); 10 sounded notes and 4 blank, 14 "beats" to the "bar." After a second count, the long trained leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra looked at me with wide-open eyes and said, "Jimmy, I have found a new world of rhythm!"

#### CHAPTER XXXVI

### VISUALISING AN INDIAN ACADEMY

(J. H. C.) In the early 'twenties I had generated five years' enthusiasm for the arts and crafts of India and for as much of its literature as I could absorb from English translations. The aspiration and metaphysical imagination that radiated through all

these were sustenance and stimulus to my own. But I had discovered on my occasional journeys that India's right hand knew little or nothing of what her left hand was doing in the creation of things of beauty; and the ignorance was mutual from left to right. This, I felt, ought not to be; and at times a seed-thought indicated that it was germinating in the hinterland of my mind and waiting for attention.

On an educational journey by stages to Sind, while developing a subject before an audience in Karachi, waxing dithyrambic over the superb achievement of the Indian genius in the past, and lamenting the paucity of artistic creation in the then present, and the lack of emulative knowledge as to both, (the idea flashed into my mind that a central body should be organised as a clearing house of information on art-activities between the various cultural areas of India; and for an idea to flash into my mind under such circumstances meant that it also flashed out of it into expression.) At the end of an address the chairman, Mr. T. L. Vaswani, M.A., an eminent educationist, emphasised my suggestion. The audience applauded. I returned to my educational work in the south with a bee in my bonnet.

And so in 1923 I set out from Calcutta on a tour of research into the cultural conditions of as much of India as I could cover in a limited time, and into the possibility of founding centres for the encouragement of local art-activities which might become the eyes and ears and mouths of what I had begun to think of as a central organisation fulfilling the needed purpose of record and exchange, and perhaps becoming the means of recognition of artistic and literary "immortals" after the manner of Academies elsewhere.

My tour began with two post-graduate lectures in the University of Calcutta on July 2 and 3 (1923) on "The Cultural Aspect of the Renaissance in India". Prior to these I had an interview with Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, known as "the Bengal tiger" partly, perhaps, from his expression of fearlessness, partly from a habit of expressing his fearlessness in action that, just then, ran contrary to the will of Government House, and had somewhat complicated the Vice-Chancellorship. He enquired of

the programme of my tour, and lit up with sympathetic interest at my idea of seeing things for myself and acting accordingly. A lecture to students in the University Institute on "The Value of Indian Culture to the World," at which Sir Asutosh presided, gave me a good start and assured an audience for the main lectures not only by the response from the students but by the full reports of it in the newspapers.

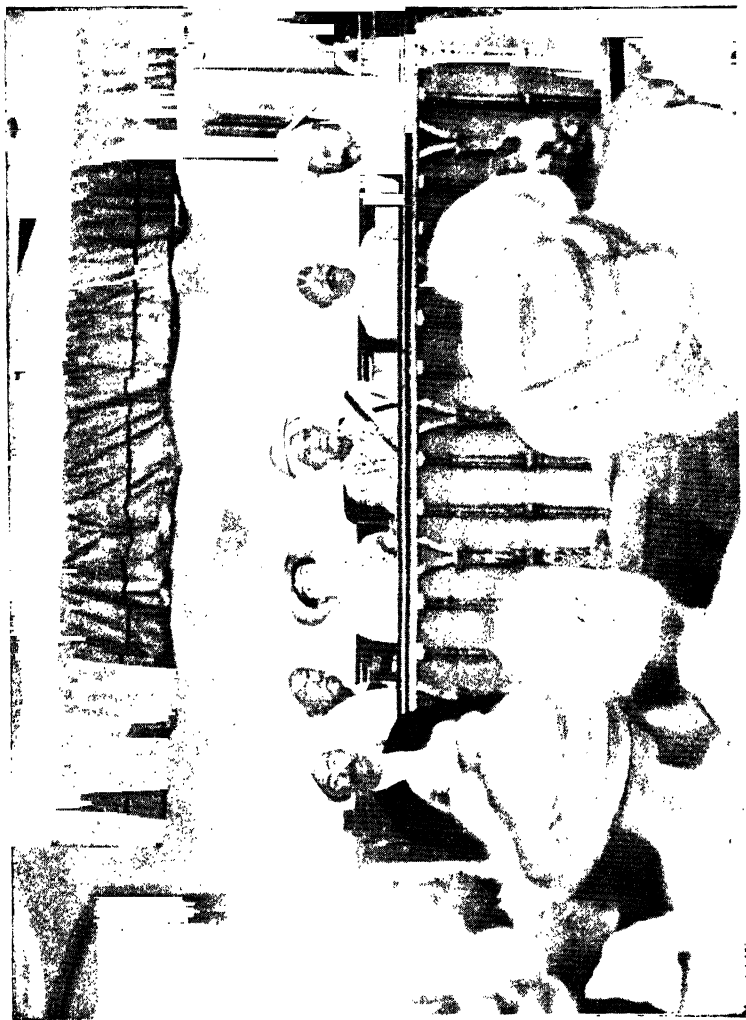
The first of the two post-graduate lectures had the sub-title "General and Artistic." I had talked, written and exhibited so much on Indian painting that I had acquired a collection of titles such as scholar, expert and authority, to none of which I laid claim, and I could talk for an hour, without examples, on the principles and achievements of art in general and Indian art ancient and modern in particular without a note, an accomplishment that stood me in good stead on occasions when the light failed in lantern lectures. All the same, at the post-graduate lecture I kept my volatile mind in bounds by a sketch of my theme, and I was helped by the presence, among others, of the two painters at the head of the Bengal revival, Babu Abanindranath and Babu Gogonendranath Tagore, and the scholar-critic, Babu O. C. Gangoly, editor of "Rupam," who appeared to me to be the forerunner of a needed school of Indian art-criticism. The attention of the audience was very helpful to continuity and freedom of expression, and their applause at the end had a hearty unacademical sound. Sir Asutosh who presided as chairman of the Council of Post-Graduate Studies in Art under whose auspices I lectured drew me aside and said I must report my research in twelve lectures for the University which would publish them.

An even larger audience than the first came to the second lecture, on the literary aspect of Indian Culture, and the same eminents, and I appeared to get over the second hurdle of my race without fracture or concussion. This, I thought at the time, was due to the fact that the audience forgave my lack of knowledge of the authors and texts of three thousand years of production in say twelve major languages, which, after all, could not be expected to be mastered by one mind in five years, and were

happy to hear of literary doings elsewhere in India in tongues of which they in Bengal knew little more than myself.

I was about to descend from the lecturer's rostrum, having been told that there were no formalities at such functions, when Sir Asutosh held me up and addressed the audience to the effect that, although votes of thanks were not usually given at post-graduate lectures, the matter which had been put before them was most important, and he felt they owed the lecturer special thanks not only for the two lectures, but for the research on which he was starting into the cultural conditions of the various areas of India as a preliminary to the organising of interchange between them. Calcutta University, Sir Asutosh said, would be specially interested—and he repeated his personal invitation to me to return in due time and give a series of lectures on my researches. The press reported the invitation, and I felt that the auspiciousness in which most people in India liked to embark on enterprises had been given to me too. The friendliness and understanding of Sir Asutosh came out at the end of my Calcutta call. This was a public lecture in the hall of the Theosophical Society in exposition of Theosophical principles and practice. Sir Asutosh presided, and told the audience that it was his first attendance at a Theosophical function. I was very much touched by so broad-minded a sequel to my University lectures. I spoke also in the Buddhist Vihara on "Buddhist Life and Art in Japan;" and on "The Future of Indian Art" to the Indian Society of Oriental Art.

I paid a four-day visit to Santiniketan, where I again prophesied, talked on the Irish literary revival, met and listened to Dr. Radhakamal Mukerji and Dr. Winternitz, and had private conversations with Rabindranath on the possibility of translating his Bengali poetry into English verse-forms, and discussions with his staff on education. Here the Academy idea did not flourish. A great original creative genius pervaded the atmosphere and pivotted attention from prayers under trees at sunrise to celestial wisdom on a roof at moonrise. Proposed Academies were distant and shy abstractions in the presence of radiant personality. Yet such personality was the stuff out of which Academies were made.



2. INDIA'S FIRST WOMAN MAGISTRATE, 1923, see page 406



At Patna (July 10) at 7.30 a.m. a group of interested persons met at the cultured home of Justice Profulla R. Das, brother of the famous political leader, C. R. Das. After a discussion of the Academy topic, in which another eminent lawyer, Hassan Imam, joined, a preliminary group was formed.

My tour took me through Benares, Agra, Delhi, Amritsar, Srinagar (Kashmir), Hyderabad (Sind), Karachi, Ahmedabad, Bombay, back to my base at Adyar. Between lectures on Indian culture, and the principles of education, I had numerous conversations with individuals who undertook to gather information on art and literature in their area; and as this was a matter of time, and called for standards and system, my preliminary field-work could only gather general impressions, and leave details to the answering of a questionnaire which I would send out after my return to Adyar with a fairly clear conception of the work in hand.

Certain items of the tour stood out with special hope: the assembly hall of Benares Hindu University, crowded, with Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya in the chair, when I spoke to the students and staff on "The orientation of literary and art-criticism;" the packed steps from the water-side in Srinagar up to the crammed hall of the Sanathana Dharma Sabha some more steps below the Raghunath Temple, where I had to bawl "Art in education" on one evening and "India's message to the world" on the next through a window of the hall in the hope of its reaching the few English-knowing people among the multitude outside who knew no word of what I was erupting yet were as quiet as could be. Two nights later I gave a public lecture in the hall of the College that Mrs. Annie Besant had founded when the preceding Maharaja was a member of The Theosophical Society. The chair was taken by the Chief Secretary to Government, Lala Shiv Das. I spoke on "The Five fingers of Education," physical, mental, emotional, social and religious, as related to the five concentric circles of life, individual, local, provincial, national, international. Next day I had an autographed invitation for a call on the Maharaja. But here, as elsewhere, the Academy idea was crowded out by other interests. My last public



appearance in Srinagar on that first visit was a somewhat triumphant failure. A society of mild scientific persons invited me to give them a talk on Indian painting with lantern slides, which I regarded as a demonstration of the Academy at work spreading information from one cultural area to another. I was escorted from my house-boat by a group of heads of the society. A noise that was anything but scientific or artistic came from the direction of the College, and when we made to enter the compound we were hustled back by policemen who indicated that no more people were to be admitted. My escort ascertained that the College hall was jammed full, including the balcony that was suspected of weakness, and the population of the city was on one another's shoulders at all doors and windows and roundabout. I had admired the craftsmanship of Kashmir and watched artificers at work and thought what a substantial report could be made by a Kashmir Academy to a central Academy for spreading over the country, but it had not occurred to me that the populace below the literacy line would be so keen on the Bengal movement as to need the services of the police to control them. The explanation, however, was more modern, and removed the responsibility of popularity from my shoulders to others on which it would be more appreciated. The College students had gate-crashed the mild scientists, and the populace, hearing that there were "pictures" at the College, translated pictures as Charlie Chaplin and marched over to enjoy them. I was hoisted, by permission, through a window behind the screen. A succession of local eminents' mounted chairs at intervals, and in that unwonted position made gestures and unheard appeals that induced a slight lull in the deafening hubbub. But the cracking of a bench at one time with the sudden sagging of those who had stood on it and the displacement of an area of humans around it, and at another time a crash of glass as an elbow went through a window, and the expectation of more such diversions, destroyed all hope of even sufficient quiet to allow me to be heard by the scientists in the front rows. So by dint of yelling into one of the chairman's ears and his yelling into one of mine, we arranged that the slides would be run through the lantern without

comment. This took ten minutes of uproarious applause for each slide, particularly for those of familiar Pauranic figures, and the meeting closed.

Hyderabad (Sind) had an Academy conference and appropriate lectures (August 6, 7). At Karachi the Academy conference was an item of a large garden party (August 8), and the eagerness and enthusiasm of the audience at the place where the Academy idea first struck me was infectious and invigorating. Ahmedabad, on the way home, gave me the fullest idea of the available creative material for a local Academy, this one for the Gujarati area. Senior and junior literary groups, and the beginnings of a distinctive school of painters under an obviously inspiring master, Ravishankar M. Rawal, were full of promise and gave a sense of accomplishment to the Academy conference, which was one of eight full-length functions in the two days of my visit (August 13, 14). On this visit (or it may have been on another a little later) I was motored to Surat and thrilled by the richness of indigenous skill that only needed recognition and encouragement to reach ancestral perfections. Here the Academy idea found one of its applications. For the transforming of a chaos of unrelated art-craftsmanship into a cosmos of mutual appreciation and helpfulness I suggested the compilation of a directory of local artists and craftsmen. On a subsequent visit an exhibition of local arts and crafts was got up for my edification. Larger paintings in the mediaeval style than I had previously seen were included. I also saw a palm-leaf manuscript said to be a Jain scripture, and remembering recent interest in these by a few scholars, I made a more careful inspection of it than the owner of it had done, and came on a number of old stamp-size paintings in the Hindu manner. And I was shown a long list of artists and artificers that had followed my suggestion of a directory.

Bombay was the last place on the tour; and when I faced a great crowd in the big Cowasji Jehangir Hall (August 17) I was physically and mentally on my last legs. But the interested crowd who had gathered to hear "India's Message to the World" picked me up and pulled me through; and I got home to Adyar on August 19 after seven crowded and hot weeks, and in an interval

before the opening of the second session of the Brahma Vidya Ashrama drafted the promised questionnaire.

On the day on which news of the immense earthquake and fires in Japan was in the papers (late in September I think) I sent out over 600 copies of the questionnaire, and had all ready for tabulating the details given in the replies. After some months I received a post card from one of the warmest verbal supporters of the Academy idea hoping that it was taking shape out of the answers to the questionnaire. How could it, I asked in reply, when even he had not taken the trouble to respond. A young man in the Canarese area asked me if I had a response from it. I replied in the negative and suggested that he might respond. He did in a very fine summary. And that was all. And Sir Asutosh Mookherjee died. So did the Academy idea—but it reincarnated 20 years later in a group of men in the Telugu Country under the leadership of D. Visvesvara Rau ; and was advocated through a world-war, and a truncated liberation of India, to a Governmental scheme propounded in 1948, and again in 1950.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII

### VOTES, SEATS AND BENCH FOR WOMEN

(M. E. C.) The interval between Jim's return from Japan and our return from Madanapalle to Adyar became rapidly thicker with work for women. The general election to the new legislatures, constituted under the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, was nearing, and much depended on the known attitude of the candidates to woman suffrage. Agitation and organization had to be quickened and spread. The area was enormous, the workers few. The Women's Indian Association was as yet the only body that took on the responsibility of the approaching situation—the establishment of parliaments in which members were elected on a franchise which, though wider than anything known in India's history, was vitiated by the "Communal Award" that emphasised

social and religious differences, and was therefore calculated to impede the development of an All-India consciousness, even to engender attitudes of communal antagonism. But the point of special importance to Indian women was the statutory authority given to the new parliaments, when formed, to grant votes to women by a majority vote of the members after the General Election on November 30, 1921.

It became necessary to direct the attention of the members to the widespread and serious demand of Indian women for direct legislative representation. The Madras Parliament being our nearest objective, I shuttled between Madanapalle and Madras helping in the organisation of a representative women's meeting. This came off most successfully on December 28 in the Senate House of the University, with an audience of five hundred influential and alert women. To stir up matters I went to Delhi (48 hours by rail), and made a number of useful contacts at the centre of political affairs. On a call at Adyar I asked Mrs. Besant if she, as President of the Theosophical Society, would permit me to work for woman suffrage publicly from Adyar, where I wished to reside as heretofore, and where my husband would teach in the School and College at Damodar Gardens in the Society's estate. In her reply she indicated that, while the Society had no doctrines, it was bound, by its First Object, to help all movements that made for the brotherhood of humanity. No movement in this direction was more essential than the freedom of the women of India. I would be most welcome to join Mrs. Jinarajadasa who was already working at Adyar for the Women's Indian Association. A month later I went with Mrs. Jinarajadasa to the extemporised Council Chamber. Here we saw Mr. (later Sir) M. Krishna Nair, a Malabar lawyer, who was to propose the granting of the vote to women in Madras Presidency next day, April 1. The resolution was to be seconded by the Raja of Ramnad, landlord of a large estate in South Madras. To this day I retain the memory of the deep thrill of pride that went through me when I heard or read the speeches of the various members of the legislatures from firstly Madras in 1921 to finally Behar in 1929 in support of woman suffrage. No gibes or cheap jests, such as

one became accustomed to at Westminster, marred the sincerity of the speeches, that might all be condensed to the simple argument: "How could we refuse to our mothers and sisters and wives the portion of freedom that we have won for ourselves?"

Outside British India certain of the Indian States preceded and followed the Provinces. The little State of Rajkot in the North-West brought women into legislation; Travancore in the extreme South appointed a woman as head of the State Medical Service, and granted votes to women. Mysore State, in April 1922, after a day's debate, which was hardly a debate since it was all praise of women on the highest level, unanimously gave the vote.

The next step was the winning of membership of the legislatures for women. Much of my time went into travel on behalf of this logical and essential advance. I went from town to town and village to village, and everywhere found women of all ages and social ranks full of interest and intelligent response to the cause; everywhere also men, young and old, acted as escorts and interpreters.

But time had to pass before the legislative machinery could move; and meantime an unanticipated event occurred that, looked at from inside, appeared to be a sign of the coming times. Our friends the Gallettis, then stationed at Madras, where he was Collector of Chingleput District, came for dinner with us and chat. After dinner we adjourned to the piano-room, and were joined by some of the residents. As usual at such gatherings, I played. I was about to go to the piano, in answer to a request to play another piece, when, out of the blue, Mr. Galletti's incisive voice said, "Mrs. Cousins, would you like to be a magistrate?" The question was the first of its kind in the history of India; and the date, October 16, 1922, was the beginning of a new era in the administration of the law. But the utterly unexpected question gave me a shake that upset music. I had to think hard. Jim's acute memory holds my reply better than mine. It was, he says: "Phew! (silence) Not for myself, as I have as much in hand as I can cope with. But if it would open the magistracy to Indian women, then, yes." Mr. Galletti said: "It has occurred to me only now. I have been appointing women to various

offices, and I have just thought that women should have a voice in the cases brought before the bench in which women are involved. I shall put it before Government. They can only say, there is no precedent for it, or, there is no precedent against it. Let us hope they will give the right answer." On November 8 (the day after my birthday) I received the formal invitation to become an Honorary Bench Magistrate. On my birthday "The Awakening of Indian Womanhood" was published. Who can unravel the mysteries of the calendar? On February 19 (1923) I was received on the bench of Saidapet Courthouse at what was, surely, one of the most unique and flavorful ceremonials. The bench consisted of a retired Brahmin Magistrate as chairman, a non-Brahmin, a Mohammedan, an Indian Christian, and an empty chair to which I was conducted as the first woman Magistrate in Indian history under British rule. Rose garlands were distributed. Prisoners awaiting trial in a back-room were filed into a space on one side of the Court-room as witnesses of the event. Advocates at the bar made short speeches stressing the historical importance of the occasion, and emphasising the humanitarian purpose that was intended to influence the strict procedure of the law. This ended, the prisoners were taken back to the guard-room to await trial under the new regime; visitors went their ways; and the day's work proceeded as usual—with the ceremonial difference that, in token of the occasion, statutory sentences were cut in half. A year after my being "invested with power" as a Magistrate, as the official notification put it, I was asked by "The Times of India" to write an article on my experiences. I think I told of a group of prisoners, charged with fighting in a village, who, when they saw a woman on the bench, fell on their knees and penitently implored pardon for offending against Amma (Mother). I probably also told of the family jars in a village because of the deficiency in a dowry that was delaying a marriage, and how, in an adjournment of the case, Dorothy Jinarajadasa and I saw the parties in the village, and made up the deficiency; whereupon Kalyan (marriage) music broke out from oboe and drum. But I remember clearly my expression of loneliness as the one woman on the bench in a vast country, and my hope that

my loneliness would be broken soon. Not long afterwards the Government appointed a woman magistrate from each of the cultural divisions of Bombay. Their example was duly followed elsewhere. An age-long inhibition on the activity of women in the service of the country was broken.

After our settling at Adyar, April 30, 1921, I intensified work for awakening women to the opportunity of exercising the vote, which represented the first step in the attainment of citizenship, and would be exercised at the next General Election to the new Parliaments, with the thought of the still further stage of membership of the Parliament by women. I had learned that agitation by post was slow and uncertain, and involved organisation and translations that would exhaust time and energy. Personal appeal was the only way. So in 1921 I organised five suffrage campaigns in large centres—Bangalore, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Patna. I also toured a number of smaller towns and villages, visiting branches of the Women's Indian Association and forming new ones. At Bombay Lady Dorab Tata, a queenly woman of high ideals and actions, allowed a suffrage meeting to be held in her mansion. At Poona my knowledge of Indian womanhood was enriched by contact with Srimati Ramabai Ranade, who for years had directed the Seva Sadan (service institution) for training women in ways of making a living. At Ramnad in the South I called on the three wives of the Raja of Ramnad; and at a lecture by Jim, at which the Raja and his heir attended, I took the opportunity to thank the Raja for his dignified seconding of the suffrage resolution in the Madras Legislative Council. In Calcutta I stayed with Sir Jagadish and Lady Bose. Lady Bose was then at the height of womanly accomplishment, and moving into age full of human service. The centre of her life was her world-renowned husband, whom she accompanied on his scientific tours abroad. At Patna I walked through a street of prostitutes. At Bodh-Gaya, a famous Buddhist centre run by Hindus, I was ruined by beggars and smells at the temple; and had an enthusiastic meeting of 100 fine women. Benares, by its antiquity and concentrated devotion, and its distinctive architecture, stirred me deeply. I spent hours on

the Ganges ; gave addresses to a girls' school at the end of a long and dusty walk ; addressed Girl Guides ; had a women's meeting that gave 20 new members to the Women's Indian Association. On a short tour to Tuticorin, at the extreme South of India, to attend a Theosophical Conference, I formed a branch of the Women's Indian Association.

An Adyar excitement was the return of J. Krishnamurti and his younger brother, Nityananda, on December 5. They were given a very cordial welcome after their long absence ; the cordiality being stimulated by prophetic anticipations, though Krishnaji had already, as a boy, taken a position among the Theosophical classics by the small book of Yogic precepts entitled " At the Feet of the Master." Two days later the creation of the Irish Free State was announced ; but our first joy in the freedom of the major part of Ireland was clouded by the further announcement of a split between those who accepted the Treaty with Britain as a step towards ultimate complete freedom, and those who insisted on an all-Ireland Republic. Civil war soon broke out ; and the antagonism that had been concentrated against the seven-century foreign destroyer of Irish culture, economics and social organization, was, alas ! turned by one group of Irishmen on another. We were torn with grief ; we knew that dear friends would, like the combatants at Kurukshetra, be on opposite sides of the controversy. We could do nothing to help. We could only await inevitable events.

In the latter end of the monsoon season I made crusades up the east coast, coaching future women voters, creating a demand for future membership of the legislatures by women, and forming branches of the Women's Indian Association. On my return, Adyar was flooded : one night gave over nine inches. Rain had no terrors for Rabindranath Tagore, he had given out a number of rain-songs that his students sang in Santiniketan as they walked across the compound getting wet to the skin. Hence, in the deluges of November, he turned up at Adyar with his son and daughter-in-law, and on one day gave me an hour and a half of delight in a chat with himself alone. His call began a month of artistic visits of the highest eminence, and indicated



the place that Adyar was taking in the world of art. For instance.

I had heard of Leopold Premyslav as a first-rank violinist ; and on seeing an advertisement of a recital by him, I got the idea of inviting him to Ayar as an international centre where he would find appreciative friends. He at once accepted. Jim and I attended his recital and recognised him as a master-artist. Mrs. Besant was so alert to the significance of the occasion that she not only warmly approved of entertaining him to lunch, but volunteered to send her car to bring him from his hotel in Madras. We were surprised to see his fiddle ; I had not hinted in that direction ; friendly intercourse was all I had anticipated. He said the hour was probably awkward, but he had a feeling that he ought to bring it, and that he would find a piano and an accompanist. After a happy lunch with the residents of Leadbeater Chambers and others, say twenty, we adjourned to the music room. I was pointed to as accompanist, and, as luck would have it, the three classical pieces that he had chosen to play were fairly familiar to me, and, as I was a good sight-reader, a glance through the scores gave me assurance. At the end he wondered why I had not accompanied him on his tours in India and the Far East, and invited me to do so in his next recital in Madras a week later.

In the interval another musical event, but without music, occurred. I had a chat with the grandson of the famous pioneer of Indian music, Ramaswami Dikshitar, through whom I handled with deep emotion the manuscript of the late Chinnaswami Mudaliar's classical volume on Indian Music. In this he had collected a large number of melodies (*kirthanams*), and translated them into staff notation so as to let the world outside India know the quality of a section of its ancient and vast music. Chinnaswami Mudaliar had spent his not too large income on this. Enough material for another volume awaited publication. I became enthusiastic to have this done ; but unsurmountable barriers were raised, and I had regretfully to renounce what would have been a deep artistic happiness. Three years later I became the proud possessor of a copy of Chinnaswami's book, which was then out of print. Jim came to know of a number of copies

stored in the band-library of His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore. Through the understanding kindness of His Highness Jim was able to satisfy my longing for a copy of the great book.

Premyslav returned from his tour, and came out to us on the morning of December 17. After tea at Headquarters Premyslav and I went to Schwarz's bungalow to practise for the coming recital. I had accompanied innumerable singers from my early girlhood ; and I had gone through it all, like every other pianist that I had known, under the notion that when a singer sang loudly the accompanist must play loudly—and vice versa. But an hour with Premyslav destroyed that musical superstition as far as fiddling was concerned. He wanted a medium background that would neither drown his soft notes nor be drowned by his loud ones. It took all my concentration to break the habit of over thirty years as a soloist and accompanist. Two days later we had a three-hour practice, in which he was scrupulously particular but delightfully fascinating. In between these two memorable days in my musical life, Jim's two friends, Henry and Ethelroe Eichheim, arrived, front rank American violinist and front rank pianist, with the tall and bright young daughter, Etheljohn. I soon understood why Jim had fallen for beauty in art and beauty in personality. Henry was a genius even if he never drew a bow ; Ethel was as beautiful in character as in form and features. I fell too. When Premyslav called for our second rehearsal in Schwarz's out-of-the-way bungalow, I took him to the room in which Henry was trying to recover from malaria, and let the two great artists have a good talk. The recital at night was one of the outstanding social and artistic events in years. For five years, since the internment of Mrs. Besant, there had been no sign of friendliness from Government House to the President of The Theosophical Society. But part of the Museum Theatre was filled by the Governor and party, and another part by a group from Adyar, including Mrs. Besant, Mr. Arundale, Mr. and Mrs. Jinarajadasa, and other's including Jim. Everything went splendidly. I enjoyed playing the accompaniments, which meant that I had become absorbed in the music, and had lost whatever nervousness

Governors and Presidents usually induce in high-strung artists. Next day Mrs. Besant called me up and put it all into three sentences that I repeated to Jim, and that he never forgot: "I felt quite proud of you. You played remarkably well. Your music brought Government House and Adyar together again." Premslav passed on to other parts of the East; and Henry Eichheim, who missed the recital through his illness, recovered in time to raise what might have been a common or garden Christmas Eve party into a high class musical event. To a large gathering of Indians and Europeans in Schwarz's commodious drawingroom, he played gloriously, accompanied by Ethelroe, who also played solos to perfection. The Cesar Franck Concerto nearly shattered me. During the Theosophical Convention there was a packed Eichheim recital in the Headquarters Hall; and later a concert of Western music in which the Eichheims soared far above the rest of the performers, including myself.

Among a multitude of shuttlings to and from all directions during 1923, one stands out with an aureole of gold and red and blue, or whatever the proper colours are for high talk, artistic enthusiasm, religious reverence, scientific adventure. I had enquired from Lady Bose about finding rooms at Darjeeling from which we could revel for some weeks in views of the snows, perhaps even see Everest. A bungalow, next door to the Bose Research branch and their own summer home, had been taken for a relative. We were given the ground floor as neighbours to the highest peak in scientific attainment and the highest attainment of beauty from the response of earth to the energies of creation, the Kinchinjunga range.

At dawn one day something awakened me. I called to my companion, "Jim! Snows!!" We scrambled in dressing gowns and any handy footwear, up to the highest adjacent point, over a graveyard wall; and from the flat top of a British soldier's grave gloated for fifteen ecstatic minutes at the far-off peak of Everest, a radiant pearl casketed in a hollow between less distant mountains. Sunrise brought the mists up from the sweltering plains of Bengal, and when we got to our home everything was in a fog, and our story wouldn't go down.

I had not expected to find a piano for hire in Darjeeling; but on a saunter we spotted one in a shop, and had it taken to "Manor Lodge." The piano had the time of its life, and so had I. Not expecting one, I had brought no printed music with me for study. I was thrown entirely on my memory. Every afternoon I played two hours, and finished my remembered repertoire in twelve days—24 continuous hours. The number of finger-strokes in that time must have been "astronomical."

The feature of our Himalayan diversion was our friendship with Sri Jagadish Chandra Bose and Lady Bose. We oscillated between our house and their's—tea one day with us, dinner next day with them. I added Sir Jagadish to the supreme conversationalists whom we had known: AE (with Yeats intoning nearby), Rabindranath who was incarnate music and wisdom. Sir Jagadish had not the soaring imagination of AE, or the literary style and lovely voice of Rabindranath; nor had he their impressive height. But there was a vividness about him that made up for flowing locks and beard. He did not create beauty as the others did. But beauty was involved in everything he touched; also spiritual aspiration. To these he added the eye and mind of a scientist, a scientist with imagination and philosophy and a sense of humour. Sri Jagadish gave us a forenoon in his laboratory on the small estate adjoining his home at Darjeeling, on which trees of all sorts were treated by him as intelligent friends. First we had to watch growth. Day to day growth was apparent in a garden. But second to second growth was below eye-level. A root of grass was placed in a receptacle where it could grow as freely as in the ground. It was attached by a thread to the lower bar of the recorder, which multiplied another bar above it by ten. At the end of the sixth bar, at a magnification of 100,000, a point touched a smoked glass that automatically moved forwards and backwards to make its record. Without the grass-root the dots went in a straight line. When the growing root was attached, the dots moved a shade lower. As we watched the responses of a plant to heat only, as in a photographic dark-room, "Hello!" Sir Jagadish exclaimed, "something happened—what?" Jim murmured a Wordsworthian line, "I wandered lonely as a cloud."

"Have a look," Sir Jagadish said. Jim went through the double doors, and then called us out to see. A small muslin-like veil slowly moved across the sun. There was no other cloud in the blue sky, as far as we could see. The piece of plant, in a well-built laboratory, the scientist moralised, knew more about temperature than we did.

My acquaintance with Lady Constance Lytton in the suffrage movement in England led us to leave cards on her brother the Governor of Bengal at summer-time Government House at Darjeeling. An invitation to lunch followed. Lord Lytton's loyalty to his brave sister was very moving. How proud I was to have been one of the same band of pioneers for freedom. But the surprise of the lunch-party to us was Sir Surendranath Banerjea, once the loudest voiced of the leaders of the Indian National Congress, now moderated, and a Minister under the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms. We anticipated political shop, taking the lead from His Excellency. But Sir Surendranath took no one's lead, and talked spiritualism from the beginning to the end.

Our walk about Darjeeling gave us many glimpses of the variegated appearance of life in the Himalayan foothills. Sunday morning market was a fascinating kaleidoscope of costumes and headgear from Bengal, Bhutan, Sikkim, which were not far distant, with contributions from far Nepal and Tibet, subdivisions from the castes, and touches of dull orange from lamas. On a walk I saw a procession forming, the procession of the books, I was told. As we were both interested in books, and such an occasion was not usual in Dublin (though it occurred to me that a publishers' procession, with one or two authors thrown in, might have enlarged circulations), I scribbled a note to Jim and sent it by coolie to where he was likely to be grinding out lines for a new poem: "Bring camera immediately. Ask no questions. Just come." Not knowing what was behind my question, he came, in a somewhat dilapidated rig-out. But the occasion did not allow criticism. . . A number of women trudged along with the Buddhist scriptures, in cloth wrapping, hung on their backs from a broad band round their necks. Before, or behind, or perhaps

both, men suspended long metal trumpets (perhaps 10 feet) from shoulder to shoulder.

On a June 30 I left Jim at Calcutta to begin his Academy tour, and returned to suffrage propaganda, and a smelly and noisy attempt to live at a Home of Service that we had opened. Our solicitude for babies raised village suspicion as to our intentions, kidnapping being one. It took some time to justify ourselves. I had to learn how to work a knitting machine in order to be able to check the ins and outs of materials, while practising a Liszt Rhapsody for a concert in the Senate House. Meanwhile, Arthur Hayles, Editor of "The Madras Mail," took me to see fire-walking, which proved nothing except that, given appropriate preparations, men could run over glowing embers. I appear to have become metaphysical at this time, as a skimpy diary says: "Talked on the influence of the future on the past". I have no memory of where it was or what it was all about. But it must have been pre-Krishnamurtiish.

October 31 (1923) was election day. I was in the thick of it, delighted to see so many women voting. We had a jollification over it on November 7 in the Gokhale Hall; and as this was my 45th birth-anniversary, there were tea, and a lovely gift of a Satsuma procelain coffee set from S. V. Ramaswami Mudaliar; and deep affection from "A. B." (Mrs. Besant). In the strength of the occasion I toured some of the big cities of the south-east-coast, trying to bring the future (women) into a more accessible place than the past, that is, the present.

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#### CHAPTER XXXVIII

### CREATING AN ART GALLERY

(J. H. C.) The founding in 1924 of the first permanent and compendious gallery of modern Indian painting in South India, the Jagan Mohan Chitrasala in Mysore City, came about in this way.

My contact with Bangalore during the festival of Fine Arts in 1919 had given me a desire to visit the capital of whose beauties I had heard. This desire I planned to gratify modestly in the summer vacation of 1924 by a two-days stop-over in Mysore City on my way to Coorg State to visit some old students. Thence to Calicut on the west coast, and the Nilgiris with my collaborator.

On my arrival at Mysore my host, grandfather of three of my students, handed me a letter to him from the Private Secretary to the Maharaja, saying that His Highness would be happy to receive me at the Summer Palace at seven o'clock the next evening. I had planned to leave next day for Coorg, and here was an unexpected royal command. And I had omitted dress clothes from my suit-case, since bus-travel called for light luggage. In a couple of hours the Private Secretary himself called, Mr. Mirza Mohamad Ismail, later Dewan of the State, and later still Prime Minister of Jaipur and Hyderabad. He put me right as to dress, ordinary darks before dinner; and took me for a drive round the city in the exquisite last hour of sunlight, through streets busy with variegated humanity, and avenues around the arresting palace bordered by hedges of crimson hibiscus and other flowering shrubs and flowering trees defining and shading public gardens.

Next morning I was driven over Chamundi Hill, which stands alone above the city, crowned, as is the habit of hills in India, by a temple, and by a simple home to which the Maharaja retired for solitude and meditation after periods of special activity. On our way back to the city, my guide and I paused for refreshments at the small rest-house at the end of the hill which His Highness had built for pilgrims to the summit, to visit the temple, or to revel in the spectacle of the electric lighting of the city at sundown. A few foreign pictures were on the walls. These gave me an idea. Further down we looked at building operations on a magnificent Romanesque new Palace for Viceroys and Governors. This also gave me an idea. The second idea became articulate first and not through me. Mr. Mirza asked me if I would formulate a suggestion for the decoration of the "New Mansion" in such a way that, when not in use by guests, it



3. WOMEN AND POLITICS, 1936, see page 433





might become a gallery of art, including the art of India. That had been my idea. Then came idea number one this time from me—to wit, that I should be allowed to furnish the rest-house with pictures illustrating the history of Indian Art in the Buddhist, Rajput and Mughal, and modern eras, one room to each era. I got quite excited over the idea of a silent influence set on a hill drawing the soul of India back from the false allurements of extraneous culture to true creative allegiance to her own superb art.

Seeing my enthusiasm for art, Mr. Mirza took me in the afternoon to the Jagan Mohan Palace, which had been the home of the then Maharaja's grandfather. The palace was now a depository for objects of art which had been displaced by others in the new palace and its accessory buildings; models of palaces, ancient beds, dressed figures, ornamental clocks, implements of combat, musical instruments, photographs of persons and events in the ruling household, walking sticks, glass globes, etc., and a few pieces of good painting, sculpture, wood-carving, metal-work and textile craft. I made some suggestions as to turning an inartistic chaos into a fairly artistic cosmos. Whereupon Mr. Mirza asked me to come back to Mysore at my convenience as a guest of His Highness and direct the reorganisation of the old palace.

The Private Secretary took me to the Summer Palace and introduced me to the Maharaja, Sir Krishnaraja Wodiyar, G. C. S. I., who had ascended the gadi (throne) in 1902 at the age of 18. His Highness welcomed me to the State as a friend of Indian culture; and spoke of his interest in art, but feared that Mysore would not come up to my expectations.

Mr. Mirza interpreted the matter as indicating that I had specially interested His Highness in Indian Art, and on my way back to my home blew my lovely scheme to smithereens. What was the good of my putting my enthusiasm into a tiny house in a remote situation, that was only visited once in an age by a passer-by, since pedestrians took the short cut, and motorists ignored the lodge? Since my intention was educational, why not take adequate accommodation in the Jagan Mohan Palace and

establish the nucleus of an Indian Art Gallery in the heart of the city where it could be seen by tens of thousands? I saw that the answer was, Why not? And I got a glimpse into the fine public spirit of the future Dewan.

Before I could start the work I was invited to Bangalore to help in another exhibition. Items had come from various art-centres which had sprung up since I brought the Bengal movement to South India in 1916. But I was specially happy to find a group of paintings of exceedingly high quality by Mr. K. Venkatappa, a native of Mysore. As a lad he had shown artistic talent; and went to Calcutta to the class of the Master, Abanindranath Tagore. There he became a brilliant painter in a style that showed his bent for infinite delicacy and perfection.

His Highness the Yuvaraja, heir to the throne, bought four of Venkatappa's paintings and handed them over to me for inclusion in the new gallery I was organising.

Now came a development in my first modest Mysore visit. I was asked by the University of Mysore to give a series of six lectures on art and literature, two of them to have special reference to Indian painting, and to bring the exhibition over from Bangalore to be installed in a hall in the University, and open to the public all day for a number of days. Mrs. Cousins was to add two lectures on Indian music—the whole occasion being a unique event in the history of the City and University.

The exhibition was fitted up in a single large upper room, in the building of the University Union, and nearly met disaster during the first night from a heavy shower of rain which found unauthorised entrance. Happily only a couple of pictures received injury, and this was not irreparable. His Highness was the first entrant, accompanied by Palace and University officials in darbar (ceremonial) dress.

When the exhibition was closed, His Highness bought 13 paintings; and sent them to me to go into the new gallery. I was saved! for my poor little two dozen, consisting of gifts by artists, prints and reproductions, and the windfall from the Yuvaraja, threatened to look very scrawny when spread out on the walls of the two commodious rooms assigned to them. Now all was

well, and it became still more well as items floated in on brain-waves from go-downs, closed rooms and other places. Our provisional catalogue totalled 54 items. I had the approval of authority to make art the first ideal in the re-arrangement, and sentiment very much second. Junk was therefore moved from the palace to small side rooms. Paintings and statues, rid of too much bad company, showed out their real quality. Affinities were gathered together. In ten days cosmos had arrived; but it had meant enormous activity, intense concentration, and all the patience and kindness natural to my helpers, to keep up with my jerks from room to room in trials of position after position on walls or floors, and to regard me as a responsible human being. Since then the original gallery has been developed beyond recognition, and has been visited by thousands of thousands of people.

The founding of the Mysore Chitrasala started a train of circumstances that carried the story of "We two together" to the fulfilment a year later of a desire to see Ireland again, after ten years, and such a ten years—rebellion, civil war, and an unsatisfactory peace, with a Parliament manned by some of our old companions in idealism. But the fulfilment of our desire called for finance beyond our normal earnings. Only a miracle could perform the miracle. So, as we had prayed, "O God! shift the picture" ten years previously in England, we now prayed, "O God! perform a miracle." We did not think of my creation of the Mysore Chitrasala as possessing any miraculous qualities. I worked for love, my travel was paid for, I was comfortably housed on my visits. Between the summer vacation when the gallery arose, and the autumn vacation (Dasara), which Mysore celebrated in a manner famous in all India, I was invited to bring Mrs. Cousins to Mysore for a discussion with the Palace Bandmaster, Mr. Otta Schmidt, as to the possibility of a performance of an orchestral classic at the usual State Concert at the end of Dasara by His Highness the Maharaja's orchestra with Mrs. Cousins at the piano. The first movement of Schumann's A minor concerto was chosen. His Highness was a catholic lover of music: he supported a number of bands, eastern and western,

that practised each morning in the big garden of the Palace Bandroom—a South Indian (Carnatic) band, a North-Indian (Hindustani) band, a pipers' band, a fife-and-drum band, a brass band, an orchestra, and individual players on the veena and other Indian instruments. As, I understood, the result of a hearing of Mrs. Cousins rehearsing, His Highness invited her to give a recital for himself in the Palace. I, of course, was to go with her. The day before the recital, an aide took us to the big music-room for a private rehearsal on the Steinway grand-piano that stood at one end of a slightly raised platform, balanced at the other end by a large harp, with a background of a pipe-organ. While the rehearsal was proceeding, a handsome boy, little taller than the piano, came in. Gretta took him to be the son of some of the officers of the Palace, and smiled at him. He listened with rapt attention, and at the end of a piece said, "Please play that again." At the end he said "thank you" and went out. Gretta asked the aide who the charming little lad was. "That is Prince Jaya, son of His Highness the Yuvaraja, and expected to be the future Maharaja." The expectation was fulfilled many years later.

We thought the evening recital would be attended by invited officers and others. But when we were shown into the room, there were only two chairs some distance from the platform. When His Highness entered, with two aides who obscured themselves in the unlighted other end of the room, he moved the chairs into positions in which we could both see the player's hands. The programme, which His Highness had approved, was timed for a little over an hour. Gretta was at her best. The audience of one listener—king, saint, scholar, musician, art-lover, humanitarian—commented in his soft voice between the items on the player's technique and memory (she had no score with her) and other features of her art. His thanks and compliments were not merely formal: he was himself a musician in two hemispheres, and an art-scholar who was also intelligent.

The Dasara celebration at Mysore in the autumn of 1924 gave us ten days of the utmost artistic and social joy. Though the European guests usually attended the durbar on the ninth day (Navaratri), we were specially invited to the entire festival,

partly in order that I, as a student of Indian culture, might see it in its completeness; partly that Gretta might have occasions for practising the first movement of the Schumann Concerto, alone, or occasionally with the Palace orchestra.

We attended all the functions of the festival in honour of the Devis (Goddesses) of the Hindu Pantheon. At the opening on the first forenoon I had an unexpected incursion from beyond what the Psychical Research Society called the subliminal threshold. When His Highness entered the platform under the vast decorated roof to go to the throne, which had been placed and consecrated the previous evening, he was given every sign of respect by the officers of Government and the visitors, and by the multitude who were seated on the ground beyond the assembled soldiery and cavalry, elephants, horses and musicians, in full view of the proceedings. When he ascended the throne, he stood for a few moments at salute, small, but kingly in the royalty of a life of spotless purity, as the bands played the Mysore Anthem to an ancient Indian air, as elephants trumpeted and his white horse bowed and bowed. When he sat on the throne all in the vast hall took their seats. But something happened to me. The multitude, the decorations, the building, even my comrade, faded out. Only, outside my own consciousness, the royal centre remained. But it too had disappeared as royalty, and had been transformed into something I could only think of as divinity. I had sensed, I learned, the special intention of the festival. His Highness, on the opening of Dasara, merged his temporal Rulership with that of the chief devotee of the Goddess Chamundi, the celestial protectress of the State. On the throne he became her representative. Off the throne he went through the discipline of a *sadhu* (religious devotee), ate one spare vegetarian meal a day, and let his beard grow until the tenth day and spent his time in prayer for the welfare of the State. This clue, which I received from the chief official of the Durbar, set my mind working towards a study of the history and meaning of the festival. In making this I had access to all sorts of documents and books; and as I proceeded during the subsequent year, I realised that the attitude of soul of the guests to the functions

as an ornate show, the dinner as a gorgeous feed, and His Highness as a jolly good fellow, was pitched too low. The function was religious through and through, notwithstanding concessions to human carnivorousness, alcohol and nicotine. For the next Dasara my small book was published, under Royal Authority, and presented to the guest; its title was "Dasara in Mysore."

Which brings me back to our first Dasara. On the tenth day the nine days (*nava*, nine; *ratri*; nights) of supplication and worship passed into the day of victory (*vijaya*, victory; *desame*, day), completing the *Dasara* (ten days). In the afternoon we watched a great procession of elephants, troops, legislators, household officers, and others, escorting the Maharaja and Yuvaraja to the parade ground, Banimantap, for the public end of the festivities.

When the procession reached Banimantap, His Highness was escorted to a marquee for preparation for the finale. While this was going on, darkness fell with customary tropical speed. At the sound of a bugle the ground sprang into full light with the army in order on three sides and the Maharaja in full regal uniform on his white horse at the salute as the band played the Mysore anthem. After an inspection, and march past, His Highness left the ground in his car, and the guests hurried to theirs to dress and dine, and attend the State Concert in front of the Jagan Mohan Palace in which I had just installed the beginnings of what I hoped to be a compendious gallery of indigenous painting.

Notwithstanding her busy days, Gretta felt in good form for her big item, and had lost fear of holes in memory. We were given special chairs at the end of the first row, so that she would be near the steps to the stage. His Highness had a palatial chair and cloth of gold in the centre of the row. His entry drew a spontaneous expression of affection from the audience of 500 invitees who stood on the front part of the floor until he took his seat—a wonderful gathering of fine men and women in the dignified costumes and colours of all parts of India, not to mention the formal but tidy dressing-up of the West.

After some short pieces, the main item came on—  
"Piano Concerto in A minor, by Schumann. At the piano,

Mrs. Margaret E. Cousins, B. Mus." As she rose to go to the platform she whispered, "Give me your blessing." She got it. But I had learned from myself as well as from her that, when artists are keyed up, they are kittle cattle, or, in more dignified terminology, their auras stretch farther than usual, and are risky things to touch even with a thought. But when the first brave phrase rang out bravely, I knew she had ceased to be a musician, and was the music. Without a flicker she went through the first movement from memory, enriching the composer's lovely melodies and harmonies with the manner and feeling that were native to one to whom music was the breath of life, and who, in addition to being an artist, was a philosopher, a cheerful saint, a highly endowed psychic, and a fearless heroine in the cause of human advancement. The applause at the end was immense, and included the conductor and orchestra in its approval. His Highness, an accomplished musician, joined heartily. When the applause diminished, I noticed His Highness bowing slightly in the direction where Gretta sat beside me, panting a little and hot. I presumed he wanted his Private Secretary or Aide-de-Camp as he would depart before the concluding orchestral item. But neither officer was to be seen. Again he bowed in our direction. It flashed on me that he might need something; so I put a finger on my breast to see if it meant anything, or if someone else whom I did not identify was in his mind. Two little quick bows responded. I went to his seat and asked if I could be of any service. He replied: "Everybody is delighted with Mrs. Cousins. I wonder if she would play the two black note studies of Chopin that she played for me before. They are favourites of mine. I would be very happy, and I am sure so would the audience." Gretta gasped when I broke the news to her. "After that! and with no preparation!!" But she smiled to His Highness, and I had just time to run on to the platform and tell the conductor, who was on the move for the concluding piece by the admirable orchestra of Indians. The occasion brought the best out of Gretta and out of the two studies which in less æsthetical hands might have just been studies instead of the music she made of them.



An unexpected sequel to Dasara came some weeks later. Gretta was touring in northern India for women's emancipation, when a registered envelope came to me. It contained a personal letter from His Highness, and a cheque for 1000 rupees as a "small token of appreciation" for what we had done for the State. I wired to Gretta, "Miracle happened, prepare for Europe." To His Highness' gift I added the little I had in my treasury and borrowed more, and set plans in motion for a six months tour in Europe and through Britain to Ireland.

But before our journey westward, art was again on my track. I had started convection currents in the æsthetical atmosphere of India which had a way of twisting behind me and pushing me into various places. New year's day of 1925 found Gretta and me, chaperoned by the Director of Architecture of Gwalior State and accompanied by Albert Schwarz, at the end of a ninety-mile drive in a spotless new car specially deputed by the Maharaja of Gwalior, in the Bagh Caves. A book on the Caves was to be published by the India Society, London, in collaboration with the Government of Gwalior. I was invited to visit the caves and write two articles for the book, one on their natural surroundings, one on their æsthetical features. We spent all the following day in concentrated study of one of the most beautiful and tragical of art-centres.

Some time about the end of the eighth century and of the Ajanta era of Buddhist cave-painting, a series of nine caves had been excavated in the cliffs by the edge of the Bagh River. The inner walls of a long verandah and of rooms off it had been painted in the lovely Ajanta style. But the anonymous painters were better artists than they were geologists. They had selected a tempting layer of sandstone into which to excavate the "caves." This gave them softness and pliability for chiselling, and ease and smoothness for surfacing the walls for frescoes. This was all right for the passing moment, perhaps for the passing century; but it did not consider us. How long the caves were used we cannot say with certainty; but when an adventurous archæologist brought them to light a generation ago, nature had followed its own laws; a heavy layer of igneous rock that had flowed over the

layer of soft sedimentary rock gradually sank over the spaces that had been dug out. The long verandah, with what, judging from surviving traces that were brought to light when sprinkled with water, must have been a gallery of extraordinary beauty, broke down, and the changes of weather reduced the frescoes to all but invisibility. The clearing of the caves and the copying of the murals had been undertaken. Years later much had been done to delay, if not to prevent, further deterioration.

Next day (Jan. 3) we returned by car to Mhow, from which Greta went westward and I to Indore, the capital of the State of that name. Two days went in lectures and visits; and at 6 a.m. on Jan. 6 I was in the traveller's bungalow at Sanchi, with nine hours in which to prowl among the most chastely beautiful monuments of the past that I had till then seen. The main stupa (hemispherical pagoda) in red stone is over forty feet high, and the best preserved Buddhist monument in India. I tramped round its processional path, 350 feet and more, to get the flavour of its bulk and the skill of the builders of the third century B.C.

Then followed Lucknow and a large exhibition of all-India painting. I was put up in a room in the University, which bore a cheering tablet saying that, in a flood, the water had risen to the line indicated—high enough to have drowned anyone who had not escaped. But we were in the dry season, and lifebelts or bad dreams were unnecessary. The exhibition was typical of the lack of taste then all but universal in India. Little Rajput and Mughal paintings swayed loosely on light twine from nails near the roof of the exhibition hall to every zephyr through the open windows. Items of no particular affinity insisted on twining themselves round one another. I gave talks in the gallery on various features of Indian painting; and lectures with slides on its history and on the influence of Indian architecture in the Far East.

I had no sooner got back to Adyar (Jan. 16) than a letter from Mrs. Besant indicated that art was still on my track. The famous Russian painter, Nicholas Roerich, was to arrive next day with a painting to be presented to Adyar in memory of his compatriot, Madame Blavatsky. As Mrs. Besant had had to leave on tour, she delegated to me the welcoming of him and his

comfort during his short stay. The great painter was then just over fifty; but there was a solemnity about him that gave him a venerable air. This was added to by close-cropped head, pointed beard, and slightly almond-shaped eyes inherited from a Mongolian ancestress. On the male side he was in the lineal descent from the Ruruk who, in the twelfth century, brought a high type of civilization from Sweden to Russia.

On Jan. 18 at a meeting in Headquarters Hall, he presented "The Messenger," in a short speech expressing his reverence for Madame Blavatsky, and his hope that his painting, with its symbolical suggestion of her work of opening the gate to a Master of the Wisdom, would lead to an art-collection in her name, as Blavatsky Museum. I replied, I hope suitably, and he left us on the third day, with anticipations of future meeting which were duly fulfilled.

Mrs. Besant, somewhere about this time, had given me the opportunity of another service to art. She had been asked to give the first of an annual series of Kamala Lectures in Calcutta University on Indian Culture, endowed by Sir Asutosh Mukerjee in memory of his deceased daughter. Her first lecture was to deal with philosophy, her second with art. The first was familiar ground and only needed shaping and writing out. The second required considerable preparation on the technical and historical sides, as her contacts with the Bengal revival had been limited to the actual paintings of the school in various exhibitions, some of which I have mentioned. As I had won a name as an apostle of Indian art, and had thereby brought considerable credit to "Adyar," she called me in to help her with her second lecture. I gathered all my own books on the subject, and borrowed those in the Adyar Library, and stacked them on chairs and on the floor of her working room at "Headquarters." For four days, like a lawyer on an important brief, she worked on the authorities, seeing no one, giving no attention to Presidential problems save a minimum of the most urgent. The result was what scholars and critics regarded as one of the most informing lectures ever given on the subject.

## EUROPE BETWEEN WARS

(J. H. C.) I entitle this chapter thus because it happened to come off in 1925, which is about a third of the way between 1918 and 1939, in which Europe twice demonstrated its achievements in civilization. So far as signs towards the future were concerned, these were probably secreted in the Chancelleries; but I have a private idea that they were visible to open eyes in the characters of the people. Few seemed inclined to speak of 1914—1918. But it broke out occasionally. Looking at war-ruined villages along the coast of Italy over the taffrail of the "City of Venice," one of the passengers, an Italian, threw up his hands and with agonised fervour exclaimed "No more war! No more war!!" But it was a prayer, not a prophecy. In a train from Milan to Paris an old Frenchman shook his fist towards Germany and viciously cursed it and its people. This was prophecy, not prayer.

We left Madras on March 28. The voyage was about the same as our voyage to India spelt backwards, with here and there those touches of nature that never stale in the colours of sea and sky and distant land.

As usual Gretta could not hide her musical candle, and came in for accompaniments to bad singers as well as for less frequent solo pieces on a somewhat travel-weary piano. Deck concerts became a feature, but ended in the Gulf of Lyons in a storm. The piano was on a small platform on deck under electric light. Hefty men held it more or less in place, two at one end, two at the other, two at the back, two at the piano stool, one at each end of the fluttering score for song. Everybody enjoyed everything; even Gretta forgot to be sea-sick.

We stayed overnight at Marseilles.

We started for Nice next morning, and went on a lovely drive with a Thomas Cook party to Mentone, and back by Monaco. Here we were given time to see the gaming room, crammed with dull people and dead air, shut off from exquisite nature.

A day at Genoa had mixed interest. Thomas Cook did his duty in a drive with stops. One was at a cemetery, where the craze for mortal immortality showed itself in appalling statues and death-bed scenes of the most realistic kind. Another was at the town hall to see relics of Christopher Columbus. Here a crowd had gathered and a number of imposing cars. The King and Queen (George and Mary) of England were on a Mediterranean cruise, and Her Majesty was doing a day's sight-seeing in Genoa. His Majesty elected to remain at sea. Cook saw no reason why we should not go on with our programme. As we ascended the broad staircase, Queen Mary and entourage descended. We stepped aside and curtsied. But our private joy was an unguided walk through the narrowest streets of the city, to mix in the local atmosphere and smells and sounds and humans, and to listen to a small boy singing in his light treble an operatic aria.

We got to Rome in the Holy Year, when a usually closed door in St. Peter's was periodically opened. We arrived late in the day, and after a change and dinner went on a stroll which took us at 11 p.m. to St. Peter's Church, the centre of Roman Catholic Christianity. External rows of pillars were impressive; but the flat and formal front seemed to us to have overshot its mark. Next forenoon gave us another view, when we spent nearly four hours in the Vatican Museum and gloated over the sculptural and pictorial treasures of antiquity and of the Italian Renaissance and after.

An outdoor day followed, with glances at Churches and with an exciting time in the graveyard under the pyramid of Cestius, wondering at the miscalculation of real values that disease and frustrated desire can induce in even the most rarified imagination. Poor Keats wished to be remembered as one "whose name was writ in water;" while it passed from generation to generation inlaid in the interminable gold of love on the adamant of immortal memory. Trelawny's "Cor Cordium" (Heart of Hearts) over the cremated remains of Shelley (all but the unconsumable heart), spoke all that the old seaman could think of the amazing genius when he appreciated, if he could not fathom him.

Our contract with Cook in Rome ended with ancient and not too modern monuments, including the strong and overcrowded paintings of the Sistine Chapel, on the morning of April 26 (1925). In the free afternoon we could hear the Choral Symphony or attend a special papal benediction in St. Peter's for a crowd of Americans. We chose the benediction. The vast church was crammed. His Holiness was carried the length of the church on a throne above the shoulders of Cardinals. His entrance was the signal for an undisciplined stampede by the multitude to get a share of the blessing that the Holy Father was radiating to all parts from his oscillating right hand. When the procession came opposite our wing, the crowd sprang to their feet, and got up on the benches and blocked the view of all behind them. They too climbed, but we kept our seats. Then paradox suddenly appeared. I put the curved handle of my umbrella round an ankle of a large woman, intending to give her a civil hint as to good manners. But I might as well have tried to fell a tree. I desisted before the umbrella might lose its head. I caught Gretta's eye, and through the unholy hubbub collected words that, confirmed later, said: "A sight for the Gods! An Ulster Protestant trying to get Catholics in St. Peter's at Rome to behave!"

Next evening we were in lovely Florence. After dinner, friends (Genaro and Pauline D'Amato) took us for a night walk to give us the flavour of the city. In a street of artificers I was arrested by a bust in a niche. "Cellini" I suggested. "Yes, one of his workshops was here." Farther on, we stopped at a slab underfoot that told us that Savonarola had been burnt at the stake there. Round a corner I stopped and said, "Now I know where we are. Dante stood there (at any rate in the famous painting) as Beatrice and her friends passed by." And so on to midnight.

We were fascinated by the Cathedral and the Baptistery doors carved by Ghiberti. The Pitti Gallery took us from one side of the city to the other across the river, and left us with a mix-up of memories of pictorial masterpieces. The Uffizi Gallery did much the same. Fra Angelico's murals in his

monastery were a deep joy. On the fourth day (April 30) we moved into the delightfully furnished flat of our friends for a day and a night free from official guidance. Their home was a short distance from Giotto's tower. They were so accustomed to living beside the masterpiece of architecture and sculpture that they had never thought of climbing it. They came with us, after an enchanting look at Giotto's own work on the lower storey, and plodded up the 414 steps to the top.

In addition to meeting friends and groups of occult students, we ended our visit with an unexpected pleasure. News of our presence had reached the Lyceum, and we were invited to divide an hour and a half between us, Mrs. Cousins on women's affairs in India and I on Indian painting. To illustrate my share I dug out forty smallish colour-prints of mainly Bengal paintings. These were neatly pinned on a dark background in the entrance hall, and examined with keen appreciation by the audience on their way to the auditorium. Our talks were translated into mellifluous Italian by a large good-humoured Countess. Everyone signalled pleasure at their extended knowledge of India, and we felt he had done a good evening's work for international understanding.

We were in Venice next afternoon (May 1), taken to our waterside hotel by gondolas—funereal craft in black mourning as in the days of Shelley and Browning. Next day, in spite of rain, we did Cook's round of sights.—A small middle-aged woman was behind the counter of a shop when Gretta and I entered. "Miss Messieux." "Si si, signor." "I'm Cousins from Adyar." She proceeded to put on a hat, saying: "I was told me you might call. Dr. and Mrs. Arundale also called. When Mrs. Arundale (Rukmini Devi) walked along the streets, people looked at her with reverence and said, 'the Dark Madonna.' What have you seen?" I told her. "Now, we shall see something that tourists don't see." She piloted us through lanes and narrow streets, into shops, among fruit-sellers, and brought us to anchor at a kerb-stone cafe, where we absorbed delicious coffee with the man in the street. "What is your plan for tonight." "Dinner and bed: Cook had no alternative." She brought out of a drawer (we were back in her shop) two tickets: "These are for an opera tonight, 'The

Nativity,' by a member of our Theosophical lodge—no, there is nothing to pay: I have them to give to friends." The opera was preceded by a play of marionettes among indicative scenery. I was old-fashioned enough to smile at it—which was quite wrong, as it was serious modernistic drama from which a sense of humour was barred. We were specially pleased by the way in which the singers in the opera formed themselves into world-famous paintings on the theme.

Opera came our way again next evening in Milan. Toscanini was to conduct Verdi's "Falstaff" in La Scala theatre, and the local Cook managed to get gallery seats for us. We were specially struck by the way in which Toscanini got every movement and gesture into rhythmical concord with the music.

Next morning we had one of our elevated times. A look through Leonardo da Vinci's sketches took us off the ground; but we reached the apex of artistic levitation in the refectory of St. Mark's when we saw his "Last Supper." We were familiar with plain and coloured reproductions of the immortal masterpiece; but half an hour in the presence of the original gave us a sense of artistic achievement that the passing of time has not dulled. What depiction of a dozen different ways of asking a question ("Master is it I?") drawn out by the declaration, "One of you shall betray me!" And how difficult it was for the eye to believe that the space of the supper-room and the landscape through the back window were illusions created by genius with brushes and colours on a flat surface!

Thence to Paris for as varied, satisfying and irritating a week as I ever expect to survive again. We had passed from the care of Cook to that of an Irish American cousin of Gretta's, Thomas Handforth, who was French-polishing his art, and later, after adventures in Egypt and China, with a quiet interval in India, rubbed the polish off and became an eminent etcher and illustrator of books on oriental subjects in America, and died young.

My special item in Paris was to have been a lantern lecture on "Indian Painting" for the Society of Friends of the Orient in



the Musée Guimet. But when I reported my arrival over the telephone and asked for a date, I felt such a cold breeze that I suspected some twist in the arrangement, and asked the secretary not to trouble about it. We had been moved from a hotel to a room in the fine premises of The Theosophical Society, and when I saw the large auditorium, Salle Adyar, I offered to give the lecture under its auspices: they gladly accepted. The result of four days' organization resulted in a full house, members of the Society, members of the other Society, and many outsiders who were either artists or interested in art. The reception of my one-minute talk (which was translated in another minute) to each of the 24 unusual slides giving an idea of Indian painting from Ajanta, through the Rajput-Mughal era, to the modern Bengal revival, was most cordial. Two days later I learned the cause of the cold breeze. A lecture by a European Principal of a School of Arts in India had turned out to be a subtle essay in pro-western propaganda. An offer of an exhibition of paintings by an Indian promised to counterbalance the previous affair; but when the self-styled leader of an Indian art movement set up his oily messes, the friends of the orient felt they were being dragged into the category of enemies. When the suggestion that I, another westerner of whom they knew nothing, should give a lecture, they couldn't face the dread possibility of a third fiasco. "But we were at Salle Adyar, and now realise what we missed, and we hope you will come back and give a series"—which I have not done to date (1948).

Our pursuit of art took us for a day to Montmartre and the modernist studios around the Quartier Latin. We were fascinated in seeing the building-up process of stove-pipes, hay-rakes, notched wheels and other pieces of machinery, that were being shaped towards a "Portrait of a Lady."

An unexpected visit to "the last of the French Impressionists," Claude Monet, at his home in Giverny, some distance outside Paris by train and carriage, gave us the touch of largeness and cleanliness in Art. The short, well-built artist, in roughish tweeds and frilled cuffs, was about eighty. One eye had failed him, also half of the other. But, with quarter-sight, he went on

painting in the spotty style that he had developed in order to give pictorial effect to his theory that what is seen is not the real object, but the light reflected from surfaces. Now he was a stay-at-home; but, if he could not go to his subjects, he could get some to come to him. So, in a pool in his garden, he had grown superb water-lilies, and these he painted at various hours from various points of view. It had become a habit for everything painted by Monet to be a masterpiece, hence expensive. Our visit was in this connection. A millionaire friend of Handforth's had established the convention of giving his wife an expensive wedding present annually. One year it was a mansion, this year it was to be a Monet masterpiece at any price. We chose one of the latest water lilies. There was no bargaining: he was under contract to sell no work under 30,000 francs. In addition to his big studio and its accompanying hanging-rooms, Monet showed us many of his paintings hung all over his home. A glimpse through a slightly open door drew an exclamation from me. Seeing my interest he opened the door, and we entered a room hung from ceiling almost to floor with Japanese prints. I identified a number, and wondered why such things should have interested him. He painted light: they ignored light-and-shade. "This is my religion," he confessed; and he summed up his evaluation of his collecting since he was a boy, with the declaration, "They were great artists."

Painting was not our only art-indulgence: music was not far behind it. In ten days we saw three grand operas, the climax being Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande." But the most impressive from the purely musical point of view was a Sunday morning service in the Russian Church. The unaccompanied choral singing had a richness we had not heard before, especially in the deep tones of the bass. A musical memory was awaked by a call at the church in which Cesar Franck had been the organist, when he composed much of his austere music.

The habitual addresses to various societies; lunches and teas with friends and acquaintances; after-dinner coffee at a pavement cafe: scrambles over famous cathedrals, churches and graveyards; and a last-hour musical debauch in a concert of

rejected singers and players, who gave a demonstration of superficiality and sensuality, put Paris behind us.

We were at Rotterdam on the evening of May 18 in the home of an old Theosophical friend, a real Dutch interior, such as we had seen in paintings by the masters. Fatigue and weather laid Gretta low for some days. Fortunately she had the atmosphere of craft-beauty, and good doctoring, to pull her back to her natural energy. Meanwhile I excursed in various directions—to the Hague and the Peace Palace, to Amsterdam and its attack of architectural modernism side by side with the sedate and somewhat heavily beautiful past; to Amersfoort and an International School of Philosophy that listened to a talk on "The Philosophy of Beauty" mainly according to India, and at night saw slides of Indian architecture, sculpture and painting illustrating the afternoon's metaphysics; to Ommen and Eerde Estate, that was being prepared as a "Star Camp," the second of Krishnamurti's gatherings of people anxious to catch an illuminating word from "the World Teacher." Contact with local art was limited to a gallery, where I saw a Van Gogh collection, and thought over the thickness or thinness of the line between genius and madness.

I circled back to Rotterdam and our picturesque lodging on a dijk, picked up my recovering companion and transplanted her to Brussels (May 23).

Here our supreme happiness was the instantaneous affiliation of our thought and imagination with two of the world's master artists, one in the flesh, one in the spirit: Jean Delville the Belgian painter, and Alexandre Scriabine the Russian musician. As the end of my lecture on "Eastern thought on Western Problems" I found an intelligent listener in a man of distinguished bearing, bearded, about 60, simple in dress, but with the touch that revealed the artist. He immediately showed an understanding that was more than intellectual of my exposition, and specially responded to my inclusion of artistic creation among the essentials of real living. He said he, Jean Delville, was a painter. He had been the first General Secretary of the Belgian Section of The Theosophical Society when it was formed in 1911.

He was also, at the moment of our meeting, the representative of the Order of the Star in the East. To see something of his art (of which I was completely ignorant) and simultaneously to exchange ideas, he suggested showing us over his mural paintings in the Palais de Justice next morning. These, we learned from friends, were masterpieces, finished in 1914 just before the Germans invaded Brussels, and saved from ruin because, not being in metal, they served no war-purpose, and remained undisturbed until after the war. Fortunately next morning was Sunday, and we were free to go where we pleased in the Palais de Justice under the guidance of the artist, whose eminence we had begun to realise. The murals were in the Criminal Court, and to see them intimately we climbed into all sorts of unofficial, occasionally dizzying, positions around the balcony. The murals were, like all great murals, significant, not simple decorative. They depicted the development of criminal law from its savage original, through the ruthless stage of "an eye for an eye," up to the Christ-ideal of compassion, and thence to a psychological conception in which the details of an offence were of less importance than the cause of it. In this mural (to indicate only one) a criminal crouched at the feet of a lawyer. The lawyer had closed his book of jurisprudence, and was looking intently into the eyes of the criminal. The dead letter of the law had been set aside; the mystery of human evil had struck him with revelation. We were stirred at being given so intimate a touch of greatness in skill expressing vision of the highest order. A master-artist had taken over the prophetic office.

But, exalted as we were in our forenoon of May 24 (1925) we had another plane of ecstasy to reach in the evening when Delville invited us to dine at his home, and continue our talks on the relationship of the exoteric and esoteric and the prophetic, in art. A pianoforte, upright, past its prime, shared the small sitting-room with us. Naturally Gretta asked who was the musician. There was none. But there had been one whose touch immortalised the instrument, Scriabine, when he was composing his "Poem of Fire" and used to dash in to play over a theme that had come to him, or a revision of a former theme.

We begged of Delville to tell us the whole story, even if it took half the night. It ran as follows. In 1905 Delville and Scriabine (38 and 34) met at various art-functions in Belgium. Both had reached considerable eminence in their arts. Delville had won prizes, including the Prix de Rome, and exhibited many paintings. Scriabine had composed from his fourteenth year, and had become famous for sonatas and symphonies somewhat after the manner of Chopin. Delville was earnest but balanced; Scriabine was equally earnest but temperamentally uncertain. Scriabine asked what it was Delville had that he hadn't. He wasn't sure of himself; he didn't see where his work was moving, while Delville had some centre of intellectual and emotional calm. Could he explain it? In explanation Delville produced his two volumes of "The Secret Doctrine" by Madame Blavatsky, and suggested that if Scriabine studied them and set them to music he might find what he wanted. The composer took the volumes to his rooms, and went aflame with their amazing knowledge and outlook. The result was the completion in eight years of his "Poem of Fire," that expressed a revolution from his early lyricism to a kind of hypnotic suggestion through sound of a vast interwoven life, warmed and lighted by what the Hindus had called Agni, the personification of the universal element of fire. As a complement to this, Delville engaged to paint "The Secret Doctrine" in the form of Prometheus descending from heaven bearing an iridescent globe. It took him four years to do this; at the back of his house, in a studio raised like a tower, to accommodate the immense painting. It took us a long time to get to sleep in the tidy room of our kind host and hostess across the City; either we had been lifted to a height from which a fall might have unpleasant consequences, or the immortals had, like Prometheus, brought fire to us and might leave the fire for us to mishandle while they reascended to their native heaven. Years afterwards we read in John Foulds' book, "Music Today," his opinion that Palestrina was the greatest composer of all time and that Scriabine was the greatest since Palestrina.

We arrived at Victoria Station, London, at 11.30 on a pestilential night (May 27). Nice friends met us and took us by car

to our home, somewhere along the north side of the Thames. In a large drawing-room, on our way to our room to prepare for dinner (midnight), I asked where we were. "Kelmscott." "Someone had tastes in affinity with ours, to call their home after William Morris' famous 'Kelmscott' and Hammersmith." "This is 'Kelmscott' and Hammersmith." "Then this is the room where the Fabians talked and talked—Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Annie Besant, W. B. Yeats, the Webbs, and others." "This is the very room, and your bedroom had been adapted in William Morris' workshop." We dined simultaneously with discussing post-Fabian development and the resuscitation of Blatchford's "Clarion:" and retired in a sleepless state of excitement at two in the morning where Morris had worked, and in our stirred-up imaginations seemed still to be doing so.

Then began a hectic ten days of renewing old friendships and realising to what an extent and in what a variety of ways we had grown in the ten years of our life in India: Theosophy, food reform, art, religion, philosophy, Yoga, poetry, social reform. Our holiday was innocent of propaganda, save to the extent of telling others why we thought as we thought and did as we did, if we were asked to do so; and the indulgence of a habit of expressing our happy reactions to the art, culture, and aspects of the life of India. Hence lectures, at homes, garden parties, press interviews, lunches, concerts, poetry recitals.

Out of these certain artistic happenings emerged. Through the kind offices of Henry Eichheim, then in London, we had seats at a chamber music reception by the American millionairess, Mrs. Elizabeth Coolidge, who spent her spare cash in bringing out musicians who had not yet received the recognition she felt they deserved. She was a scholar in orchestral music, and, though as deaf as Beethoven, a fine executant in the piano part. For this occasion she had invited Maurice Ravel, for whose piano music Gretta had a recherche admiration, Pizzetti, an Italian composer till then unknown to us, and Eichheim. A picked audience of music-lovers thoroughly enjoyed an evening of refined music.

A diversion for a day to Cambridge took us to King's Chapel while a musical service was proceeding. I recalled Wordsworth's

sonnet, especially its couplet enjoining generous giving in devotion and art. We were chivvied around by an Indian (D. Rajagopalacharya, later companion to J. Krishnamurti,) Hugh Noall, a promising English tenor who fulfilled his promise later in the United States, and Etheljohn Lindgren, American step-daughter to Henry Eichheim, who was doing things in Newnham College that pointed towards future researches in northern Asia, for which she appeared specially fitted by a largeness and constitution inherited from a Scandinavian father.

Drama was represented by Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," regarding which and its prototype the only apparent resemblance was in the first three letters of the surnames of the authors. Shakespeare moved on like a placid river with an occasional swirl that one enjoyed; Shaw swirled on and on, and kept us in mind of the fact that he could write better than Shakespeare.

On another side of our varied interests we came in for unexpected eminence at the Whitsun Convention of The Theosophical Society in Britain. We attended as plain members, and found ourselves hoisted to the presidential chair because Dr. G. S. Arundale, who was to have presided, could not arrive in time. The main meetings were held in the large hall of the Central Station Hotel. This may suggest whistles, and coal-smoke and hissing steam, and human noises; but none of these reached us. The meetings were full of the friendliness of the First Object of the Society ("without distinction" of any kind), also of the idealism that wishes to implement itself in various helpful activities. One event remains gratefully in memory. A morning was given to departmental gatherings; but a number of delegates were outside such groups, and we were asked if we would renounce our own group and entertain them with music and poetry and such talk as we felt moved to indulge in. We couldn't refuse so lovely a service. We left the programme to develop itself. There was a tempting piano on the platform, and I had an idea forming in my head. Gretta played some of her best classical pieces (Schumann, Chopin, Scriabine) from memory. For my offering I said, from memory, Tagore's translated prose-poem beginning, "What divine

drink wouldst thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup of my life?" Then, in traditional Indian style, I made a commentary on what I conceived to be the poet's expression of the source and operation of poetry at the highest. The overflow that Tagore referred to was not the reaction under pressure that sends the jet of a fountain towards the sky. This may symbolise lyrical aspiration, and the prayerful hands of religious hymnology. But the overflow that Tagore had in mind is that of a stream falling from dimly felt heights out of the condensations of the imagination's firmament. The interplay of my thought and the poet's expression appeared to lift all present.

As we were retiring, a tall, thin, straight man on the minus side of middle age said he wanted to go to Adyar and join the Brahmavidya Ashrama. His name was Lieutenant Colonel Call. He had joined Kitchener's army in the war. To complete his episode—he came to Adyar for the opening of the fourth session (October 1925), and volunteered to say the Buddhist prayer at the opening of each day's work. On a call at my study he looked around my bookshelves. "You seem to be keen on Shelley; you have quite a number of books on him. I notice you often quote him in your lectures. But there is one book I don't see—'Last Days with Shelley'." "Oh, I can get a copy of Trelawny's book any day for sixpence." "But you can't get a first edition. I'll send you mine when I go home." "How?" "You remember Trelawny had a daughter." "Yes, and she declined to marry while her old father lived. But she married after his death." "And I'm her son." I touched his hand, which had touched his mother's hand, which had touched his father's hand, which had touched Shelley's hand.

Among the personalities with whom we came in contact in London in our numerous lectures and attendances at meetings of various artistic and feminist groups, a handful stand out in memory. We had lunch in the House of Commons with Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, renewing a deep friendship from the Women's Suffrage days. He was now on the up-grade in the Labour Party, immersed in enquiries and statistics, and interested particularly in India, whose traditional philosophy in



the "Bhagavad Gita" had been integral in his thought. We found ourselves in a focus of attention, as he had attained political fame a couple of years previously by beating no less a lion than Winston Churchill in a general election by a majority of 4,000. In the press in India, references to him were generally of dry activities. But there was an acuteness in his eye, and fun in his thin-lipped but broad mouth, that spoke of a character in which the stiffness of persistence and the mobility of humour played about equal parts. Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence had retained her capacity to condense a charming nature and personality into a smile, and to illuminate a political or social problem by a personal or quoted reference to the fundamental principles of life; for, like her husband, she was deeply interested in oriental thought, and in its interpretations and applications.

Lord and Lady Astor gave an At Home at which Philip and Mrs. Snowden were the chief guests. In a crowd of distinctive men and women, sitting and standing, absorbing all sorts of tantalizing and unnecessary refreshments, Lord Astor stood out with a natural bonhomie radiating from breeding and ancestry. Lady Astor was everywhere dispensing bright-eyed hospitality, flavoured by verbal cleverality that came from a clean-shaven mind. The two chief guests presented a remarkable contrast. Philip Snowden looked small, asymmetrical and delicate. In such an assembly one could not cast a deep log into the waters of individuality; but his reserve, his keen eye, his air of intellectuality, showed that he was somebody. He had, in fact, passed his peak as Chancellor of the Exchequer. As he stood beside his seated wife, one felt it should have been the other way round. She was full-sized, vital, not phlegmatic but unfussable, observant; and the occasional wafts of a low bell-like voice through the hubbub of conversation confirmed, as far as the oral side of expression was concerned, her reputation as a platform speaker.

A short break in Wales and a five-day tour in old haunts in north-west England, with Liverpool and Manchester as their extremes gave us two subjects to talk over. At Liverpool I went to see a group of Irish players who were an item in a music-hall

bill. The star of the caste had found fame in Synge's "Playboy of the Western World." He had achieved stage deftness; but it wasn't in him to rise above back-street character or expression. After a heart-breaking half-hour of vulgarity, I came out and shed tears over the grave of the dramatic idealism in the beginning of which I had had a share. On a call at Southport I saw an aeroplane circle and land on the seashore. I sensed a possible joy-ride to compensate for a cancelled flight from Belgium to England, and we ran for it. The pilot took a pound for ten minutes in the air. But before we got into the tandem seat he asked for five minutes to do a little repair to the engine. He produced a piece of wire such as in our early days was used for fastening corks on lemonade bottles. "I think that will do," he said. Encouraging for one's first flight! We thought we were going to rise into the blue; instead, the blue stayed where it was, and city and seashore fell slowly below us, and moved first to left, then to right, then right about, and after another turnabout was just where it was when we began.

Our first return to Dublin (July 3) after ten years of revolution, civil war, truncated freedom, and party animosity within the once united patriotic group, had its social side in warmly renewed friendships topped by greying and whitening hair. This took us to receptions, family parties, exhibitions of new and old painters, excursions, drama recitals, the Abbey Theatre. Our first touch with the new political circumstances was a Celtic concert in one of the large theatres. Twentyfive years ago, under the cloud, perhaps the stimulus, of foreign government, Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Twisting of the Rope" had untwisted the rope of cultural domination and set the imagination of Celtic Ireland free to express itself in its own tongue. And there was Dr. Hyde in a royal box, At the interval we pushed our way round to the box, and to our deep delight were recognised and welcomed by him. Our next gather-up of the threads of history was an assembly of the *Dail Eirean* (Parliament of Ireland) in the revised concert hall of the Royal Dublin Society, where we had enjoyed recitals by master-musicians. We were sponsored by William Sears, now a member of Parliament, but no longer

red-bearded. He put us in seats in the visitors' gallery, and after some account of history took his own place. Here Gretta had her thrill by hearing for the first time a speech by a woman member, and this in the Parliament of relatively free Ireland : two freedoms for which we had both worked, and for one of which she had borne all the obloquy and suffering that unregenerate man knew how to dispense. The woman speaker (after President Cosgrave and Dr. Hyde) was Mrs. Alice Stopford Green, widow of the famous historian, H. S. Green, and herself a specialist in the history of Ireland. It took us some time to get our eyes dry enough to seek out friends in the lobby.

Next afternoon (July 8) I managed to get an invitation to an at home by President Cosgrave at his official residence outside the city. Its formality was as dull as such occasions can be, with the slight relief of superficial conversational glitter. Compared with the colour and variety of dress at any gathering in India, it was dead in its dullness and uniformity. The only funny item was Yeats in a frock coat and tall hat. The others one accepted : but W. B., against the background of memory (velvet jacket, long lock of hair, glasses on a long tape), looked as if he had been dressed-up for the occasion.

We spent an evening at Yeats'. So did AE, Gogarty, Lennox Robinson, Dermot Coffey. I was surprised at the poverty of the conversation, with such eminent talkers present. But I felt that each cock would only crow his best on his own dunghill ; and I looked forward to an evening at AE's, remembering past outpourings from the mystical and intellectual giant between 8 p.m. and 4 a.m. Times, alas ! had changed. Instead of the gang, overflowing from chairs on to tables and the floor, the only person present was Padraic Colum when I arrived, and no more turned up. People had moved away, interests had gone into other things than ideas, AE had been heroically critical in a time of tragedy and tension, and such a time does not make for stability of appreciation. We did not keep the immortal poet long from his reading, and walked towards the parting of our ways pondering local and personal history.

Lunch at a house outside Dublin brought us the quality of noble womanhood. Mrs. Despard and Maud Gonne, with her still lovely niece Isolda, were living in a place they had made into a refuge for sufferers from the bad times. Mrs. Despard had no room for any more lines on her wise and whimsical face than she had eleven years previously when I presided over her in Liverpool. Madame Gonne had moved from the queenliness of years before in France to stately age. Both were full of anecdotes and prophecy.

I called on Mr. De Valera at the office of the Republican party which was developing towards the future. He was quietly confident that he would come into power—and he did so for 20 years, until he was defeated through the energetic entrance into general electioneering in 1948 of the little boy of 1912 in France, the son of Maud Gonne and Major Mac Bride.

We ended Dublin with a suffrage party from 8 p.m. to 12.30, and next day (July 22) we were at Boyle, with Gretta's parents, and privately celebrated my birthday unknown to the others. Nature was at its summer best, and walks, "we two together" and in groups, also boat-tea parties down the lake, in the official two dry days to three wet, were daily delights, with old abbeys turning up at intervals on excursions to prevent our forgetting that there was such a thing as a historical past. One such excursion was to Rosses Point on the coast of Sligo. All the paraphernalia of poetry was at its best, as in the sensitive days of Yeats—the rolling Greenlands, with yellow granny's pockets in fragrant hollows; the long ridge of Ben Bulbin against the blue and white sky, making a terrestrial pathway for the celestials and an entrance to immortality for such mortals as had earned the knowledge of the way thereto; the Flash Pool that glistened with verse in the "Celtic note" and with Wordsworth's other light. I found a deep hollow where I was unseen by the others, and their happy but distracting talk was inaudible to me, and got down ideas for a lyric expressing my joy at being in a free Ireland and my hope that it would attain unity of purpose and work. I sent the twelve-line poem to AE for his

agricultural and cooperative weekly. He published it, and much to my surprise sent me a guinea. But the peak of pleasure, just under the high satisfaction of having written the verses at all, came from a copy of a London weekly, "The Sketch," then edited by Clement Shorter. My poem to Ireland was admirably reprinted, and with it an editorial note to the effect that, while the magazine had ceased publishing poetry, it couldn't resist the temptation to copy the following from AE's paper for some complimentary reason that I have forgotten.

Our Irish call, indeed our European tour, ended in a dramatic anti-climax. We made a party to see Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" in the Abbey Theatre. It had all the valued elements of stage-craft; construction (that blessed word of our theatrical youth), stark realism, tenseness, character (at the lowest level), smartness of phrase (that meretricious passport to cleverality), local colour (exaggerated and applied with a broom). One could not judge the real effect of the horrid story on the audience, for the ill-manners of the cheaper parts made judgement impossible. I was told that the post-freedom crowd had brought the theatre back to the early days of the dramatic revival, when the back streets had to be educated to look on a play as a serious work of art.

We embarked at Birkenhead for Colombo on Aug. 19. On our entrance to the Mediterranean I was haunted with day and night dreams of making plans for a new and unusual university, and tearing them up. The obsession left me when we called at Naples. When we were a few days at Adyar, news came that at the same time as I was enjoying academical construction and destruction, the founding of a World University had been announced at the Star Camp at Ommen, in Holland, and my name had been mentioned as having laid the foundation of it in the Brahmavidya Ashrama which I had shared in founding in 1922, and of which I was Director of studies on leave.

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## A CROWDED INTERVAL

(M. E. C.) The three years between our return from Europe in August 1925 and our starting out in April 1928 on what lengthened into a world tour, mainly with the intention of spreading knowledge of Indian culture and life as we had found them, were crowded with activities that worked out the details of movements already set in motion.

The work in the Baby Welcomes went on. Figures of customers for a morning bath, medication and a sweet, fluctuated for a number of indigenous reasons. When they fell towards zero I made sorties into side streets, with an interpreter, and usually returned like a clucking hen with a brood of chickens around her. Homes of Service were started in a number of places. These brought new friendships with Indian women whose gentleness and helpfulness I have never ceased to admire. They also added to housing, staffing, time-tabling, and spending. Of course all was not plain sailing. In order to reduce temptation I had to learn everything from pillow lace to rattan weaving, so that I would have first-hand knowledge of the relationships in quantity between raw materials and finished articles. The caste system occasionally reared its head. A well-to-do lady, clever, well-educated, free, good-looking, the wife of an eminent lawyer heading for the bench, driver of her own big car, offered her services at one of the Homes in any capacity. But she was said to be of dancing-girl lineage; and the caste ladies declined to associate with her. This gave Jim and me a day of anxious thought. We felt that the question of caste separations was fundamentally wrong; while the work of the homes, though obviously a fine means of liberation of capacities and feelings in the children and a training in social mixing for the attending ladies, was ameliorative rather than basic, and ought to be a responsibility of Government instead of a private activity. I therefore decided to offer the alternative of either welcoming the non-caste lady or of losing my services in the

Home, perhaps having it closed altogether. Fortunately they welcomed the lady, with entirely happy results.

Mixed with duties arising out of my sense of responsibility to humanity, including those of a magistrate, I enjoyed the spiritual refreshment of music. Two items will indicate the cultural conditions of South India at the time. The interest taken in good western music by the Maharaja of Mysore led to a celebration of the bi-centenary of Beethoven in Bangalore, the commercial capital of Mysore State. Remembrance of the Schumann concerto a year previously led to an invitation to contribute a Beethoven item, and I played in the C minor concerto on one of the evenings. It appeared to give pleasure, and His Highness wrote me a nice letter of appreciation and thanks.

The other big musical event was a full length recital of the Schumann concerto in the Museum Theatre, Madras, with the combined bands of the Madras Musical Association and Government House. The mastering of the second and third parts gave me ample satisfaction in surmounting difficulties. Certain phrases bothered my memory. I knew them perfectly, but they seemed to jeer at me when I came to them. Even at the performance I felt uncertain, and had the score on the piano ticketed for immediate reference. But the first movement went so-freely that I put the book aside and declined to be intimidated or diverted—and all went well.

I had full scope for my feminist energies in the General Election of 1926. Kamaladevi, that pearl of Indian womanhood, decided to contest the seat in her home District, Mangalore, on the West Coast, for the Madras Legislature, to which for the first time women were to be admitted. I spent five days canvassing for her, generally continuously from 9 to 3, in all sorts of vehicles, from Malabar jutkas upwards. There was an obvious weightage of custom and influence against her, as her opponent had held the seat, and was locally powerful. But there was nothing personal in Kamaladevi's candidature. She wished to establish a custom of women coming into political life, and to demonstrate the growing political consciousness among women in general. She was, as expected, defeated, but the custom of

women candidates was established, and went on to the appointment of women Ministers and Ambassadors.

In the work for the emancipation of women, the climax in these years was the creation of the All-India Women's Conference. From what simple and unconscious circumstances great things may grow! An elderly Englishman, passing through Calcutta, remembered that his daughter had been Principal of the Bethune College for women, and thought he would visit it, and take news of it back to her, then Mrs. A. L. Huidekoper, in Karachi. He happened on the prize-giving function, and at it the English Director of Public Instruction in Bengal called on Indian women to "tell us with one voice what they want, and keep on telling us till they get it." Mrs. Huidekoper took up the challenge and wrote on it to "Stri Dharma," the organ of the Women's Indian Association. The organising and carrying out of the answer of the women of India fell to my lot. In the autumn of 1926 I sent out an appeal to women to form local Committees and organise Constituent Conferences in the Provinces and the States. These constituent Conferences were to draw up a series of resolutions on education from the point of view of women in two main categories, local and all-Indian. It was an inspiring, if somewhat exacting, experience, to collate and condense the remarkable number of expressions right out of the hearts and minds of the women of India, and, with the help of such wise stalwarts in the cause of women's advancement as Mrs. Dorothy Jinarajadasa and Dr. (Mrs.) S. Muthulakshmi Reddi, to put them in order for discussion at the session of the All-India Women's Conference.

The approach of the session brought up the matter of a President. We were a democratic body, but we meant to represent all the people, from highest to lowest, and to lift the lowest towards the highest. We needed a leader of social eminence, experience, warm interest in the women's cause, ability and personality. This pointed to Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda; and by the best of good luck she accepted our invitation, and cancelled a visit to Burma in order to do so. The place of the Conference seemed to arise out of my visits to the Indian



Women's University in Poona. Teachers and students were enthusiastic and we were offered every help in accommodation and hospitality. So Poona was fixed on.

All was ready, after considerable palpitation and activity, for the inauguration of what we felt to be a historic occasion. The Ferguson College had been generously placed at the disposal of the Conference. Its capacious galleried theatre made a dignified setting for the opening meeting. Twentytwo Constituent Conferences, with 5492 members, not to mention twice the number of sympathisers, sent up 58 elected delegates. This was an open session, and drew a packed audience of intelligent men and women to what the Rani of Sangli, in her address of welcome as Chairman of the Reception Committee, called "a unique occasion, as this is the first time when an attempt is being made by Indian women to formulate their views on a subject of grave national importance, namely, the education of the present and future generations of children in this country."

The President of the session rose to the occasion and lifted us all with her. She confessed to "many years of thinking over the problems of Indian womanhood," and accepted the invitation to preside "as a duty which any woman should be proud to have placed upon her." She let no politeness of place interfere with her straight attack on positive evils and the "abysmal darkness" from which Indian women, particularly those in purdah, had to be released. "Our honoured patriots have been straining every nerve for political emancipation. They have relegated social advancement to the background. They have to be painfully reminded of the doubt of the poet Shelley, 'Can man be free, and woman be a slave?' Without woman's elevation, the progress of man, politically, socially, and even economically, can only be lop-sided and insecure."

Her Highness shared the vision of present needs and future responsibility as shown in Resolutions passed by the first session of the All-India Women's Conference, on the subject of education to which it was restricted. (1) This Conference defines Education as training which will enable the child and the individual to develop his or her latent capacities to their fullest extent,

for the service of humanity. It must, therefore include elements for physical, mental, emotional, civic and spiritual development. The courses of study arranged for this purposes must be so flexible as to allow of adaptation to the needs of the individual, the locality and the community. (2) Moral training, based on spiritual ideals should be made compulsory for all schools and colleges. Resolutions 3 and 4 recommended compulsory physical training, and compulsory medical inspection. Resolution 5 recommended, that ideals of motherhood and beautiful homes should be kept uppermost in all education of girls. (6) This Conference deeply deplores the effect of early marriage on education, and urges the Government of India to pass legislation making marriage under sixteen a penal offence. It demands that the age of consent be raised to 16. Resolutions 7 and 8 asked for proper facilities for girls in purdah educational institutions, and for some better way than examinations for testing knowledge. The resolutions on Primary Education recommended (1) that it be made compulsory for all boys and girls ; (2) that preparatory vocational and manual training should be included in the curriculum suited to the child's needs and daily experience ; (3) that the salaries of teachers be raised ; (4) that special schools for defectives be established. Resolutions on Secondary Education recommended that the vernacular should be the medium of instruction ; English being a compulsory second subject, with Hindi or Urdu in a group of classical languages of which one should be compulsory. The fine Arts took their place in alternatives for girls not going on to College, and sex hygiene in schools and colleges. In College education, Resolution I, II, recommended the addition of Fine Arts, Domestic Science, Journalism, Social Scheme and Architecture to the optional subjects ; and special encouragement was added by scholarships to women students in Law, Medicine, Social Science and Fine Arts. Adult education was also recommended.

I headed for Adyar by way of Bombay, Nagpur and Delhi, trailing clouds of Conference glory with me, and finding much satisfaction, that what had been intended to be a single declaration of Indian women on education was to be an annual

constructive criticism of all things that concerned them. Delhi was then politically excited over the Bill for raising the age of consent which was sponsored by Sir Hari Sing Gour. I visited the Legislative Assembly with others, in the wake of Sarojini Naidu. She was then developing a complex against our threatened emphasis on women's affairs, and labelled herself a humanist rather than a feminist. I was myself as human as Sarojini ; but I saw the immense amount of work for women that men could not do, and I looked forward to the next session of the All-India Women's Conference.

We spent a second summer holiday in Kalimpong (1926). We extended our explorations towards Tibet by a dozen or so miles to Rishisum, the first stage on the road from Kalimpong to Shigatze, the seat of the Tashi Lama, the spiritual head of Tibet, then a fugitive in a Chinese monastery. The road from a short distance beyond the town was little wider than a bridle path, much of the way being between a cliff on one hand and a precipice on the other. When lines of mules, loaded with yak wool from Tibet, came snapping and jostling along towards us, we had to hug the cliff and breathe deep while our syces (drivers) held our ponies until the deluge passed. We were tired and hungry when we got to Rishisum travellers' Bungalow at 6100 feet ; also we were just in time to miss a more than usually rowdy and long thunderstorm and deluge. There was nothing to do but eat and rest and chat, and retire at 8. I do not know whether it was light or some emanation from the vast ranges of snow-covered mountains that awoke me ; but at 4 a.m. I aroused Jim to see what the storm had hidden from us the previous afternoon. In the intense cold we flung on our dressing gowns and anything extra at hand, and sat on the verandah for four hours fascinated by the ranges and ranges of untrodden snow-clad mountains that because of their distance appeared to be below us yet were four times as high. Our eyes roved from peak to peak and contour to contour, watching the growing sunlight turning grey shades to ivory, and dissipating the white fleeces of cloud that still remained here and there in hollows between whiter hills.

Our hill holidays seemed to put us in contact with *different* types of personality, for the enrichment of our

own. This time Tibetan lamas (monks) were considerably in evidence. On one of my private perambulations in the streets of Kalimpong I walked into a group of six, in their long dingy fawn robes, cocked hats and long-legged boots with coloured tops. As they did not seem disconcerted by my sudden appearance, I smiled. One of them greeted me in excellent English. This led to questions and answers; and before I was well aware I was heading a procession from Tibet to our temporary home to have a chat over refreshments. The leader had learned English in his boyhood, and had been sent abroad on some commission that had given him ease of movement and expression among westerners. He was obviously happy to have someone that he could converse with, and particularly so when Jim drew the talk round to the teachings of the Buddha, with which he was familiar.

Another time I got mixed up with a crowd, on a market day, that was listening to a lama explaining a Tibetan banner that he had hung on a wall. Although I knew no word of what he was saying, I got immersed in the spirit of the occasion, in his apparently clear exposition and the quick response of his standing audience. A thought struck me. Jim and I had discussed what we might send to the little American poetess, Nathalia Crane, whose verses at 9 and 10 showed a spiritual vision akin to that of India. We felt she would like something from the Himalayas; but crudely jewelled rings or necklets did not appear appropriate. And here was a rollable picture (*tanka*) that had all the distinctiveness of the orient—birds in trees right and left in some colloquy; a saint probably from southward in India; a snow peak as a background, with a deific figure against it, more than likely a Bodhisattva (pre-Buddha) who lived in the hill. Here, obviously, was the exactly right gift for Nathalia. It is one of the unexplained miracles of communication how a Tibetan lama and an Irishwoman who knew no word of each other's language knew what was in our minds, and were quite clear on it when I held his *tanka* in my hand, and he held a five rupee note (all I had with me) in his. I got home as quickly as I could so that it could be hung in some place where the smell of it could be aired. Jim was delighted. He felt that a sonnet should accompany it. But

a sonnet could not tell how it came to pass : neither could two. Then his poet-karma took a hand. A local friend, Phunzhog, recognised the story of the *tanka*, and brought it in a palm-leaf manuscript from the *gumpa* (pagoda) of which he was a trustee. For days he dictated an English translation which Jim recorded. A fascinating Himalayan story was put right into his hands. In a fortnight of unbroken inspiration and work, Jim produced a long poem of four-foot couplets. He sent the original and his poem to Nathalia.

Our most extensive contact with Tibetan Buddhism was on Wesak Day, May 27, the anniversary of the birth, enlightenment and nibbana (death) of Gautama Buddha. The lamas had been meditating all night, and at intervals performing the 108 continuous prostrations prescribed for such occasions. We paid a morning visit with Phunzhog, threading our way through hundreds of devotees who had come in families, with the materials of picknicking, to spend the day on the grounds of the sacred place. We were admitted to the shrine and given seats on the floor from which we could see the prostrations to the best advantage. Tea, long drawn, well-shaken, and containing other things than tea and milk, was given to us from great metal jugs in metal tumblers. I got mine down, even with the sugar, but Jim only survived the first sip, and disposed of the rest in some unseen way.

In a second hill-holiday within the period under record, the culminating peak arose out of my luck and my collaborator has therefore handed over Kashmir, May and June 1927, to me. Jim set up an exhibition of Indian art in Jammu College, and lectured to a multitude of students and elders squatted on a big piece of sparsely grassed ground. I had a large women's meeting. We were held up in the heat of Jammu by a snow-storm that had blocked the road at some gap many miles on the way to Srinagar. But we got off on May 2 as a tunnel had been made through the snow. We stayed overnight at a traveller's bungalow somewhere in the neighbourhood of Banihal Gap, at 10,000 feet up, 125 miles from Jammu. Going was slow as long detours had to be taken, right and left, to reach a point that one could have

climbed to in much less time. Here and there one shut one's eyes to miss the sights of drops of a thousand feet or more in a straight line. At the gap our "lorry" stopped to let us enjoy the walk through the pure white snow-tunnel. Rain and cold wind on the way down to Srinagar chilled me to the bone, and laid me low for two days in the comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Wattall, he the confidential officer of the Maharaja, she a sister of my dear friend and stalwart worker for women, Rameswari Nehru. Their garden, on part of which our ground-room looked out, was a dream of floral colour overhung by acacia trees whose flowers were in full snow-white bloom.

A long afternoon in a palatial houseboat with Mr. M. A. Jinnah and Mrs. Jinnah, and their little daughter, filled me with a desire to experience life afloat. This was about the only positive outcome of the occasion. There was no coruscation in him, no give-out, no humour: she was society all over.

We found a large enough house-boat, and after 16 days of comfortable and hospitable sojourn with the Wattall's we began our water phase in a tree-shaded inlet off the *dal* (lake). From the roof of the boat we could see across the lake to a hill-temple. We were awakened in early morning semi-darkness by the mezzo whistling of golden orioles. Hence poetry from partner. Cooking was done in a small boat, moored some distance away to reduce odours and domestic noises. We began the pre-prandial practice of reading poetry, squatted on the flat roof, for half an hour in the multi-coloured sunset. We began with Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." Jim said: "I wonder if there are any other lovers of Shelley on this lake?" We decided negatively, as occasional excursions in our *shikara* (row-boat) were accompanied by sounds of ukuleles, saxophones, concertinas, and snatches of music-hall songs, which do not usually go with high poetry. But our calculation was not quite correct; whereon hangs a digression.

There was a club in Srinagar with a piano, and my reputation as pianist had reached it. Out of this came plans for a recital on behalf of the newly formed Women's Trust. I had been instrumental in bringing together a number of small societies

for helping women and children which were not helping themselves by their separate activities. Money was needed, and I had appealed to the Maharaja for a donation to so important a cause. As there were a number of westerners in the vicinity, a recital might add substantially to finance. I began practising on the Club piano, which was in goodish condition. A lady who heard me, suggested that I could save myself some time and energy by practising on her piano, which was a good one, in the next boat to ours, though hidden, like our own, by thick trees on both sides of our harbours. To inaugurate our musical friendship she invited us to dinner with her husband, a retired military officer who had cultural tastes. Poetry came on top in chat. He knew of Jim's books, and had pleasure in finding an intelligent reader for his own verse. But his chief literary joy was—Shelley! Jim's question was answered. The piano recital was voted a success unusual in Srinagar both artistically and financially. I may add that just as we were about to leave for home, disappointed at having no response to my appeal to the Maharaja, there came an urgent message that His Highness had given a first donation of 10,000 rupees, which sent me off in good spirits.

Then came my peak experience. At a garden party in the Residency I was enveloped by a fussy, almost elderly, lady who announced that she had been waiting in Srinagar for years to find a companion to go on the trek to Amarnath with her, and that I seemed to be the right person. I had no idea of her knowledge of me, or what the qualifications for such an adventure were. But I was attracted by the idea of an excursion to a place that Mrs. Besant had gone to years before, though I was completely ignorant of the distance, height, conditions, and other mere material details. Besides, it was to cost me nothing, as my expenses were to be counted as equivalent to my companionship—and it wasn't everybody that a free joy-ride up the Himalayas came to without the asking.

We were off in tongas on the first stage on the morning of June 8, and halted overnight at Gandarbal. Next morning we took to ponies for the rest of the trek, save the ultimate climb on the eighth day. As we were on the ascent we had to don

heavy clothes, head-dress and boots. Our nightly halts, at Sonamarg, where we had to cross glaciers, Baltal, where rain threatened a change of time table, were in our tents. On the 14th we camped in a travellers' bungalow, from which we were to make our climb on foot to the cave. The air had become colder and colder, and the gorges and peaks more and more sublime and neighbourly. My companion was not interested in the scenery, and felt less enthusiasm near the goal than at the start. We were to be up and ready at 4 next morning, and a good night's sleep after a hearty dinner had me accoutred and thrilling with expectation at the appointed time in darkness that was modified by the reflected light of incalculable stars from the snows all around us. We had come a month before the pilgrimage time, and were not on the pilgrimage route. Thawing had not set in, and paths were frozen over. I called to my companion to make a start. Her reply was that she had changed her mind; it was too cold, too risky, and certain to be too tiring. So I started by myself with a guide who luckily spoke fair English, and half a dozen coolies with a long rope which was to help me over ice-faces and be useful in case I slipped.

On the steep glacier faces, coolies hacked level pieces on which they preceded me. Happily I had always had a good head for climbing and for standing on the edges of precipices. The rope was wound round my waist; one long end was held by the advance coolies, and the other by the following coolies. Step by slow step we got across the glaciers, and about noon we were in the cave to which thousands upon thousands of pious Hindus from all parts of India had made their way from time immemorial, with the exception of some who, through height or fatigue or accident or illness, had fallen by the way. For the strenuous exertion of seven hours or so in sunlight softened by mountain mists I was allowed fifteen minutes in the cave for meditation, while my attendants (all Mohammedans) remained respectfully outside. I had no idea that the beautiful pillar of ice was anything more wonderful than a simple natural phenomenon of a frozen fountain at 14,000 feet elevation that fluctuated with the seasons. But I had a deep respect and understanding of the



purpose of reverence and discipline that was behind the age-long institution of the pilgrimage. As I sat for a short rest on the edge of a circular bank of ice beside what was commonly called the Shiva lingam, I felt sure that it had no original sexual symbolism about it, but was a simple figurative assertion of the aspiring unity of life. And then, whether as a dramatisation of my thought or as a projection from the world of reality into my imagination in familiar terms, who shall say, I saw, though not with the outer eye, a colossal figure of the dancing Shiva (Nataraja as he is named, *nata*—dancer, *raja*—chief), with the same suggestion of perpetual rhythm in perpetual repose as the image-makers of South India had achieved. And I became aware of some communication, not to the outer ear, to the effect that the age of the ascetic Shiva had passed, and the age of the dancing Shiva had come.

The descent was even more strenuous than the ascent, more liable to slips on the glaciers and therefore calling for constant alertness. But we got safely back to our base at 7 p.m., all fagged and all bending with a hunger that snacks on the way did nothing to evade.

Next day, June 17, I was sore and stiff all over, but well, and supremely happy, and ready next morning for the return on ponies. I joyed in the lines of flowering almond trees and white roses beside which we ambled. On the 22nd, a fortnight as anticipated, I was back in the affection and appreciation of my beloved life-companion. He had ascended his own poetical "snows", and on the day when he calculated I would be at Amarnath cave, he had climbed to what we had come to call Shelley's sun-temple, with a number of friends.

We were then a week and a day from the end of our holiday, and put in much visiting on artistic and philanthropic missions. One of these stands out in retrospect. We had struck up an acquaintance with a secretary to the Maharaja, who was titular head of a practically defunct Department of Archaeology, Pandit Ramachandra Kak. He was familiar with Jim's interest in archaeological and artistic things, and he very kindly drove us out to what was taken to be the site of the ashrama of the Buddhist

"pope" in the first century, Nagarjuna. A circular foundation told of the former existence of a stupa (semi-spherical Buddhist building for enshrining holy relics). The faces of a large platform, on which probably an assembly hall had stood, carried a series of terra cotta panels, each one of which was a little masterpiece of figure-design. They were as far away from the Hindu convention and symbolical elaborateness as modern realism could wish. Yet they were numbered in a script, the Kharoshti, that had fallen out of use in the third century A. D., which placed the fresh and sharp tilings seventeen centuries back.

On July 1 we went by lorry along the Jhelum river to the half-way stop-over at Domel. We had with us a bright young man, V. Sundaram. As Shelley was much in the air, Jim poured out memorised sections with annotations from "Prometheus Unbound." By the side of the river in the spangled darkness I listened to the congenial teacher firing the imagination of a student until they had well and truly laid the foundations of "The Promethean League", whose motto was to be the three disciplines of one of the hymns:

And love, thought, and breath,

The powers that quell death,

Whenever we soar shall assemble beneath.

I had urged Jim to write a detailed interpretation of the great poem-drama, as his mind saw so much more in it than others did. For example, the "love, thought and breath" referred to above were the three Indian Yogas of *bhakti* (devotion), *gnan* (wisdom), *pranayama* (discipline through breathing). The result of my suggestion was his small but profound book, "The Work Promethean," which still holds the technique of human regeneration.

Next afternoon we fulfilled a desire to visit Taxila, with the remains of which we felt familiar through study. We put up at the travellers' bungalow, and from 5 to 8 p.m. wandered among well-preserved stupas and the remains of ancient monasteries. Next morning we felt fit for an examination of the various excavated sites under the guidance of Mr. Siddiqi, assistant on the excavations to Sir John Marshall. We started at 7, but by 10

the heat drove us to the railway station and soda-water. A thermometer showed that we had been walking and climbing through 113 F. with nothing but thin umbrellas between us and sun-stroke.

The year 1928 began with an intensive continual preparation for the second annual session of the All-India Women's Conference. It was felt to be a test of the enthusiasm of those who wished to turn the casual gathering of January 1927 into a permanent institution. In addition to directing its organisation I had to discover the ideal President. The Maharani of Baroda had been a pillar of strength and a fire of inspiration in the first Conference. Could I find another leader of equal eminence and equal brightness? There were no religions in the Conference. We had been led by a Hindu before: Why not a Mohammedan this time? So on my way to Delhi, where the session was to be, I made a stop-over for a day at Bhopal, hoping to get an interview with the venerable and brainy Ruler, Her Highness the Begum Saheba, and hoping also to induce her to be President of the Delhi session. We chatted happily for an hour and a half, and I left on my toes with her promise to do what was wanted.

The work of the Women's Conference began at Delhi on February 6. Sarojini Naidu came to the meeting of the Standing Committee; and I saw a future commoner for the presidential chair. She made a good start by presiding over the Delegates' Session on February 7, when we had a most impressive opening in a big cinema hall. This was followed by an enjoyable Municipal At Home, the beginning of a tradition of local official hospitality which gave the Conference a fine status in the public mind. Next day, at our two crowded open sessions, the choice of the Begum of Bhopal as President thoroughly justified itself. Her personality, so like that of Mrs. Besant (short, sturdy, white-haired, calm but energetic) her fine command of the English language, and her big ideas for womanhood in the future life of India gave the cause a great fillip. I was no toady, but I recall a touch of pride when at one of these open sessions I counted eight royal ladies on the platform. We were out to liberate and raise what Tagore called "the poorest, the lowliest and the lost,"

and I felt that a strong initial pull from above would help the process. It began in a solid manner at the morning gathering on the fourth day, when a call for a fund for the work brought an immediate response of 30,000 rupees amid great enthusiasm. A Standing Committee meeting under trees at the Qutab Minar was environed by history, art and nature. A number of us attended the final debate in the Legislative Assembly on the Age of Consent Bill, and had the experience of seeing a man-run parliament turn it down. Some of our members wanted to cry, others to break loose.

The final morning and evening sessions on February 9 were wonderful occasions of inspiration for work. Mrs. Besant was busy elsewhere in the afternoon; but I hurried around and escorted her to the closing meeting. She gave us one of her inspired extemporaneous speeches in her round voice and flawless language. It was a sight for the Goddesses, and any Gods who cared to look on, to see the two venerable old ladies, the Begum and Mrs. Besant, full of years and experience and fun, walking hand in hand down the passage to the exit, between hundreds of charming, intelligent, free-minded Indian girls and women who saluted them, some in the Hindu way of palm to palm, some in the Mohammedan way of palm to forehead. At tea I had a good talk with Her Excellency the Vicereine, Lady Irwin, and laid out the scope of work and the methods of the Conference. Anything that smelt of politics at that ancient time was suspect. I think she was relieved to find that it was non-political. It included women of every shade of religious belief and political opinion in a sisterhood of cultural and social service. It didn't, I may here say, always remain non-political and united. By and by it came out on the side of Indian freedom, but without alliance to any political party; and the development of Mr. Jinnah's campaign took away a number of Mohammedan members. A picturesque garden party and dinner at the Lady Hardinge Medical College put a happy finish to the second session.

I left Delhi for Adyar at night. Next afternoon (February 13) I was again in Baroda to report progress to our first President

the following day, after a good rest which had been considerably prescribed for me in the State Guest House. Lunch and talk was led up to by visits to a music school, and the big art gallery. The main event took two hours and a half. Such a time answering the questions of an acute and comprehensive mind, and getting my own bits in! When we had settled up the feminine universe, I was shown all over the Palace—and ended up in the Zoo. A dinner party was given at the Guest House, with an æsthetical dessert of beautiful North Indian singing. Next day I lunched with the Princess, a bright-minded good-looking person. After that an interview with the Maharaja—a strong man with twinkly eyes, and a broad mind furnished with world-knowledge. I had been briefed on certain points; and I fancy the legalistic strain in me by heredity, not to mention my almost five years' experience as a magistrate, enabled me to carry ideas over from the feminine to the masculine half of the royal two-in-one. A scurry through a library, elephant stables and crown jewels landed me in the palace tennis court to admire Her Highness playing a fine steady game.

My indefatigable fellow-worker, Dr. S. Muthulakshmi Reddi, and I reported the second session of the All-India Women's Conference to a large and intensely interested meeting mainly of women in the Gokhale Hall, Madras. A month later my pride in her was greatly increased by the skilful manner in which she pushed a resolution in favour of the Child Marriage Bill, then before the Central Government, through the Madras Legislative Council after a debate of three hours and a half. Her own work as a woman, a doctor and a publicist, and the matter which she victoriously espoused, made me feel that "The Day of the Woman" had dawned.

April 1928 was a month of anticipation of our second western tour. This, through circumstances that the other of the "two together" will explain, was to extend to North America. I had to settle such problems as the finding of weavers for the Home of Service. My five years as Honorary Bench Magistrate also expired. Various groups, realising that we would probably be away for some months, just had to indulge

in superfluous eating and drinking and speech-making, all of which I enjoyed hugely. On April 9 we celebrated our silver wedding, which was much helped by an enormous rich wedding cake brought to us by our always kind friend, S. V. Ramaswami Mudaliar, business man, art collector (he said through Jim's influence) and idealist. He had a short time previously brought a real temple dancing-girl and musicians to his home in order that we might see the art closely and leisurely. Another good friend, D. Appa Rao, Registrar of the High Court of Madras, gave us a dinner-party on the flat roof of his house, to which he invited a number of prominent Indian men and women. The day before our departure I was given the Founders' silver medal of The Theosophical Society as a tribute to service. As a farewell treat our Amma (Mother, Annie Besant) gave us tea.

(J. H. C.) December 1925 and January 1926 were made memorable by the coming out of Jiddu Krishnamurti as "The World Teacher." The Jubilee Convention of The Theosophical Society at Adyar had brought a large number of members from all parts of India and abroad. At a meeting of hundreds of delegates under the great Banyan tree, at the end of the Convention, Krishnaji, as he was familiarly called, made a short speech, and at the close changed to the first person and said, "I come to those who want sympathy, who want happiness, who are longing to be released, who are longing to find happiness in all things. I come to reform and not to tear down; not to destroy but to build." Gretta and I were seated together not far from the platform. Some sort of hush and reverence fell on the audience; and it broke up in a kind of awe. My own private attitude was that of suspended judgement. I went on with my various duties without excitement. I had seen the gradual intensification of expectation of the "coming" for some years; and I had a vague idea that he would not fit comfortably into a ready-made universe. He had already shown symptoms of inherent iconoclasm; and one who starts breaking images, may turn his hands on his own eidolon for a change. The reaction of Krishnaji's announcement on Gretta was different. Her psychic body and emotions were so stirred that she was prostrated for hours in our room in a state of

ecstasy and semi-trance. She was satisfied to accept the Teacher : I waited for the full disclosure of his teaching.

I was then half way through the six-year experiment of the *Brahmavidya Ashrama* (School of Universal Study), and was daily in a state of mental and æsthetical uplift, and deep intuitional *ananda* (bliss) which the synthetical method of study brought to the students of the ashrama, and particularly to myself as Director of Studies.

The work of the Ashrama had occasional offsets, of which I shall mention one. A group of Medical students called on me to say that they had heard of my early connection with medicine in Ireland. They also knew of my interest in Indian art. They would like me to lecture in the Medical College on some relationships between medicine and art. The synthetic element in the invitation captured me, and set me off on a study that ended in a lecture on "Art as Medicine." I indicated the prophylactic and therapeutic influences inherent in architecture, sculpture, painting and music, and illustrated my thesis by various types of statuettes and prints that represented agitating or soothing subjects.

At the close of the fifth session of the *Bramavidya Ashrama* at the end of March 1927 I made another long tour and went through the familiar round of lectures, parties, and sing-songs. At Lahore, housed by kind Indian friends, I visited institutions and personages over three days, and gave a number of lectures on artistic, educational and cultural subjects. Among the personages was Sarojini Naidu who was recovering from a fall of a motor car, with her in it, from a road into a canal. The vivid lady was invisible behind the lattice work of sticking plaster on her face and head ; but her high voice and distinctive pronunciation were uninjured. My attempt to condole with her was nipped in the bud. "I am the most fortunate person in the world," she said. "If the canal had been a foot deeper, I should have been drowned. It had been a foot shallower, I should have been smashed to pieces. It was just right for the accident that I was apparently fated to have and survive to tell all about it." And we diverged for an hour into give and take on Indian music, English poetry, painting,

philosophy—and never a thought, even as a jest, that twenty years later, she would become the first woman Governor of a Province in the history of India, Governess as she entitled herself.

July 8 at Mysore opened with guns, drums and bells announcing the Silver Jubilee of the reign of His Highness the Maharaja. A great multitude greeted the quiet, refined, saintly Ruler at the main celebration, in front of the Palace. I breakfasted with Mr. Mirza Ismail, the Dewan, seated beside Pandit Motilal Nehru, who had developed from a successful lawyer towards being a self-sacrificing patriot. At the table was the bright young son of Mahatma Gandhi, Mr. Devadas Gandhi. The occasion was one of many of a similar kind through which I came to realise the fine qualities of hospitality, organization, intellectual clarity, breadth of vision, and leadership, that were to carry Mr. Mirza Ismail to high positions in the official life of India.

On my way back from Mysore to Adyar I made a stop-over at Bangalore to give two lectures. I had the good luck to coincide with a visit by Mahatma Gandhi. At an afternoon reception at the State Guest House, while music alternated with conversation, Mahatmaji spun cotton yarn for the weaving of home-made cloth (Khadi), as his contribution to national wealth. At the end of one of the musical items he said, "You know, I don't think there is any music as sweet as the charka's" (spinning wheel).

Indian art drew me up the east coast to open an exhibition in Cocanada. A short man, well dressed in Indian style, with an embroidered cap that suggested some kind of eminence, almost upset my rhetorical balance by his keen and appreciative gaze. At the end he came to me not only to say thanks for the lecture, but to tell me something personal. "I have made it a habit to read two books each year; one is the 'Bhagavad Gita', the other is your drama, 'The King's Wife'". That was the best review of the play I ever had: it said everything by its juxtaposition. I learned that he was the head of a neighbouring estate, and a friend of Tagore.

November 6, 1927, was a red letter day at the Theosophical Headquarters. The famous scientist Sir J. C. Bose, had come to



lecture in Madras. A suggestion that he should have tea with the President at Adyar was extended, with her typical largeness of heart and vision, to a reception to which the residents on the compound and a number of congenial persons from outside were invited. As Director of Studies of the Brahmavidya Ashrama, in which I had given lectures on Sir Jagadish's history-making work on response in plants and minerals, Mrs. Besant made me her aide-de-camp for the occasion. Mrs. Besant made a superb speech of welcome. Some time during the function Sir Jagadish called me aside for a short chat. I reminded him of his demonstration to Mrs. Cousins and myself in his laboratory at Darjeeling, and his saying: "Today I have shown you plants feeling. Before I die I hope to show you plants thinking." "When are you going to do so?" "Now, now! You poets are always in a hurry. I, a scientist, have to proceed slowly by incontrovertible logic. But (in lowered voice), privately, I shall shortly do so." His next book cited cases of trees being shocked at their extremities, passing news of the event to a centre of consciousness, awaiting orders while the matter was considered, and acting on the orders.

Some weeks prior to December 10, 1927, I received a letter, under United States stamps, that looked like a western musical score. It announced that the writer and his wife, while visiting mutual friends (the Eichheims) at Santa Barbara (California) had come across some pamphlets about the Brahmavidya Ashrama at Adyar, and found in them indications of just what they were in search of. The writer said he was a musician, and that, as soon as his present engagement ended, they would come to Adyar to learn more about the Brahmavidya. The letter was signed—Leopold Stokowski. "I am a musician"—and all the world of western music looked on him as the second Toscanini! I showed the letter to Mrs. Besant. She cut across all suggestions of hotel accommodation in Madras, by saying they could stay at Leadbeater Chambers. "But they are not members," I remarked. "Perhaps, but he has done great work for international culture. They will be my personal guests". The famous conductor and his wife, Evangeline, arrived on December 10, she in short hair

and short skirt, he in short sleeves and short trousers, both tall, vivid, distinguished. They had, we gathered, scrambled on to a steamer at New York, he straight from the last recital of his engagement. At Cherbourg they scrambled ashore and into a taxi with orders to take them as near as possible to India as soon as possible. Somehow or other they crossed the Bosphorus, and hustled through Asia Minor. But they lost ten precious days out of their trip at Baghdad, where he went ill, and Evangeline turned nurse. But here they were at last, hungering to read everything they could in a week or so in the Adyar Library. At intervals we had chats and introduced them to the President and others. At the end of a meeting I posted him at a point which I knew Krishnamurti must pass on his way to his room. At the precise moment I said: "Krishnaji—Leopold Stokowski." "Come upstairs." And that opened a new phase in which Evangeline joined for meals and talks, and plans for the future. Stokowski gave a fine lecture to a full hall on the music of the future; and they shared in the studies of the Brahma vidya Ashrama, with special enthusiasm over an attempt to equate the vibrations of certain musical tones with certain spectral colours, an aspect of artistic collaboration which he was to develop later, with Walt Disney, in the colour-sound film, "Fantasia."

In and out through our external activities there came and went the radiance, sometimes the glow, of the life within and beyond this life, that makes this life intelligible, and tolerable in the midst of circumstances well nigh intolerable. Of much of this I cannot write, as it belongs to the disciplines of thought, feeling, utterance and action that age-long experience has laid down, partially in the West, fully in the East, as the sure and straight way to true personal and collective freedom. But there were occasional happenings that indicated a sensitiveness to what has come to be called paranormal influences. Two of these, that occurred just before our departure for Europe and America, and are not within the circle of secrecy, I shall here record, not on any personal ground, but because they point towards perpendicular and horizontal extensions of human capacity which, if they became general, would make the quality

and attitude and conduct of life very different from what they are.

On Saturday, March 24, I became aware of a change in what I may call the psychic atmosphere of Adyar compound. Some influence of a feminine kind seemed to rest on it with sweetness and tenderness. I found this to be shared by others, and not to be set aside as merely a personal mood. Next morning I went as usual to continue my desk work. I had not thought of attending the service of the Liberal Catholic Church. I had long broken away from sacerdotalism, even in a liberalised form. But, on this occasion, something took control of my actions. I put fresh writing materials in my pocket, and was in the little crowded church just in time for the celebration of the Feast of the Annunciation. I found Gretta acting as usher for the music. She placed me in a chair in the front row, and reserved the next chair for herself. A chair had a place on one side of the main altar, which Mrs. Besant sat in when she occasionally attended a service and preached the sermon. On this occasion she was seated in the Lady Chapel: there was no expectation that she would preach. But at the interval assigned for the sermon she made her way to the main altar. Gretta whispered to me most urgently: "Take this down, every word. It is very important." I took the sermon verbatim. I lingered at the end of the service, as I felt that I should make some sign to Rukmini Arundale, wife of Bishop Arundale, who had been mentioned by Mrs. Besant in connection with a new movement for the bringing of the influence of the feminine aspect of the Power behind life more fully into thought, feeling and action. As there was some delay in her departure, and there was an impulse on me to hurry home and make a typescript of what I had taken down verbatim, I went round by the vestry to see if I had missed her—and inadvertently, through the door, standing ajar, saw a sight of extraordinary loveliness and significance. On the floor of the vestry Rukmini knelt, her shining black head bent low over her hands that were palm to palm on her breast. In front of her stood the short, white-haired, strong old "Mother" her hands outstretched palm-down over the Indian young woman's head,

her face turned upward in some act of consecration inaudible to me. I felt that in some deep way I shared in the consecration.

Two days later I awoke at 5 a.m. from a dream of being told by Mr. Jinarajadasa about coming events in the spiritual lives of some people. I didn't tell Gretta, as I wanted to see if the dream was just a fragment of imagination, or if it had any relationship with actual events. But at *chota hazre* (breakfast) Gretta told me she had had a dream of C. J. telling her about events going to happen in the spiritual lives of certain people. Early in the same day we were called by Mrs. Besant to her room at Headquarters, and given the same message, but with personal applications and responsibilities. C. J. had no connection with the occasion, which fulfilled itself in a few days. A more realistic happening came about next day. The President had accidentally destroyed the draft of the reports of the National Sections of the Theosophical Society, which were to be printed with her Presidential Address at the International Convention three months previously. I was given the job of reconstructing the Reports from details that had fortunately survived and this on the last day before our departure on our tour abroad, with boxes and packs and parcels and numerous rushed arrangements strewn all about our home! Happily all went well. But before our departure I must summarise the work of the Brahmailydia Ashrama, which completed its sixth and last effective year on March 31, 1925.

I have already told of the inception and beginning of this educational experiment, and shall now sketch its method and development. In all printed matter, the following concise statement was made: "The Brahmailydia Ashrama, Adyar, Madras, is a school for the synthetical study of universal knowledge and culture on the principle that these in their racial, religious, national, local and individual aspects, are essentially related and mutually illuminating expressions of one Cosmic Life." Obviously the Ashrama worked from a preconceived idea, the idea that all things that find their way into expression or organisation are products of powers and thoughts, vision, aspirations and feelings, that enter into, vivify and modify the

instruments of their expression. The varieties of expression are multitudinous, changing; but the impulses to expression are few and lasting. In my compendium of the 6 years' study of the Ashrama, in the volume entitled "A Study in Synthesis" (1934), I summarised the method as follows: "The process of synthesis has been carried over from the intellectual phase of modern life to the commercial, and connotes the combining of separated ingredients into an artificial unity. In the separation, life is dissipated; and no mechanical association can restore it. Intellectual analysis is divided synthesis. But synthesis is not added analysis. No reversal of process can ever regain the point of departure in the flux of life. Synthesis is primordial, essential, integral. It is not a condition to be attained: it is a fact of life to be realised and acted upon. A mere eclecticism (a mere piecing together of things, even of the best things) can never be vital. The bread of life comes out of no synthetical bakery. My 'Study' therefore is not of an attainable synthesis through fitting things together; but of an inescapable synthesis of fundamental human capacities through which the life of the universe may be liberated into expression that will naturally become synthetically orderly instead of analytically chaotic as it is at present!"

We gave three six-months sessions (October 2 to March 31) to the collection of historical material for the full synthetical study that the Ashrama was intended to make. In this research and arrangement we were fortunate in having in residence at Adyar a group of well-qualified men and women, Indians and Westerners, who were good researchers and excellent expositors along the lines of mysticism, religion, philosophy, art, science.

The study of the synthetic relationships set up by a conceivable Unity into an observable diversity began with the opening of the fourth session of the Brahmaildyia Ashrama on October 2, 1925. In the opening address Mr. C. Jinarajadasa said: "Our aim in the Brahmaildyia Ashrama is not so much to give its students a system which will be their profession of faith, as to help them to make their own system. The whole course of

studies is intended to rouse their own inner synthesis as soon as possible. . . . No topic is outside the study of the Ashrama, and through the variety of its studies the student will find his own way to the centre. . . . If the ideals of the inner can prevail, then slowly mankind will turn away from its feverish search for excitement, and find the real-world in their own hearts and intuitions."

The work of synthetical study, which it became my duty to organise and supervise, fell into a systematic survey of substance, form, vitality, consciousness and super-consciousness, in weekly rotation. The kingdoms in which these showed themselves, elemental, mineral, vegetable, animal, human, superhuman, in their varieties, were spread over the six-months sessions from October 1925 to March 1928. These produced much material whose cross-overs appeared to us to be of profound significance concerning the inter-relationships between what were commonly regarded as separate departments of nature, and super-nature. Lecture-studies on substance covered religious, philosophical and scientific ideas regarding the nature of things, the latter supported by microscopic and spectroscopic demonstrations. But substance was not only material; there was the substance of literature and art. The presentation of this fell to my lot. The scientist laid out the atomic basis of life. I gave myself the working out of words as the atomic basis of speech. The parallels between the protonic and electronic constituents of the atom, and the nounal and verbal constituents of a sentence, set me off on a study that ended only when I had comfortably placed the parts of speech and their adjectival and adverbial qualifications in the fundamental categories of substance, energy and consciousness—nouns and their descriptions, verbs and their phases, and their joint sentential meanings. This led on to grammar as the form-basis of speech; thence to the vital element in words and literature; then to the conscious content and technique of verse and prose; lastly to the super-conscious influences, particularly in verse—illumination, inspiration, imagination, psychic incursion, that have received little or no attention at the hands of students of literature. What applied thus to verbal expression applied to all the subjects, and

resulted in a simplification of the arrangement of human qualities—powers and achievements, in association with a simplified view of the environment of humanity, a simplification that eased the mind and gave a clearer understanding of the facts and problems that came before it.

The resident membership of the Brahma-vidya Ashrama, 38, half of whom were both lecturers and listeners, came from 13 countries—Australia, Ceylon, Denmark, England, Holland, India, Iraq, Ireland, Italy, Mexico, Scotland, South Africa, United States of America. The common language was English. The Ashrama was numerically small, but its members made an ideal community whose influence came to be felt in affiliated groups as far away as China, Finland and Chili.

At the end of the sixth session, March 1928, changes in educational organization, and deteriorating economical circumstances all over the world, had much reduced the numbers attending the ashrama; and when the time came for our departure for Europe and America in April 1928, I handed it over to an experienced lecturer to carry it on until my return in September 1929. It had then shrunk to a point at which Mrs. Besant decided to suspend it and await better times.

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## CHAPTER XLI

### “A GIRDLE ROUND THE EARTH”

(J. H. C.) We left Madras by steamer on April 29, 1928, via Colombo, and on May 21 were at Marseilles. After five days' sight-seeing, I left Greta with friends, and paid a visit to Sir Patrick Geddes in his College at Montpellier. From my arrival at 11 a.m. the only time he stopped talking until 8 p.m. was for meals, and a much too short siesta. He took me six miles into the country to a chateau that he had bought with a view to future extensions, where we slept over night. Talk began again at 8 next morning, and had to end at 3 as I had to

start back for Marseilles and beyond. The subject of conversation was his work for international understanding. The centre round which our conversation moved was his desire to build up a biological view of life that would take in all the proven facts. At the end of our 16 hours of one-sided conversation, he invited me, much to my surprise, to join him in his work at Montpellier. He wanted a mystically minded and imaginative person, such as he felt I was, to help him to complete his scientific work. But why, I asked, bring woolly headed mystics into a scientific thesis? He replied that, as he neared the apex of his research, he found he could not leave out, however he tried, the mystical and occult aspect of life: his argument would be incomplete without it. It was not possible for me at the time to accept Sir Patrick's invitation; but, with his permission, I passed on the diagrams and a precis of his scheme to a scientific friend who had also found himself compelled to add occultism to his studies as a professional ethnologist. Time passed; so did Sir Patrick, and the matter fell out of our life.

I picked up Gretta at Marseilles, and we passed on to Geneva for a month of pleasurable activities. We put up in the home of Dutch friends, Durga and Jack Selleger, four miles out from Geneva. A joint family, of which they were half, were located on a fowl-farm on which I learned that a coop of a hundred Leghorn cocks had a crow that could not be mistaken for that of any other breed, and yet no two of them crowed alike. The Stokowskis had taken a house round a corner, and, while he did something with music, she drove us here and there, generally with intent to improve the shining hour, such as tea with Sir Atul Chatterjee, when plans were made for a lecture on "Indian Architecture and Sculpture," with slides, before the Anglo-Genevese Society in the Atheneum. Other excursions took us to Josephine Storey, an English woman interested in India. Charlie Andrews had camped with her, and she had made the discovery that the more saintly a man was, the more typewriters he needed. She was relieved to find that I only carried one. Sometimes we divided our days; Gretta to a sitting of an International Labour Congress, I to putting words on paper



Theosophical Society was to be held. Gretta made a detour via Amsterdam and the Hague to fill out her education on Rembrandt, the moderns and the Peace Palace. Via Antwerp Cathedral she joined me in Brussels.

The exhibition was enthusiastically appreciated by the delegates from all over Europe and many local visitors, to whom the demonstration of India's vision, taste and skill through its art was a new experience. A middle-aged lady spent hours gazing at individual paintings and comparing them and others. I ventured to ask her what her special interest was. She told me she was an art critic, a Russian. She had, she said, never expected to see such beauty in art. I asked her if any feature of the exhibition specially struck her. She replied: "You know the condition of art in Europe—nothing but sensuality. And here I find an exhibition of paintings thrilling with love without lasciviousness."

We were back at Ommen on August 2, put up in a small tent on the camp-ground. Rain at night gave us a sleepless time with intense cold. Temperature next night was improved by thick straw flooring and a shared hot-water bottle. Then followed six days of talks by Krishnaji (sometimes to 2500) and discussions on his attack on crutches and worship, with much overturning of convictions that had been wrought into the stuff of the mind without thought.

(M. E. C.) From Ommen I went to Geneva to find a locale for an International Theosophical Centre near the League of Nations and the Swiss Section of the Society. I also got a place at the League of Nations Assembly as editor of "Stri Dharma." Most of a month went in attending sessions of the League and sitting on special Commissions. Ultimately I found a Theosophical locale, and had it opened to League visitors from seventeen nations. Literary and musical evenings followed.

I was included in a Women's Deputation on Disarmament as representing Ireland. I felt it a historic honour to be so closely united with the first event of the kind.

(J. H. C.) While my cultural confederate was linking up with the world at Geneva, I moved on for a period of shuttling between England and Ireland, with much talking, music, drama,

and sight-seeing. A day's drive through English history—Kingston, Hampton, Henley, Runnymede, Windsor—brought me up against the imaginative dullness of the academical mind in a statue of Shelley in Oxford. The university had banned him for opinions that are yesterdays to-day. It brought him back as an effeminate young man lying out, drowned ; not as the triumphant seer that has emerged from the banalities of his time.

An evening at AE's in Dublin indicated the passing of time. Dudley Digges, our early " Forbes Robertson " now grown corpulent, turned up on one of his annual vacations from the Theatre Guild of new York, or from one of the films to which he gave the touch of art. A French lady was announced as " the historian of the Abbey Theatre." Our names (not to mention our reputations) were new to her. At an appropriate moment Digges fell on my shoulder and chanted: " O Seumas ! isn't it grand to come to a country where you are not known."

I spent an afternoon (August 27, 1928) in a music hall in London with a friend to see how far the professional Irish Players had descended. Between items a screen was illuminated and announced: " The Kellog Peace Pact was signed at 3.50." The audience broke into applause. We were much moved. I wrote a poem, "Peace, an Anticipation." Alas ! it was only an anticipation.

A five weeks' stay in London, hospitably seen to by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gardner at Wimbledon Common, was full of work. This took me into the City and back, sometimes twice a day ; if in a hurry, by train ; but as often as possible by the bus route by Putney Hill where I discovered " The Pines " in which Swinburne had created so much of his miraculous poetry.

From October 1 to 24 (1928) I fulfilled a private threat to plant an exhibition of Indian paintings in the heart of London, as a rejoinder to the thin representation of modern Indian artists in an imperial collection. A society which called itself " The Faculty of Arts " let me have its fairly large hall somewhere behind Piccadilly Circus. A few artistically minded people trickled in and out. Laurence Binyon went around the collection in silence, and departed with a sign of pleasure. One night I

gave a lantern lecture on the history of Indian painting to a handful. Charlie Andrews presided. F. W. Pethick-Lawrence came in, also the Dewan of Bikaner. The last day brought luck. A confident man demanded a look over the dismantled pictures. He came at the request of the Editor of "The Illustrated London News" who wanted his advice as to whether any of them could be reproduced in colour in the Christmas number. The visitor was R. H. Wilenski, a prominent art critic. A week later I was called by the Editor with a group of the paintings. From these he selected half a dozen, which duly appeared, and gave Indian Art an acceptable piece of publicity.

It was interesting to come on Sarojini Naidu in an occidental setting. She was staying in the Lyceum Club, and invited me to tea. She was full of stories, bright repartee, reminiscences and anticipations. She stuck to her saree; unlike the male Indians to whom I went from Sarojini to give them a lantern lecture on "Early Indian Art," on which they were ignorant through the truncated foreign controlled "education" through which they had gone in India. All were in the dingy English clothes; and all save a handful were so highly modern that they smoked cigarettes in a closed hall all the time, without a thought for the throat of the lecturer, or a by-your-leave to the ladies.

I joined Gretta in Geneva for a month's activity, and to form a buffer between her feelings and the oppositions that her work for an International Theosophical Centre created. I was just in time for her birthday, and we spent a happy afternoon with congenial friends in the garden of the Villa Deodati, where Byron had lived and Shelley had visited him (1816). I read some of Shelley's poems. On another day we found an excuse for calling at the Hotel Angleterre in which Shelley had stayed.

November 27 brought us one of the events of our life. Gretta came home for lunch in the flat put at our disposal by a kindly Swiss lady, Madame Bauer. She was breathless with excitement. She had seen a window bill announcing a piano recital by Paderewski in Lausanne Cathedral that night. We just must go, snow or no snow. Tram services had stopped. We ploughed through slush to the railway station. The Cathedral was crammed

but we got seats. A platform had been made at the rose-window end for the grand piano and stool and some kind of pot-plant. A notice on each pillar commanded silence; but at the end of the first item, silence hid itself in tumultuous applause. "He's an archangel," Gretta averred.

"He's old Silēnus," I corrected, "and we are his comrades, and the pillars are the trees in the forest of music that he has created." We were saturated with sound, reduced to æsthetical smithereens, lifted sky high. She went on to Montreux to stay the night and next day with friends. I returned to Geneva by a midnight train. I had to put my feelings into a sonnet next day. The critic on the hearth thought it was good, but not enough. Another came. I put them in my folder; but something in my head said: "Why shouldn't an artist send a tribute to an artist?" So I posted them to the pianist's address at Morges with a note saying this was a poet's poor thanks for musical riches.

Three days later (December 1) I received a letter from Philadelphia saying all was settled for our touring the United States. We celebrated by seeing a dance by a lady-pupil of Dalcroze who believed she had improved on the Eurhythmical technique. When we returned to our flat for dinner a telegram was awaiting me. I read it with growing palpitation, but said nothing to Gretta until I got my breath under control. I handed it over. She read it—and went off in a Eurhythmical dance round the drawing room, chanting to various melodies. "Oh!—Jim!—lunch with Paderewski!!!" I gathered later that when my sonnets arrived, Paderewski read them silently over and over, and handed them to the family. His verdict was: "We must have him to lunch to-morrow." To this he added, by a process of reasoning that I couldn't follow: "The man who wrote that poetry must have a nice wife, and she must be with him." Hence the wire: "Will you and your wife lunch with us tomorrow and give me the opportunity of thanking you for your lovely poetry. My car will meet you at Morges station at 1.20. Paderewski." When we arrived at his house, looking across the lake to Mont Blanc, he welcomed Gretta with a hand-shake, and then gave me his

hand with, "Here is my poet." And at once he entered on a discussion of form in poetry as in music, the artist losing thought of the sonneteer or the subject.

Lunch was at a big table round which artists and literary persons were placed in affinities. Paderewski took Gretta in, and I, with Madame on my arm, was placed opposite. Madame was unwell, and a charming niece was seated on one side of me to keep me in chat. I don't remember at what stage of the proceedings I grew inattentive to my chatty partner, and could only afford her one ear, as the other was intent on the opposite side of the table. Politics had come up: the age-long struggle for freedom between groups of humanity; Ireland freed into civil war; then Poland. "Yes, Monsieur," Gretta said, sotto voce, but not sufficiently sotto to miss my ear, "When the newspapers brought word to Adyar that Poland was free, I ran down to the music room and played Chopin's polonaise for freed Poland." I don't know what flashed through Paderewski's mind (a wonder if anyone else on the planet had thought of fulfilling the composer's dream of ninety years before?) But his big hand went out to Gretta's and enveloped it; he turned various shades of emotional red, and with deep feeling said: "Thank you, Madame, thank you." Not a smart mot to pass on to posterity, but sufficient, and unique. The afternoon went in pleasant conversations, and a visit to the fowl-run and vineyard of which Paderewski was proud. At tea he carried plates of rich cake round the outside of the table trying to induce his guests to ruin their digestive apparatus—and succeeding. When we said good bye he gave us a warm invitation to look him up if our paths crossed in America.

We returned to London, and after two days of seeing Members of Parliament on League matters, Gretta went across to Ireland to see friends, and I laid preliminary plans for America in Stamford House.

A call from Drafna (Holland) to attend a meeting to form a Dutch Centre of the Theosophical World University took me back across the channel on December 28. The Centre was formed, and plans set on foot to have me appointed for two years

as Professor of English in one of the Universities. But a rise of Roman Catholicism (which was not friendly to the Theosophical idea of no distinction between creeds) in elections upset the scheme.

I spent a Sunday at Huizen. Bishop Wedgwood invited me to attend the service of the Liberal Catholic Church. I consented to do so, though sacerdotalism was not one of my enthusiasms, if he would guarantee a really good sermon. He guaranteed—but I was to preach it. Some imp in me saw the humour of the situation, and I fell. As my cross-channel trip had been only for a day, I carried not much more than a tooth-brush, and held it in position in a borrowed Gladstone bag with the Fellows' gown of the Indian National University that Mrs. Besant had put on my shoulders ten years before, and that I carried as a studio covering in coldish climates. This was accepted as an appropriate uniform for the occasion; and I sat with a Bishop to right of me and a Bishop to left of me. Between the invitation and its fulfilment I had kept watch for hints for a fifteen minutes subject. I had sensed some divergence between the churchy group and the neighbouring educational group, and preached on "Religion and Education:" texts "pure religion and undefiled . . ." and "a little child shall lead them."

I got back to Wimbledon Common to see the old year out. And while my collaborator was making a good-bye round of relations and friends in Ireland, I kept up the family reputation for loquacity by addressing a spiritualist Temple on the necessity of trying the spirits; and lunching under the Soroptimist Club flanked by the famous actress, Lena Ashwell, and the famous author, May Sinclair, as a preliminary to a talk by me on "Woman's Work in modern India."

(M. E. C.) On January 16, 1929, in a snowfall, we boarded the "Homeric," "the largest twin-screw steamer afloat," at Southampton, 34,000 tons, but whether this was her weight on a weighing machine or the weight she could carry, I did not know, and was too shy to ask. In any case, mathematics had no special interest for me, for increasing wind and rain and waves, and a most unseemly twisting and rolling of an immense thing

that should have known better, kept me to my bunk in our second class cabin. On the fifth day out of a seven day voyage we had, we learned, covered only four days' distance, as the steamer had to slow down a number of times and face great green waves that sent their foam against the lounge, 80 feet above sea-level if there had been a level sea. We lost a second day, and got to New York on January 25. Friends who had come to meet us on the official seventh day had the good sense to go home and come back.—An American Major who, out of a family fortune, was guiding schools for negro children in Africa, an American Englishman who had been a ship's captain and had retired to create railways in India, an Irish actor, an Indian making a living in America, and, to Jim's great delight, the little poetess, Nathalia Crane, then 13, who at 10 had written verse that he had publicly hailed as the work of true genius. Also came four press men. They headed for Jim who had been rumoured to be somebody from India, and India was just then a popular subject of villification among American press men, who knew nothing about it. Jim turned them over to me while he dealt with the customs. I gave them all sorts of news about the advance of women in India. None of them produced a notebook or a pen or pencil. Not a sentence of a half column of first-hand news of the real India appeared: it did not suit the anti policy of that time.

We passed on to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Logan, descendants of city pioneers, at Eddington, outside Philadelphia. It was good to get a steady night's sleep, and to rise next morning to gasp over the beauty of snow, and to dress warmly and run down to the edge of the Delaware river and watch great blocks of ice float by.

In the afternoon we were driven to Philadelphia to be fellow guests with the Duchess of Hamilton and Miss Lind af Hageby at a dinner-party given by a prominent judge. On the way I got my first touch of the Quaker side of life by giving a talk in the Young Friends' Hall, and hearing myself addressed from under bonnets as "thee" and "thou". At the Art Alliance we were interviewed by press men and by ladies interested in India. We

had read in the morning paper of severe sentences passed on boot-leggers (smugglers of intoxicants) by our dinner host ; it was therefore an old-fashioned shock to find all kinds of drinks on the judge's table--and his guests of honour, plus the Logans and ourselves, were teetotallers, and exchanged unheard remarks on the ethics of the occasion.

Jim's first appearance as a lecturer in America was quite a success. While putting his slides in the hands of the lanternist at the Art Alliance in Philadelphia, an elderly gentleman came from the gathering audience and in my hearing said, " I shall probably be your most appreciative hearer this evening." Jim smiled believingly but apparently too much preoccupied with what was in front of him to ask why. The audience at the close was most enthusiastic. The old gentleman said : " I thought I knew all about Rajput and Mughal painting. I have been collecting for years. I have enjoyed it for its artistic beauty. But you have shown its soul to me." Just then Robert Logan came along. " So, you have met Mr. Lewis." Jim's face seem to turn backwards. " Lewis—Lewis? Is it John—Frederick—Lewis? " " That is my name." " Then you must have recognised some of the slides." " Well, I did feel familiar with one or two of them." " Yes, I had them made from the catalogue of your famous collection which is one of our precious art treasures at Adyar in South India." We jumped at his invitation to go home with him and have a look. This was at 10 o'clock. We got into an absurd state of excitement from the moment we entered the long hall on the second floor of his great home. We fell for the exquisite beauty of the finest examples of the Rajput and Mughal schools, framed with admirable taste, and hung with sensitive regard for the personality of each item. The art hall hadn't heard so much red-cheeked talk about itself in years ; the godliness of the Rajputs, the courtliness of the Mughals, expressive line, the pros and cons of perspective, and all the rest. The collector and the lecturer were in their element. We were home at 2 a.m., aching for sleep, and in no fit condition for it.

After a day of activity putting up an exhibition of Indian paintings, a lecture by Jim in the Plastic Club on " Indian life



and art," and two satisfying hours hearing the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under the famous Roman conductor Molinari, vice Stokowski who was elsewhere, we were driven to Bryn Mawr, with my head still echoing Moussorgsky's "Night on a Mountain" and Respighi's "Pines of Rome" which had carried me out of myself and didn't seem to want me to come back. Some years previously an American visitor to Madras, Miss Gertrude Ely, had been so pleased with a lantern lecture of Jim's on Indian art that she warmly invited him to visit her at Bryn Mawr if ever he came to America. And there we were, ready for dinner, to be followed by a drawing room talk with lantern slides and some original Indian paintings. It wasn't far from tomorrow when we got to our prettily furnished room upstairs.

An item in our programme was a Quakers' Meeting. Jim was conducted to a seat on a platform; I was put in a pew on the floor of the meeting-house, a squarish undecorated room with none of the usual outer signs of "church." Just why we two together were separated I learned later. Jim had been as curious as myself, and asked the usher why he was given so prominent a position. He presumed he was on a speakers' platform. Correct. "But I didn't know you anticipated speeches. I thought you waited for the spirit to move a speaker." "So we do usually, but on this occasion we are hopeful that the spirit will move you." And it did. After some men and women had spoken briefly of personal spiritual experiences he stood up, moved by something, and gave a short talk on his favourite text, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," a plea for repose and meditation as a means of realizing, rather than just mentally understanding, one's real nature and the nature of the larger life on which this life depends.

Back to Philadelphia and an inspiring centre of beauty and beautiful philanthropy. Samuel Fleischer, a man of business, had seen a small boy crying in the street. He had been sent out of school for misconduct. The good-hearted man, surmising that the offence might have been the expression of a frustrated impulse that was not in itself offensive, spoke kindly to the boy,

and took him to where they could have refreshments such as boys enjoyed. To amuse the boy the philanthropist drew funny figures on paper. The boy forgot his troubles and tried to do the same. He asked to bring a chum next day after school hours. And so it went on, with pupils gathering around a true if unofficial teacher, until, when we visited it, the Graphic Sketch Club, which Fleischer had built up in a crowded part of the city, had 1500 pupils, boys and girls, some of whose predecessors had made names for themselves in various arts and crafts.

One morning Jim read a press leader that said the age of poetry was over, and if anyone wrote any, no one would read or listen to it. "Is that so?" said our host, Robert Logan, himself a good published poet. "I'll show them." A poets' dinner was announced by the Art Alliance. Dr. Robert Norwood, who had all the qualifications of a Bishop except orthodoxy, was lured from New York; Nathalia Crane from Brooklyn; Angela Morgan from Eddington; and a writer of folkish verse whose name I have forgotten; and there was my Irish poet. The spacious rooms were packed with fine men and women primed to show how far from dead poetry and its appreciation were. After an enjoyable dinner the contradiction of newspaper infallibility was made. Each of the poets recited a selection from their work. Nathalia gave off her classic, "My Husbands." Every item was enthusiastically applauded, and I was happy at the very warm reception of Jim's "Bubble-blowers."

(J. H. C.) One object of our visit to New York, to which we returned from Philadelphia, was to give an exhibition of the Indian paintings. But entrance to a suitable place seemed impossible. Then a gate opened. We were invited to tea at the rich home of a lady of Irish lineage. Gretta insisted on my taking a colour-print in my pocket to illustrate my answer to any question that might arise as to my purpose in visiting America. The question arose; the illustration came forth. Everyone was delighted with the little reproduction of Rahmin Chughtai's painting of a light being borne in a coconut shell on a river at Dipavali. A Wall Street man telephoned to somewhere

for somebody. A dowdy but vigorous middle-aged lady arrived and joined the chorus of appreciation. The lady was something high up in an Art Centre that exhibited the works of various groups. Some days later I put up the exhibition in a silver-papered room, where they proceeded to do their æsthetical and unifying work when I was not there to speak for them, being called away to talk on educational, social and Indian topics, as was my collaborator, and eat deliciously unhealthy dollops of ice-cream with poetical parsons and idealistic actors.

A series of Sunday evening talks for the Theosophical Society in the big hall of a hotel consisted of the application of Object One (brotherhood) to various aspects of life. These were in the time of snow, and a heavy overcoat was necessary. At the last of the lectures I laid mine on a chair at the back of a hall beside the seat of a friend. At the close of the meeting I went for my overcoat, but it was invisible. The hall was stuffy with heated air: outside the temperature was arctic, and I had to cross the city in an unwarmed tramcar to attend an Irish *ceilidh* (jollification) at the home of Dudley Digges, then a noted actor in the famous Theatre Guild. Some kind of covering was essential. A bright idea struck the lady attendant in the cloak-room where it had occurred to me the overcoat might have been taken to. An overcoat had been deposited two years previously, and had not been claimed. I could have a loan of it. It reached to the ground and farther; but circumstances did not permit criticism of a few inches. I waddled to a tramcar like a sentry box, and just ignored all quizzical eyes. Digges himself opened his door when I rang at 10.30. "*Cead faillte, a chara*" (a hundred welcomes, friend) he said. On a second look he asked, "Dressed up for a charade or a movie?" I explained. "Don't worry. I'll give you an overcoat that will fit you exactly." "But what about yourself? Won't you freeze to death?" "Why, I have one that I wear daily. The other I haven't put on for two years, Heaven knows why." A light of reminiscence glinted in his eye. "Be the holy! that coat was intended for you. I remember the last time I had it on. It was at a Guild rehearsal. A letter came in. I read it and put it in

a pocket. That letter was from you ! And if you don't believe me, look.” He produced a first-class overcoat. I felt in a pocket, and brought out a letter in an opened envelope—in my handwriting ! There was no refusing such a gift of destiny ; and at 3 a.m. I walked home in the actor's overcoat with the sentry box over my arm. Next morning the secretary of the Theosophical Lodge took me to Wanamaker's big departmental store and had me fitted in a presentation overcoat in memory of my lectures. For half a day I had three in my possession ; then two returned to their homes. The *ceilidh* was attended by J. M. Kerrigan, a cinema star ; Walter Starkie, wandering fiddler and scholar in European folk-lore and music ; Ernest Boyd, eminent art critic and dramatist ; St. John Ervine, famous novelist, dramatist and critic ; Judge Campbell, a follower of the Irish movement that seemed to have moved to America ; the host and hostess, and myself. We had songs, yarns, reminiscences and refreshments. One saying sticks in memory (name withheld) : “ Hollywood arose from the desert : it *is* a desert : it will go back to the desert.”

(M. E. C.) While Jim was collecting overcoats and hobnobbing on temperance drinks with the Poetry Society and Sarojini Naidu at the exhibition of Indian paintings, I made a four-days visit to Washington to link up with the splendid work for equal rights by the Women's Party. My admiration for the devotion of Alice Paul to the cause of womanhood and for her unique gifts of foresight and organization had grown immensely since our first meeting at Geneva. I saw in her a front-rank leader at the Pankhurst level, but with a less steely temperament. We talked incessantly for hours, and I was uplifted by meeting a number of women of first-class capability, clear mentality and firm determination. My visit coincided with the birthday of George Washington (February 22). I heard a speech of his read in the Senate Hall, and made the quaint discovery that the reader was a far cousin of my own.

I made a short detour to New Haven, the seat of Yale University, leaving Jim at New York winding up the exhibition. My objective was the Women Voters' League. I had a fine

time with their eager members exchanging notes on the progress of women in two hemispheres.

(J. H. C.) With Boston as centre and partner back from elsewhere, we made two side-trips that added considerably to our growing realization of the essential America, as distinct from the pseudo America of the comic strip and the jazz band. At Milton I gave a Sunday afternoon talk in the drawing room of a charming hostess, and her two equally charming daughters, a group that for dignity and refinement might have come out of a story-book of the Elizabethan court, with a touch of French. Before the guests assembled for "Poetry and Life," the daughters and a number of admirers surrounded a semi-grand piano and played and sang for their own amusement. I drew the mother's attention to the fact that her children and friends were behind the times: we were in the celebrated modernistic era of the saxophone (I pronounced it sexophone) and syncopation: and they were playing Brahms and singing Hugo Wolf: living in the past. On the contrary, she corrected, they were living in the future. They were in the beginning of a movement among intelligent young people for the recovery of sanity and beauty in music and other things.

An overnight stop at Wellesley College for women gave us an intimate look at the remarkable advance on the material side of education in the United States. We had met Miss Sophie Hart, of the English department, at Adyar, and we returned her call, being her guests at Tower Court, the common room of which was cathedral-like in its dimensions and appearance, but far beyond any sedate cathedral in the deportment and atmosphere of its happy residents. We had no lecture engagements; but we managed two unofficial items each in our 24 hours visit. Morning chapel service was conducted by girls, save for a male priest, a sombre fly in soothing feminine ointment. In the literary treasury we saw the Browning love letters, from Robert's first "Dear Miss Barrett" onwards, and a book of literary speculation that "P. B. Shelley" so valued that he signed it in order, one presumed, that borrowers would at least know to whom it belonged. Such unique gifts came to the treasury through a

patron who roamed Europe during his vacations seeking them irrespective of cost.

A lecture by me on "Hindu Architecture and Sculpture" in the Fogg Musuem, Harvard, was presided over by a Professor of Sanskrit who concluded the vote of thanks by declaring that no one knew anything of Indian Art who was not familiar with Sanskrit; which struck me as wiping out the artists themselves, from those of Ajanta to those of Malabar, who, from the linguistic point of view, were illiterate, and put me in my place as not knowing what I knew.

Boston itself kept us busy, with talks, interviews, a dinner in the College of Liberal Arts, a lunch talk at the Century Club, a joint dinner by the Women's International League and the Community Church, a poetry recital to 800 girl students of the Practical Arts College.

A friend had tried to get an engagement for me in connection with the Indian Section of the Boston Musuem of Fine Arts. Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy, head of the department, did not see any need for such, seeing that he was there. All the same I had to give a lantern lecture in the Museum on "Life and scenery in India." This drew a crowd of young students in expectation of elephants, tigers, the rope-trick and fire-walking—none of which turned up. But the intimate pictures of the people of India at work and play, their simple home-life, and their environment between the show-clad Himalayas and the palm-fringed southern coasts, were an obvious delight to them. The occasion was presided over by a grandson of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

And talking about literary people, we saw the homes of Emerson and Longfellow and Thoreau at Concord; and I recalled Thoreau's saying that "The man I meet is seldom so instructive as the silence which he breaks"—and apologised to my friends for my noise; and went back to New York, while my collaborator gyrated elsewhere.

(M. E. C.) I invaded Pittsburgh and the steel district to see how I could stand it. A lunch talk to the Hungry Club of 300 well fed men was something of a test in the strain it put on me not to make obvious jokes. I was more at home in a drawing-room

meeting of women of the Jewish Council, and in an assembly of the Pennsylvania College for Women. At Johnstown, near-by, I met another group of Jewish women, and had the new experience of speaking in the synagogue. Everywhere the call on me was for first-hand information about India, especially about the conditions of life and the status of Indian women. It was not always easy to convey the reality of a largely open-air life, with huts and cottages in the 700,000 villages of India as places of retirement for sleep, and not always so when the thermometer indicated anything from 80 degrees Fahr. to 100 plus, to people whose life moved by car between office and flat, and to whom familiarity with nature was an occasional treat glimpsed between advertising boards along car-lined roads. We came upon exceptions to this when we got disentangled from the large cities of the eastern States and emerged into the towns and open spaces from the "Middle West" to the "Coast" which meant the Pacific. But that was not yet. I had to talk many times to Theosophists, women and the general public in the handsome city of Cleveland. At Detroit I had a similar crowded programme, into which I crammed a visit to the Ford motor works, to give thanks for the funny car I had been given years before in Madras. The nearest I got to Henry the Fordth (as Jim called him behind his back) was his wife at an impressive meeting of the Women Voters' League.

(J. H. C.) Back in New York, I gave a Columbia University extension lecture in the Macmillan Theatre on "The Art Revival in India," with slides, and a similar lecture in the Community Church. A regret was the absence of the famous pastor, Dr. John Haynes Holmes; a pleasure was the lovely tenor singing of a negro member of the choir.

Anna Hempstead Branch, a prominent poetess, saw possibilities in the conjunction of the three poetical C's in New York (Joseph Campbell, Padraic Colum, James H. Cousins), and gave a reception in Christodora House, with recitals of their own poems by the guests of honour; a happy ending to New York, as I began packing next day for Chicago via Montreal, the latter for a look at a brother and his ramifications as a husband,

father and accountant whom I had not seen for twenty years.

Partner had forestalled me by a day at Chicago, and we had the luck of being put up in the suburban home of Daniel Burnham, son of the famous architect who had begun the skyscraper era of the city. Next day (April 2) Gretta diverged to Madison (Wisconsin) to give talks in the University that had 5000 girls, while I went to Evanston, near Chicago, and put up the Indian paintings under the auspices of the North Western University Guild in a hotel ball-room, with consequent shuttlings between the two. At a big dinner party at Burnham's, that began at 6 p.m. and ended at 1 a.m., I gave a post prandial talk on "Hindu conceptions of Beauty." Next day I spoke on Indian Culture for the Renaissance Club of the University of Chicago. Partner had returned, and we were put up in the Burnham flat on the twentyfirst storey. Lunch was given to thirty women, and so fascinating was the talk that it went on to 6 o'clock. A morning went in an inspection of the financial district of Chicago. The interiors of great banks were splendid in dimensions, decorations and equipment. Brass, glass, wood and marble covered the stone and steel skeleton that otherwise would be as unsightly as the human structure minus the skin and clothing. The clerks behind the miles of polished counters looked as expensive as their framework. I asked Mr. Burnham the amateurish question how the banks earned the money to pay for the creation and running of such institutions, not to mention the interest on deposits. That was a financial problem of much complexity; he surmised something unsound in its foundation, and anticipated a shaking if not a fall. As evidence of his pessimistic feelings he took us to a place where constantly moving tapes told the fluctuating prices of stocks and shares. A crush of people, including young women with half burned cigarettes hanging from the corners of their mouths, read the tape, made notes, and hurried out to fulfil decisions in hopes of a rise or fears of a fall in prices. He indicated a specially chic and somewhat excited girl. "She has just put all she possesses on a chance. No country can exist on gambling." Our financial morning, in the



anarchy of greed, was nauseating and menacing, and before many months Mr. Burnham was a true prophet.

On a shuttle to Evanston I gave a lecture in the exhibition room for the Lindgren Foundation on "The influence of India in Asian culture." There I met an Irish professor who had penetrated Tibet in disguise in order to find and annex old Buddhist writings; that is, had told and acted lies in order to acquire records of "truth."

(M. E. C.) Poetry drew us to the home of William Vaughn Moody's widow, a lady past middle age to whom the memory of her great-souled husband was the chief joy of her fading years. That an Irish poet from India should come to do him honour through her touched her deeply. We had rejoiced in his fine interpretations of nature, his patriotic idealism that moved him to protest against his own country's action in the Philippines, and his deep human sympathy. We had a very solemn but happy conversation.

We dined at Hull House, the community centre of Jane Addams, whom we had met at Adyar when she was touring the orient. She headed the table, but bid not contribute much to conversation. Jim took a late train for Iowa. I slept in Hull House, or rather did not sleep, as I was awakened and kept awake by the awful blood-stench that the wind brought from the stock-yards, and the noises in the street that were associated with the traffic in animal slaughter. The agony and murder, the brutalising of the murderers, that the proximity to the vast slaughter-yards brought so close to me, aroused a flaming indignation in me, and an intense despair for the future of humanity while such fiendish barbarity was considered necessary to its well-being. I was sick all next day from the shock of realization of the sub-human level on which all but a handful of so-called civilized people lived. One touch of consolation was that my beloved and I had made our peace with the animal creation, and would never, under any circumstances, be a party to the stupendous evil that would have to be atoned for before the alleged human race would attain the level of humanity. All the same, I got through a packed meeting

of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and a fine gathering of the Women's Republican Club. India was the subject at both.

(J. H. C.) On April 10 I began a four-day visit to Iowa City under the auspices of the Iowa State University, while partner diverged to Winnipeg (Canada) to visit a sister and her family. The big Convocation Hall was filled for a lantern lecture on "The historical background of Indian painting." This led to unofficial talks to various classes. An auditor at the lecture invited me to spend an afternoon at a small town fifty miles away and give a lantern talk on "Indian life and scenery." The little town of 700 inhabitants had a Protestant church at each end of its four corners and a fifth somewhat apart. Once a week, as a gesture of unity, there was a joint meeting, with refreshments contributed to a common table in packets from all the congregations. My escort, Kewal Motwani of Sind, was taken for granted as "a brand plucked from the burning" and I was accepted as accessory to that solemn operation. Kewal's English and charm were credited to "the light" that had gone to the east, which privately appeared to me to be reversing the process of nature.

Later I, a refugee from sacerdotalism, preached a sermon in the Liberal Catholic Church in Omaha. I also lectured on discoveries at the Brahmagvidya Ashrama at Adyar on the design involved in the English parts of speech.

Two days at Denver gave us our first touch of the Red Indian region. The graceful figures of men and women were obscured by the concessions in dress which a less pictorially minded suzerainty induced.

On the other side of Denver, was the Grand Canyon, which attained the distinction of being the one over-night place in our itinerary where we said not a word on India or art or women or education or poetry, but just held on to one another on the sudden edge of a drop of a mile to the Colorado River, and gasped and made thunder-struck noises at the vast panorama of architectural shapes eroded over millions of years out of the multi-coloured soils of the valley, 200 miles long, 20 miles wide. It was as if the archetypal forms of every kind of oriental temple

and pagoda had been moulded by the creative collaboration of land and water, and left by their destructive collaborator, wind, to be modified to the whimsies of the Cosmic Imagination. We did not undertake the pony-back ride down to the river. Hours of balancing and adjusting oneself on the back of an animal on a wriggly path at an acute angle did not appeal to us. We wanted to savour the splendour under our feet, and absorb the stupendous sight and crystalline air. So we let the mounted visitors and their Indian guides slither past us on the Bright Angel Trail, while we zigzagged half an hour down and half an hour up, and I sat silent on the edge of the canyon and she walked solus to Sublime Point and sang for joy.

(M. E. C.) Next day (April 24) we were at La Crescenta, on the outskirts of Los Angeles, to stay over night at the local centre of the Ramakrishna Mission, a unique, beautiful and quiet retreat. At the request of Swami Paramananda, the head of the centre, Jim showed and explained a selection of the Indian paintings to a nice crowd of people. Meditation in the shrine room gave us the touch of aspiration and vision that community homes and hotels did not encourage.

Then to Santa Barbara, to the exquisite home of the Eichheims, a centre of artistic comradeship, that gave hospitality to aesthetical beauty without being less homely. Days went in admiration of the semi-Spanish city and its surroundings, the blue Pacific Ocean in front, the grey Sierras high up behind, the unbroken sunshine, the tidiness, the prosperity. The Eichheim garden was a horticultural show without showiness. Jim got excited over the discovery that some lines of Francis Thompson's were not only poetry but fact :

There, flower and leaf and fall-less fruit

Shall hang together on the unyellowing bough.

He had seen a branch of an orange tree on which, in close succession, were a leaf, a flower, a baby fruit, a middle-aged one, and a full-sized ripe adult. Hence a poem.

Afternoons and evenings were given to musical at homes, with Elizabeth Coolidge and Ethel Eichheim dividing accompaniments to Henry in superb violin recitals. An at home in our

honour was a social, musical and literary occasion of a very high order. All high-priced and high-browed Santa Barbara ("the city of millionaires") came and filled the big drawing-room, through whose immense window the rhythmical outline of the mountains looked in across the permanent platform on which the grand piano stood. The music was magnificent, with perhaps the exception of my own items, though they were warmly applauded. Jim, as joint guest of honour, said some of his own poems, and I must say he got over his queer shyness where his own work was concerned and gave a high class recital.

An afternoon call on two new friends gave us another look into the sense of cultural values that lie under the apparently matter-of-fact surface of life in the United States. Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton had toured across India after the first world war. They came upon ten large Chinese paintings and fell for them. So did we. All our pictorial cupidity was aroused when we saw their delicate beauty and quiet suggestiveness on the walls of their seaside house, displayed with perfect artistic reverence. The small set of seaside reading had distinction. Jim, as was a habit of his, looked it over, and to his intense pleasure found a copy of "The Life and Times of Apollonius of Tyana," rendered into English by Professor Charles P. Eells from the Greek of Philostratus the Elder, published as a transaction of the Language and Literature Department of Stanford University, California. The life was based, as Jim saw in a glance at the preface, on the day-to-day diary of a travel companion when Apollonius made a pilgrimage to India. We had come upon occasional references to the first century philosopher and occultist in our desultory reading, and to find this full-length and apparently documented volume was an event. Jim noted details for future purchase, but our host got in first. A copy reached us two days later in the Eichheim home. Our excitement over it infected them to such an extent that they wrote for three copies, one for their own library, two for friends. The University publisher wrote asking what had caused the run on a book that had been static since its publication five years previously.

We were motored by a friend some 500 miles to San Francisco, more or less along the edge of the Pacific Ocean. The highway took us through a grove of gigantic red-wood trees (called Sequoia after an old Indian chief) from 300 to 400 feet high, so big in girth that a hollow in one would accommodate a good-sized committee meeting on women suffrage, or any other subject for that matter. We passed through a small town dedicated to highly evangelical gatherings at intervals. Its frontage was dedicated to other than the things of the other world. The juxtaposition of religious slogans, so familiar to our childhood, and stomachic invitations, might have been funny, but struck us as diagnosing spiritual tragedy and hinting sinister prophecy: "Where will you spend eternity? Squab dinners;" "Are you right with God? Try our frankfurters;" squabs being young pigeons reared for the sole purpose of being killed and eaten; frankfurters being made of messes of the decaying remains of crucified animals. Where religion or even plain civilisation came in eluded our minds.

We entered San Francisco by a street that suddenly dropped by about 25 degrees to the docks, and breathed a number of sighs of relief when we pulled up at the hospitable house of complete strangers where we were to stay while we scrambled through a programme of talks, visits to children's court and a detention home, and a big lunch function after which Jim gave quite a good lecture on "Poetry as Prophecy" with the British Consul in the chair. The return to the Ojai for the Star Camp was made by train. I got no good conversationally from my partner, who was lost to the world, meditating, he admitted, on a hillock covered with nodding harebells in Donegal: hence a poem.

May 27 found us at Krishnamurti's Star Camp at the Ojai (Indian for nest). His talks were a deep refreshment, though we had to distinguish between his radiant intuition and his lack of mental formulation. His earnestness and purity and vision so affected me that I almost felt ready to accept his invitation to settle at the Ojai; but destiny had other plans in mind.

An elderly lady of Irish extraction developed a liking for us, and invited us to treat her home at Hollywood as our own. So

on June 7 we were in a lovely house, from the front of which the lighting up of Los Angeles became an evening event. A friendship in India gave us entrance to the social life of moviedom, not of the stars, but of the minor planets that moved around certain suns. An evening party gave us a smelly and sensuous "close-up" of the colony that jarred on nerves accustomed for 14 years to the grace, dignity and beauty of the girls and women of India. There was an attempt at a programme that saddened us as we reminded one another of the humour, the intellectual play and the literary flavour of such occasions in the Dublin of our time. The hostess asked Jim to recite one of his poems. I would not have been surprised if he had found an excuse for not responding. But I saw the glint of "the man of the fairy-folk that lives in my head" in his eyes, and I knew they were in for something. He stood and said "Bubble-blowers" with increasing power to the lofty and profound end:

Then the Master Blower of bubbles slowly turned,  
And smiled at me over the vastness until I burned  
With joy of knowledge that whether the bubbles break  
In a splash on his breast or their orbits in heaven take,  
It matters no whit if the bubbles rise or fall,  
For the bubble itself is nothing, but the blowing of bubbles  
is all.

Something happened to the audience: it was a new thing to them to have a great theme treated seriously. Applause apparently seemed incongruous; also "wise cracks." So they were silent.

But Hollywood and round about was not all movie. There was a Liberal Catholic Church, and in it I preached a sermon on "The Eternal Feminine," which would have pleased my grandmother as to the act of preaching, and would have displeased her as to subject, for the idea of femininity on the throne of the universe sharing equal rights and power with masculinity was abhorrent to her dear Wesleyan mind and heart. Some time later, on a diversion in our next stage, we were in Hollywood again, lured by the arts. In the Hollywood Bowl, a large open-air amphitheatre, we rejoiced in two orchestral recitals, one

conducted by Molinari, the other by Goosens. Over 10,000 auditors filled the place. A shell-shaped resonator on the distant stage from where we were sent the sound out with perfect clarity. In a neighbouring Bowl we saw a performance of the annual Pilgrimage play which had been initiated by Mrs. Stephenson, sister of Sara Logan of Philadelphia, whom we had met when she passed through Adyar some years previously, a woman all loveliness and all art. Through the kindness of Dudley Digges, then on a big film, we spent a morning in the Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer studio, looking over the fronts of elaborate palaces without rears and other suggestions of a universal earthquake that had been brought together to serve the purpose of the great Sam. We saw all the accoutrements of the art, but no "shot" was being made on that day, though Digges had been on the lot from seven a.m. in the regimentals of his part. Jim, with the temperamental curiosity that would have won him a place for "philosophy" in the entourage of Apollonius of Tyana, asked Digges if what he was doing was really art. "Well, if you call it art to hang about a whole day to 'register' a mood and action with an attendant holding a mike over your head like a fish on a rod for two minutes, you are welcome. But give me the old days when we rehearsed our parts like human beings and could work up a real atmosphere: but not this fragmentary fraud." Douglas Fairbanks, then the one and only, was producing a Shakespeare, and we were in the nick of time to see an item rehearsed. He had to come at a gallop on a pony along an old-time village street, duck under an arch, and jump off beside a well. I may have got the details crooked in memory; but the point was that he had been trying to do this for some days, and we were in the nick of time to see him succeed, and to get a cheery smile in response to our congratulatory salutations.

Then followed two months of relaxation at the tasteful home of Catherine Gardner, up the Ojai valley, where a gigantic sunflower at the door seemed to face its original with a proud "So am I" during the day, and in the evening lesser blooms shook to no tangible wind but to the teeth of chipmunks (underground squirrels) that flourished on roots. Lectures were folded up in

blessed silence. A Whippet car was also relaxing in a garage. Our hostess thought it would do it good to have some exercise. Hence lessons that led up to my driving it the 14 miles to the District Court House at Ventura, where I went through questions and a demonstration that qualified me for a licence for the State of California, and I not an American citizen, but a country cousin from the Country of Roscommon in Ireland via India.

Half way through our holiday the future sent up a signal in a cable of three words: " Come Chicago Besant." This meant that we were needed at the World Congress of the Theosophical Society. A trip for two almost across the States was an expensive affair, but we girt up our loins in financial faith, and faith did not let us down. A more or less chance meeting between Jim and the editor of a magazine specially interested in the orient brought him a commission to write three articles. The first of these paid half of our travel bill. Our kind and alert friend, Kewal Motwani, got wind of our shuttle to Chicago and had the bright idea that Jim should be asked to give the Convocation address of the summer session of Iowa University. This was regarded as an event that reflected honour on the person chosen. Dr. Shambaugh, who had been selected, most kindly stepped aside on Motwani's suggestion, and a wire came inviting Jim to give the address, and saying that, while there was no fee, our return travel between Los Angeles and Iowa would be paid. This solved the other half of our problem, and arrangements went forward.

(J. H. C.) My Convocation address to the University of Iowa was timed for half an hour. I was asked officially to set out my ideas on the place and work of the Universities in the future; unofficially it was suggested that I make no reference to God or religion. But an unexpected circumstance opened the way. At an afternoon " banquet " to the new graduates it was the custom to ask a past alumnus of the University to set a text to which a representative of each subject group of new graduates would speak in response to the toast of their future success. On this occasion an elder from his sick bed gave the slogan, " Carry on, Iowa, intellectually." Gretta, who knew my intentions, signalled



her sympathy with her eyes to me, some places away, as the intellectual formula piled up on itself in front of the unmentionable God and religion. When all the brainy superficialities were over, the President wound up that part of the Convocation in a little speech that made Gretta turn towards me with her eyebrows up and her eyes saying, "That's the green light." The essence, in fact nearly the whole, of the President's speechlet was (fairly accurately) this: "The speeches on carrying on intellectually were all excellent. But when America takes up the job of organising her leisure, I hope she will do something more important than just carrying on intellectually: I hope she will carry on spiritually in the broadest sense of the term." This was just the theme in a sentence of my half-hour Convocation address on "The University and the Future." The staging of the Convocation was most impressive. The background was an old-style building behind which a threatened shower very considerably halted while 3000 well-dressed people sat on chairs on the greensward, and 2500 winners of the Ph. D. of the University (in every subject except Philosophy) stood on each side of the Convocation nucleus. At the rear of the Faculty a mixed choir sang cheerful choruses. The lectern had two microphones, one for the assembly, one for a broadcast to some anticipated horde of invisible listeners. I spoke extemporaneously, with a few notes to keep my shifty mind off side-tracks. Religion came in as aspiration in the human make-up; God came in as the Great Life in which ours is immersed. I had a dim feeling that I had said my say without any verbal snags or inappropriate quips or jests. But the reaction was far beyond anything I could have imagined. A crowd hemmed me in with outstretched hands and compliments. Two of the latter come back to memory. "I just want to thank you, our guest conductor." The speaker was the leader of the choir. "So you felt I gave the right lead?" "You sure did." Another said: "I probably got more out of that than anyone else." "Why?" "I am the geology professor." "Then you thought I got down to bed rock?" "Just that." The President pushed his way through the crowd with Gretta in his wake. He had (I learned afterwards) searched for her among the crush of

new Doctors to thank her for her husband's address—a touch of the fine art of good manners. He sidled me into a relatively quiet place and said I had given them a lot and had much more to give that they needed. I must come back for a course of lectures. They would make it worth while for me. I asked a date. He named a month in the not far distant future. I gave my promise without the vaguest notion as to how I could fulfil it. I just felt I should and would. Then, much to my surprise and gratification, he said the University would, for the first time in its history, publish a Convocation Address as a transaction. This it did in the following year.

I took the collection of Indian paintings to Chicago on chance, and it was a lucky chance. In the vast Stevens Hotel over 2000 delegates were housed in the most up-to-date comfort. Vegetarian diet never had such a demand in the metropolis of slaughterdom. A big room was ready for the exhibition; and I was to give the pre-Congress lecture in the immense ballroom on "Indian Art." Next day the Congress was publicly opened by the President, Dr. Annie Besant, before an estimated audience of 4000. Gretta played a Scriabine piece in honour of that world-famed member of the Theosophical Society. The work of the Congress began next morning (August 26, 1929). An orchestra played the National anthems of the nations. Dr. Besant asked Dr. Arundale why there was no Indian anthem. Word that an old Indian air, which none of us recognised, had been played, did not satisfy her. She asked if someone could not sing Tagore's "Jana gana mana." Dr. Arundale appealed to Srimati Rukmini (Mrs. Arundale). She appealed to me, on her right hand. Rukmini and I knew the first verse. A pause was given so that we might have a *sotto voce* rehearsal out of earshot of the microphone. The latter was put in position for us—and we were nearly overcome by the stupendous, hoarse and metallic sound of our Indo-Irish duet in Bengali words. The audience seemed happy at the extemporised item, the President was pleased, and India was given a proper musical place among the nations.

In addition to my pre-Congress talk I gave one of the Congress lectures. This was on "The spirit of Indian culture."

It was much appreciated by the great assemblage of intelligent and dynamic delegates. I felt it was a good hour's work for the understanding of India by men and women who would carry something of it back to their lodges all over the United States, Canada and Central America. At the close of the Congress Gretta spoke briefly on "The status of Indian women;" and at an informal art-conference was made liaison officer for a world movement towards the development of beauty in life.

Our Hollywood friend had us conveyed to the dock at Los Angeles, on our first step out of America proper on the way home by the eastern route. This was on September 7. The six day journey to Honolulu was dull and stormy. On the 13th morning we were in sight of the Hawaiian islands. A wireless telegram came to us inviting us to lunch with Mrs. Swanzy. I had heard of her from Padraic Colum, who has been her guest when on literary work in the islands. She was regarded as the hostess of Hawaii, and we replied accepting the invitation provided no other engagement had been made by the friends with whom we were to stay during our four days between steamers at Honolulu. No other engagement had been made, and our friends fell in with a little plan for us to stay in Mrs. Swanzy's house on the top of Mount Tantalus, looking down into a happily extinct crater. We were up the hill in entrancing moonlight that so excited Gretta that she had danced on the green sward in her bare feet. But before we went uphill, a Japanese young man called saying that he knew of our interest in cultural and social work, and would like us to divide the speaking time at the hongwanji (Buddhist pagoda) on Sunday morning between us. He also asked Gretta to play some piano music. She was doubtful as to pianos in the middle of the Pacific, but he assured us that it was of the best kind and in good order. What kind? Steinway Grand. But there must be much western music in Hawaii to have such an expensive instrument. "The last person to play on it was Paderewski. It had been bought for a recital by him." Gretta promised. The hongwanji was crowded by Japanese of all ages and a sprinkling of Americans. Gretta played splendidly. Our short addresses were listened to with close

attention. This consumed a Sunday forenoon. The afternoon went in a lecture in the Honolulu Museum on " The Arts of India." This was in the Indian room, with fine examples of sculpture excellently set around the walls and an atmosphere of cordial sympathy.

In addition to the small Theosophical group in Honolulu, a lodge had been formed in the Schofield military barracks some miles in the country by a road that was mainly bounded on one side by sugar-cane and on the other by pine-apples. The Commanding Officer was President of the lodge ; his Chief of Staff was Secretary ; among the membership of 20 or 30 were the chief Chaplain and several padres. We were driven out for an informal visit ; but the lodge had set out dinner (all-vegetarian in a military camp of 14,000), and after dinner there was an artistic and talkative get-together. Gretta played ; both spoke on suitable topics for post-prandial seekers after truth ; and we were driven home terribly late for respectable people, full of good food and heartiness, in bewitching moonlight.

Among the many occasions that came our way, one stands out as a link in history, personal and hemispherical, that my partner will follow up by and by, but that here may be recorded, by kind permission, in its chronological place. We were invited to attend a sessional meeting of the Pan-Pacific Union. Two hundred representatives of countries bordering that somewhat large stretch of water, had gathered to discuss problems of human organisation, and had drawn us in as representatives, albeit unofficial ones, from a land that, if it was not on the geographical edge of the Pacific, was psychologically all over it through the archipelago and probably across the Behring Straits into the American continent itself. Partner noticed the absence of idealism : there was nothing that led, no vision, no ascension, only efforts towards horizontal ameliorations in response to material necessity ; all quite good, but inadequate because they omitted the raising of the quality of human life on which the quality of its organisation ultimately depends. She longed for a touch of the reverence, the humanitarianism, the grace and beauty of Indian womanhood. Hence a thought : " Why not a Pan-Asian

Conference of Women, in India?" Why not, indeed; it only needed some person or association to announce the idea and then organise the assured response. The idea became a "fixation" that turned itself into a slogan—"The First All-Asian Women's Conference".

The centenary of the Hawaiian national anthem, "Aloha," composed by the last independent Queen of the islands, before the United States took them under the highly benevolent wing of the Eagle, struck us as anæmic and sentimental. There was far more of the stuff of nationality in Watamull's oriental store, to which we paid a patriotic visit of inspection. Our needs were modest; they stretched to a few pieces of Indian craftsmanship for kind friends. All the same, Gretta paraded homeward with an embroidered silk shawl (price 20 pounds) over her shoulders as a "humble tribute to work on behalf of the women of India."

Our farewell function (September 17) was a lunch party at the town house of Mrs. Swanzy. She specially asked us to meet the local group of Anthroposophists, of which society she was a member. We were happy to do so, as we were always interested in new personalities on the search for larger and clearer visions of reality. We were aware of the not too friendly attitude of some of our Besantite brethren to the Steinerites—the latter being followers of Dr. Rudolf Steiner, who had broken away from the Theosophical Society, and had indicated his difference by lowering the flag of the "Wisdom of God" and raising that of the "Wisdom of Man." We were asked to tell them, after lunch, of some of the occult experiences which they felt we must have had. When we moved to the big drawing-room, we were surprised, also touched by the breadth and kindness of our hostess, at seeing the members of the Theosophical Lodge comfortably seated awaiting us. We gave out all we could of actual experience that appeared to be beyond normal. This gathered the two groups into one beyond the queer barriers that mental and emotional prejudices set up.

We went on board the 20,000 ton "Taiyo Maru" in the afternoon through a barrage of struggling passengers, off-seers, coloured paper streamers and musical and unmusical "alohas."

On September 27, in the afternoon, we had passed the lovely shapes of the coast on the edge of the tirelessly moving waters, and were welcomed at Yokohama, and taken by train to Tokyo, where we were put up in the Station Hotel. And here my collaborator claims her right to take up the parable.

(M. E. C.) They could hardly get me to the train in time in Yokohama, I was so fascinated by the artistic quality of the Japanese girls. I wanted eyes all round my face to take in the ensemble in individuals and in groups. In the conventional western sense they were not beautiful, nor in the Indian category ; but they had a high-cheeked, thin-necked quality, and an olive and apple complexion that had a charm of their own ; not to mention their coloured dresses and the intricate and multi-tinted designs of their broad waist-belts (*obi*). But there was a fly in the ointment : the wooden struts across the toe and heel of their footwear (*geta*) made a patter on the platform like a gigantic hail-shower, and when often the struts were scraped on the platform they made an ear-splitting screech. But railway stations bring humanity into too close touch ; and I was glad to get Japan thinned out a bit by strolls through parks where I revelled in the shapes and colours of the roofs of pagodas and houses around which the humans, in their stiff-legged walk on their *geta*, were exactly right as concomitants of the scene.

We were in the middle of Japanese culture on the afternoon of our first Tokyo day. Jim's friend of ten years previously, Captain Kon, had reserved places for the three of us at a high-class performance of the Noh, with princes acting—and princesses in a box looking ghastly in full European dresses and hats that were ludicrously unsuitable to their anything but plentiful busts and their high cheek-bones. But the performance wiped out imitative society stupidity. It was a new and wonderful stage sensation to me, and bore out all that Jim had told me and written about it on his first visit to Japan in 1919-1920.

Our Tokyo week was crammed with parties, receptions, dinners and talks. Jim took me to some of his old haunts—Keio University, Kamakura, Nikko. We had green tea in temples, and luscious fruit in restaurants. But our chief contact was

unexpected and flavourous. Jim got the idea that we should try to unearth Kawaguchi, the author of "Three Years in Tibet." We wrote him via the Imperial University in which he professed Tibetan. At 7 next morning the telephone in our Station bedroom told us that Professor Kawaguchi would call at 10. We had an hour's chat in the general room on all sorts of topics around religion and philosophy. When he rose to leave us I asked him to give me his blessing. He was shorter than I, so I had to bend low as he stretched his two hands palm-down over my head. In a loud raucous voice he chanted the name of Buddha. By the twentieth time the doors and windows of the public room were crowded with sight-seers looking at a grey-headed western woman in a semi-hobble skirt and a Japanese professor in a skirt to his ankles in an entirely unusual position. In my gyrations around Tokyo I scattered the seed-thought of an All-Asian Women's Conference, and got the promise of co-operation for what was shaping in my mind.

We were in Kyoto next day (October 5) at the other end of the 400-mile road from Tokyo. We were put up in the hospitable home of Professor T. Suzuki of Otani Buddhist University, noted writer on Buddhism, and his western wife whom he had met while mutually studying in a German University. She had formed a Lodge of The Theosophical Society, and a meeting with the members gave me another centre from which to radiate the Women's Conference idea.

Our zig-zags on rickshaws through streets of Kyoto exhausted our adjectives of delight at the daintiness of everything. If I had been an artist I would have got stuck for years making an album of sketches of the wood-carved shop fronts, the long narrow hanging flags, the children in spotty kimonos and horrid peaked caps, the workmen in smocks with arty crests on a back shoulder, the paper umbrellas in every colour at every angle, the stone lanterns here and there.

We visited a hongwanji, and rejoiced in wonderful painted screens of natural subjects. A nun's college was full of jolly humanity and gave us a treat of Japanese dainties. I gave a talk to 500 girls in a Buddhist Girls' College, and was interested to

learn that the President was a member of the Theosophical Lodge.

A special excitement was contact with Mrs. L. Adams Beck, the famous authoress. We knew her under the pen name of E. Barrington as the sympathetic and understanding writer of books on oriental philosophy. We called on her on the second evening at the hotel where she was a resident. She knew nothing about us, but she was happy to meet people who appeared to know something direct of India. She asked Jim to send her all material he could collect in India on the life and teachings of Sri Krishna to help her in compiling a book on him. We gossiped on India and literary topics from 8 till 10, and the little slim, prim, oldish lady kept as bright as a button.

Jim lectured next afternoon in the Otani University to the staff and senior students on " The religious life of India ; " and a flutter of excitement arose when the famous writer and her secretary came unannounced. She listened most attentively, and after the lecture accepted an invitation of our hostess to join us at tea. The Civil Disobedience movement was then approaching direct action in India. Mrs. Beck was dead against it, and got cold shivers at the thought of the dread possibility of decent Europeans having to serve under " natives," supposing Home Rule were granted. We began to perceive that her interest in the East was to the extent to which it contributed to her intellectual and psychological preoccupations. The philosophers and occultists were at safe distances in time and place ; but the masses of the people could not be allowed to soil the garments of their racial " superiors."

Our exit from Japan had been through rain that hid the Inland Sea ; but the next morning, from daylight to eleven, gave us pretty pictures of concertina sails on junks and schooners backed by hills and islands.

We were met at Shanghai and guided to a building that bore the somewhat surprising legend, " Besant Girls' School." The Principal, Miss Dorothy Arnold, entertained us to lunch ; and as we were not familiar with Chinese food, gave us, and some friends, a full-length meal of bean-paste and mushrooms in every



shape and size cooked in every possible way. I lost count of the number of courses we had to go through in about two hours. After a short interval we were taken to see a temple. A bright youngish monk showed us a shrine to Laotze with his book open at the feet of his statue. Round a corner was a shrine to Confucius and his book. Round another corner was a shrine to Buddha and book. Lastly a shrine with the three Teachers standing side by side and their books. Jim remarked that he felt at home, almost in a Lodge of the Theosophical Society studying comparative religion under the Second Object. The monk smiled and said, "I am a member of the Theosophical Society." We learned that there were a number of such temples linked up with headquarters far inland. We said goodbye, but he looked pained, as refreshments were ready for us. Our sponsors hinted that we must not offend them; and as refreshments didn't sound too heavy after our full-size lunch a short time previously, we went to the refectory—and the whole ritual of bean-paste and mushrooms had to be gone through again. Shortly afterwards we had to go to the Young Women's Christian Association for chats with individuals and groups on the All-Asian Women's Conference idea—to be followed by dinner, at last a light and varied meal on which we could sleep peacefully. Just before dinner-time our new hostess softly said: "As we knew you were strangers to China, we thought you would like to have a typical Chinese meal." And the bean-paste and mushrooms cooked in every known way came in procession for an hour and a half!

Two days later we were admiring the beautiful morning silhouettes of land and water at the approach to the island of Hong Kong. A Chinese philosopher was brought to the ship and talked on his special studies in Chinese philosophy before Laotze and Confucius, which probably went back to the seers of the Vedas.

In Singapore the press was on our track, and the publicity that appeared to have preceded us, though we were blissfully unaware of being anything more public than ourselves, brought us a day of activity: a temple lunch seasoned by talk of religion

and philosophy; a lecture by me to a group of wide-awake women in which the All-Asian Women's Conference appeared; a public lecture by Jim in the Theosophical Lodge on "The clash of Races, and its remedy," the latter while a lady friend and I went to a theatre, and came away sorry for ourselves.

We were six hours at Penang (October 25), which was mercifully short in steamy heat, and being from sunset to midnight was without temptation ashore. As compensation an immense blue-black thunder-cloud formed above olive-green seas, with reds and golds around its edge, and set Jim off on one of his most colourful, imaginative and profound poems, "The Fan."

We were in Colombo harbour at 4.30 on the morning of October 31, having put "a girdle round the earth," not in Ariel's 40 minutes, but in nine rich and picturesque months. Two days later, 14 years from our first arrival, we were back in Adyar with the complicated feeling that we had never been away and had just arrived for the first time.

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## CHAPTER XLII

### PRELIMINARY TO PARTING

(J. H. C.) The half year between our return from our world-tour and my second response to the lure of America went into goings and comings that traversed now familiar ground. Work for Indian women took my collaborator north and south, and brought her back tired but happy over the development of the women's cause.

My own stars took me the 1800 miles to Karachi with stops to and fro to tell of our experiences of life abroad and our thought as to world-tendencies. At Karachi I was housed with the Parsee who was venerated by Hindus and Mohammedans alike, Jamshed Nusserwanjee Mehta, head of the Theosophists

of Sind, who was to become Mayor of Karachi, in continuous succession, for 13 years.

A day's excursion with the Mayor brought ancient and modern close together. The forenoon was spent at the site of the excavations that had recently unearthed the remnants of a noble city, and taken the history of Indian art and civilization back to 3500 B.C. During our brief call at Mohenjodaro there was a stir among the excavators. A heavyish piece of earth had been brought up from the level of a third city below the surface. It had just been cleaned—and behold! a two-pronged fastener for a woman's hair, ending in two ibex-heads of amazing beauty and craft, nearly 5,500 year old.

On the way back from Sind I followed up the suggestion of a friend that I should add Mount Abu to the list of art-centres I had seen. A car was waiting at the railway station to take me up to the famous summit, an hour's drive through delightful nature, with the added attraction of a herd of deer floating across the hillside led by a superb stag. I spent an excited afternoon looking over the two exquisite temples whose thousand-years-old marble building and carving seemed to fall from the roof in a design of lace rather than to rest as heavy stone on the ground. And behind the images of the Jain Tirthankaras (spiritual teachers) to which they were dedicated, the sister religion of Hinduism was held in sculptural memory.

At the next stop, Ahmedabad, I coincided with the historical first unfurling of the flag that declared India's resolve to be independent (January 26, 1930). The ceremony was small and dull, but, in the light of subsequent events, very significant. The centre of it was Sardar Vallabhai Patel, destined to be the first Deputy Prime Minister of free India 17 years later. A group of police officers and a fringe of the general public watched the event. Mahatma Gandhi was at his home at Sabarmati, outside Ahmedabad. But before I could fulfil an intention to call on him I had to address a meeting under the auspices of a group of artists on "Art in education." In the early afternoon I sat with Mahatma Gandhi on the floor of his cottage. We discussed education from all angles, while he spun continuously and

appeared (only appeared) to have no more interest in the history-making flag-hoisting ceremony than in the vast meeting that was assembling in the river bed.

From Juhu, a suburb of Bombay, I made a detour to add another to the list of art-centres that I knew outside the growing catalogue of books on such places. At dawn my baggage and I were picked up at the roadside by a big car driven by a handsome Parsi girl, Roshan Faridoonji. At 11 we found Gretta (on one of her escapades for Indian women) and lunch at the home of a friend at Nasik beyond a line of hills that seemed to enjoy their own jokes. Long after dark on our further journey we were hopelessly lost. A ghostly gateway in starlight tempted us to asked for shelter until dawn. But they only took people in on warrant: it was a district jail, and Gretta had no powers either as magistrate or offender. Anyhow we were consoled by the assurance that we were not where we thought we were; and that if we turned back and went so many times to the left and so many times to the right, we would find ourselves more or less where we wanted to be, to wit, the Nizam's guest house at Faradpur, for the Ajanta Caves. We were there at midnight, caked and sore-eyed with dust, sore-backed with bumps, and more than ready for a gipsy meal half-way between dinner and breakfast; and after that, mosquito curtains and sleep.

Two days in the marvellously excavated and sculptured and painted caves, with midday meal laid out at the entrance to Cave One, and Mr. Syed Ahmed, the curator, as our guide, took us into a world of art that for extent and quality and its unity of inspiration over 800 years, was overwhelming. Its visual reality was fresh and convincing notwithstanding the passing of 13 centuries since the decline of Buddhism had led to the cessation of Buddhist mural art. Its disclosure of a dignified and reverential life, dominated by the idea of the ascent of that life to the attainment of human perfection, was an unspoken rebuke to the undignified and increasingly irreverent life of the modern world. Its technical and aesthetical quality showed that perfection in art could move from era to era and from form to form and still be perfect. We had read much about the murals, and were

familiar with their composition and subject in reproductions ; but our private discovery was that, if Ajanta had not a square foot of wall-painting, it would have taken its place as a centre of immortal sculpture, an immense revelation of imagination and craftsmanship at one of the highest peaks of achievement.

Seventy-five miles further on we stood transfixed at a still higher peak of attainment in art, the Kailasa temple at Ellora, dominating a range of other temples, Jain as well as Hindu, any one of which would, separately, make its locale famous in the history of world-architecture and sculpture. But, whereas the other temples were excavated out of the rock, the Kailasa was cut both into and out of it. A piece of rock of 40,000 feet floor area was detached from a great cliff and excavated into numerous chambers, dedicated to Shiva, his consort Parvati, his aspects, and the associated deific figures and events that make up the cosmical and psychological view of the universe as visualised and symbolically expressed in stone by the genius of India. And the Gods and Goddesses and sub-deific figures, the herd of stone elephants around the plinth, the towers and the canopies over the main shrines, were not fabricated in studios, but sculptured out of the living rock—an operation that involved a mental power of planning, an extraordinary capacity of visualisation, and an equally extraordinary certainty of eye and hand in carrying out the decisions of the mind. The Kailasa temple was begun in the middle of the eighth century. Its profile approximated to that of its Himalayan prototype. It was finished with a thin coat of pure white cement to remind the worshipper of the purity of the snow-clad home of Shiva, and the necessity of a similar purity in himself.

My physical and literary excursions to the north-west of India were balanced by more or less similar excursions to the north-east. From Kailasa in rock I moved to Kailasa in personality, passing related eminences on the way. Abanindranath Tagore, creator of exquisite pictorial beauty, was 14 years older than when I first met him, and 14 years after middle life is less in time and more in effect than before it. He was old and tired. His versatile brother, Gogonendranath, was ill and

paralysed. Their ancestral home in Calcutta had lost something of its former lustre. Lesser art-eminences who came to my room in College Square were the artists, Promode Chatterjee, A. P. Banerjea, N. C. Guha, and the renowned scholar and critic, O. C. Gangoly.

The Kailasa peak of personality was before me next day (February 22, 1930) when I reached Santiniketan and Rabindranath's high-pitched welcome. On the verge of 70 we was straight as a palmyra, venerable in his now white hair and beard, regal without adornment in his fawn-coloured robe to his slippered feet, delightfully human through his clear and smiling brown eyes and deft turns of phrase telling of the quick movement of an alert and furnished mind, as we perambulated in the cool of the day and had our evening meal together in his beautiful home.

Next forenoon, in the midst of excitements over experiments in fresco-painting, I received word that Gurudev wanted me to lunch with him. His secretary asked me to bring the conversation round to spiritualism. I recalled a previous occasion when my head nearly joined that of King Charles through my daring to refer to occultism in terms that seemed to regard it as respectable. I was assured that the Poet's attitude had completely changed. A short experience through a young girl of the Santiniketan family had broken down his prejudices against such things. The details and implications of his experiments, backed up by experiences of my own, filled the end of our lunch chat to my departure.

Two months later, after a queer mixture of agony from a neck boil, of depression from a sense of futility and uselessness, and a call from America to repeat my previous tour, I left Madras on April 27 (1930). Gretta had left me on the steamer to throw herself into political agitation. I knew she would be all right: the police would see to that, for this was the 1930 that was to become famous in the annals of foreign stupidity in India, and I was as well out of the way. My kind were needed as observers and tellers of truth. By reason of an unusual sag in my emotional morale, verse came to me as a relief, a thing I had always deprecated in others as personal weakness degrading the

creatorship that is, as I had long been convinced, the proper sphere of poetry. But my defection only ran to three 4-line stanzas of lyrical self-pity. My memory sent up a story of Cuchullain, who had returned from an epic adventure to find that no one took the least notice of him, for he had not been away from his usual place. It all happened in the imagination. "There is no last or first," as Browning made Pippa sing. "Ends and beginnings are dreams," as Edwin Arnold paraphrased the "Bhagavad Gita; sometimes they are nightmares; always they are illusions; not that they do not exist, but that on this side of the Absolute everything is relative, interrelated, transient. Quite a carillon of thought rang out the old in my belfry, and the ship's telegraph took a hand in ringing in the new and heading me from the eastern hemisphere towards the western.

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## CHAPTER XLIII

## OCEANS AND CONTINENTS

(J. H. C.) On May 6, 1930, half-way across the Arabian Sea, the wireless announced that Gandhi had been arrested near Surat under an ordinance of 1827, and would be held without trial as long as the British Government thought necessary. It was also announced that Peshawar, in the north-west had been occupied by British troops, just why was not indicated. Things were beginning to move in India. I wondered what Gretta was doing. She certainly would not be doing nothing.

I got to familiar Marseilles in delightfully cool weather, compared with hot and humid Madras, on May 21, and next morning, free from neck bangage and pain, I was again in the hospitable Selleger home outside Geneva. Summer was in full voice and plumage—blackbirds, cuckoos, finches, nightingales; iris, lilac, wistaria, chestnut. Poems had to come, one provoked by the news that Sarojini Naidu had been sentenced to 9 months' imprisonment for collaborating with Gandhi. Every Swiss

newspaper had a photograph of her, and the event monopolised the posters. I could imagine Gretta's chagrin, and the pull on her reins to keep her war-horse in check pending the development of our mutual destiny.

L'Athenee of Geneva gave my new group of Indian paintings a first-class show of 16 days. It happened to coincide with a session of the League of Nations, and drew a number of all-European and Indian journalists. Through the fine thought and hospitality of Baroness Sophie de Kos, an evening was set apart for an exhibition talk to journalists, 50 of whom turned up. We finished explanations and refreshments in a chorus of delight. A Dutch journalist, eastern editor of a big newspaper, very strongly wished that I could visit Holland and let the people see what was taking place in indigenous art in "British India." It happened that I was booked to leave Rotterdam two months hence for New York, and could go a week in advance and show the paintings if someone would find a place and take up the necessary publicity. The Dutch journalist, Mr. A. J. Lievegoed, volunteered to do so, and to have a special representative from every newspaper in Holland to write about the exhibition.

Meanwhile there were activities that had biographical bearings. A Conference of the European Federation of the Theosophical Society began on June 24 in the Salla Communale, and I had to make a quick change from L'Athenee to the upper vestibule of the Hall of the Commune with the paintings for another phase of continental enlightenment regarding India through 500 delegates from various countries.

While the Conference was proceeding I had curious incursions from the imagination in the form of fragments of verse from half a line to three lines. This took place in all sorts of incongruous circumstances—stepping on to a tramcar, eating ice-cream in the restaurant in the middle of the river, swearing at a jazz band, working out lecture ideas. I noted the fragments on a piece of paper. They all appeared to follow the same scansion. They had no apparent connection with one another or anything in my mind; yet there was a similarity of mental atmosphere that suggested something before and after.



I left Geneva on July 16 for a four-weeks' holiday on Capri Island in the beautiful home of Signorina Emilie Van Kerckhoff, a Dutch artist, and her friend Signorina Sara de Swart, a Dutch sculptor, both in advanced years, but full of interest in life and particularly in India. From the loggia of my room I looked out over gardens of olives and the home of Dr. Axel Munthe, the famous author of "The Story of San Michele," and beyond it to the blue Mediterranean Sea.

My little composite bed-sitting-room had a choice collection of books on the arts and classics. Walter Pater's "Greek Studies," read a second time, excited my mind not only with the chiselled style of the author but with the revelation of the culture of ancient Greece. But something in me wanted to speak rather than to be spoken to. I was reminded of my frequent desire for leisure and beauty and quietude in which to receive and express poetry. But I had no creative initiative, no rhythm, no idea. I remembered the hints that had been given me in scraps in Geneva, but I could not find the paper on which I had scrawled them. It occurred to me to try to recall them from memory. Bit by bit they reappeared. Two lines,

A tryst that antedates the sun,

A bond sealed on a vanished star,

opened up dim ideas of loyalties of the spirit, an immensity of space and time out of which to condense some verbal image and music that might be a reflection and echo of a reality beyond the rational mind. The substance of "The Troth" took rapid shape. On new moon day I began to write it, and on full moon day it was complete. When I was almost at the end of the poem the note of the spontaneous lines turned up neatly placed face downwards in a group of papers awaiting attention.

On August 14 I was at Locarno in Switzerland on a week's visit to the School of Spiritual Research, conducted by Madame Frobe-Capteyn in and around her very distinctive home, "Casa Gabriella," on the edge of Lake Maggiore. A course of lectures on occult subjects was being given by Mrs. Alice Bailey. I was to give talks on Indian art with illustrations, and on "Occult influences in creative literature" and "Art in Education." It

was a refreshingly free centre of exchange of experience and thought on the profoundest problems of life.

My promise to visit the Hague was fulfilled on August 22, when I was most cordially tucked into a well-populated house, one of scores of such on both sides of a close-fitting street, my nearest approach to artificial civilization since we left Garston in 1915. Mine host had been as good as his word on arrangements. The Pulchri Studio, the chief art-centre of the capital of Holland, had been made ready for the Indian paintings. Next day, I had what was later to be called a press conference, a peripatetic one full of questions; for this was the first seeing in Holland of the work of the new school of "British Indian" painting, and the occasion was regarded as a top-ranking artistic event. The formal opening brought together what I was told was the most representative collection of all that was notable in the cultural life of the country. One visitor interested me very much, a little dapper elderly man who flitted from picture to picture with obvious intelligent pleasure. I asked my sponsor who he was. "That is Colonel Van Erp." Then I remembered the name as that of the Colonel of Engineers who had uncovered the lost Borobudur in Java. Two nights later I had after-dinner coffee in his home and a stimulating chat on Asian art. My appreciation and knowledge, albeit at second hand, drew him out in his affection for the great monument that to him was alive aesthetically and vocal of the eternal spirit of devotion.

I sailed for New York on September 5. The s. s. "Rotterdam" had a "Tourists' Class" in which American students of continental culture, with their Professors, returned home to the number of 800. A small library gave me the means of passing the hours more congenially than at the bar or otherwise. Pater and Swinburne were refreshing in the Atlantic Ocean. A book of Dowson's raised my ire with its degrading lust and made me cry out for the deliverance of English poetry from the febrile adolescent imagination. It also made me compose two vilanelles in which human love was expressed from the spiritual side such as I knew it.

The one acquaintance that I made on the voyage was totally unexpected. An elderly Professor gave afternoon summaries of what a group of students in his charge had seen among certain of the cathedrals of Europe. When I thanked him at the end of his course, he disclosed the fact that he knew of me and my interest in Indian culture. India, he confessed, was his own chief interest. Rabindranath Tagore, on a tour of America, had called at the college in which he was the warden of foreign students to see his son, Rathindranath. Rabindranath had stayed in his home. The result was his complete immersion in the Tagore poetry and outlook on life. He had heard that I had a collection of Indian paintings on board, and if I would show them in the lounge he would make the arrangements. I chose fifty items from my parcel deep down in the ship's baggage room and explained them to a crowded audience to whom they appeared to be a revelation of beauty and idealism.

Shortly after my second arrival in New York I went to the Community Church of Dr. John Haynes Holmes to hear the well-known philosopher, Dr. Will Durant, on "The Case for India." He had just returned from Bombay, and had been an eye-witness of the treatment of groups of protesting men and women who, as followers of Gandhi, offered no resistance to police attacks on them with batons (lathis). He told his story in a croaky voice, without flourishes, his hands in his pockets except when he turned over a page of his script. The accumulating effect on the big audience led to cries of indignation from all over the great church.

Good luck gave me a full-length view of Stokowski as conductor. The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra was to play under his baton in the Carnegie Hall. Seats had all been booked a year ago; but my host and hostess, Major and Mrs. Graham Phelps-Stokes, went foraging, and got tickets for the three of us. Stokowski had acquired a reputation as a strickler for musical manners on the part of the audience: no straggling in after time; no tittle-tattle. Tuning was ready when he appeared behind the band. He tripped through it to an unadorned box just large enough to stand on, a tall, spare figure, with fuzzy straw-coloured hair, a firm sensuous mouth, and a deadly serious countenance.

His conducting arm was aloft the instant he was on his stand. And what music! I have no recollection or memorandum of the waves, only an overwhelming sense of the buoyance of an ocean of celestial sound.

Literature claimed me in a dinner of the Literary Vespers, with post-prandial contributions of a number of writers. I was unknown to anyone present except the leader of the organization to whom I had passed on an introduction from a mutual friend in Europe. Literary Vespers was so called because the reading and exposition of high literature was made the central item of a late Sunday-afternoon gathering in a large public hall. The chairman of the dinner, who was also the leader of the Vespers, suggested privately in advance that I should think over a sonnet of mine, which he named, also some fairly long poem. Luckily, for mental discipline I had recently memorised "Bubble-blowers," and could say it in four minutes when my turn at the authors' table came after dinner. But the 22-years-old sonnet was a mystery that had to await solution. Anyhow I managed to bring it to mind. The chairman felt it was necessary to introduce me, a new-comer. In his lecture-tours, he said, he always gave a talk on "The Sonnet," and he always kept a particular sonnet to the end as an ideal example of technique, subject and feeling. This sonnet was in a small group published in Dublin in 1907, in a little book called "The Awakening," that had been a companion for over 20 years. It was entitled "Love's Infinity." Its author, James H. Cousins, whose name would be known to some of those present as one of the new Irish School of poets headed by AE and Yeats, would himself say the sonnet, and follow it with another poem. The reception was more than cordial from the crowd of persons familiar with the best poetry. I will avoid the charge of pride (and in some ways it would be a true charge) at the applause and hand-shaking and thanking eyes and mention one incident that bought poetry and sculpture together. I had learned that an elderly man with a crooked dinner-tie at the speakers' table was "America's Michelangelo,"—George Gray Barnard; and I had seen from a table-card that the lady on my left was his wife.

After my item he rose and came along the passage at the backs of the chairs towards his wife, I presumed to take her home. Instead, he stopped at the back of my chair, put his two arms round my neck and said, "O brother! you have done me good," and returned to his place—and as his item gave an intimate interpretation of what my poem signified.

An invitation from the American Society for Psychical Research to address them on "Some Personal Experiences of the Supernormal" gave me the pleasant experience of restoring to memory events and ponderings that were crucial to my view of life, but were apt to fall into the background behind the crush of challenging and delightful external things.

Visits to Universities and Colleges were repeated, and showed a continuation of interest in India and in educational idealism. At Vassar College for Women I enjoyed myself talking extemporaneously on "Some Poets of the Irish revival." The big crowd of beautified Ophelias appeared also to have enjoyed themselves. I was smothered at the end by requests to come again. A reference to the lady in charge elicited the fact that their fund for visiting lecturers was exhausted. There was general regret. In the train back to New York I turned over a deeper regret in my mind for the threat to the quality of American life involved in the fact that the majority of the crowd of eager young women were smoking cigarettes, and that none of them had the cultural sensitiveness to suggest that if they dropped their smokes for a day they would save the fee for a second lecture.

A lunch-talk at the Rotary Club at Bristol, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, on "India cultural and social", gave me one of those verbal ripostes that encourage one with the realisation that the mental rapier has not lost its point. A Rotarian, in a kindly patronising manner at question time, said: "After all, Dr. Cousins, don't you think there was something futile in Gandhi making salt for a political purpose?" The reply came instant: "Just as futile, and just as symbolical, as tumbling tea into Boston harbour." (Hearty laughter and loud applause in which the questioner joined).

A four-day visit to Washington gave me inspiring contacts with the United States at their cultural best. The Penwomen's

Club, the University Women's Club, the Arts Club, made me the piece de resistance at dinners, and made me, crowded with vegetarian dainties and ice-cream sundaes, talk on India and recite "Bubble-blowers." The climax of the visit was under the auspices of the University Men's Club. After dinner I was led to a hall like a cathedral in size and get-up, and set on a platform before hundreds of members of the Club to talk for an hour on some eminent Indians I had known. Some intuition of form made me choose Gandhi, Bose and Tagore, and to entitle them, Saint, Scientist and Singer. Of these I could speak extemporaneously and at first hand. As my exposition of Rabindranath as educator, patriot, world-lover and poet proceeded, I got more and more keyed up, and ended on an entirely unanticipated note that proved to be something of a history-maker. I concluded some spontaneous recitals from memory of translations of his Bengali poems into English, with a reference to his "Morning Song of India" which, in its original, I had sung many times with the staff and students of Madanapalle College at "daily dedication." With a boldness of which I would have been innocent in my sober moments I sang the first stanza in Bengali, and followed it with the translation that the poet had made at Madanapalle in 1919:

Thou art the ruler of the minds of all people,  
Thou dispenser of India's destiny.  
Thy name rouses the hearts of the Punjab, Sind,  
Gujrat and Maratha, of Dravid, Orissa, and Bengal.  
It echoes in the hills of the Vindhya and Himalayas,  
mingles in the music of Jumna and Ganges, and  
is chanted by the waves of the Indian Sea.  
They pray for thy blessing and sing thy praise,  
Thou dispenser of India's destiny.  
Victory, victory, victory to thee.

The geographical recital of this introduction to the "Morning Song" did not obscure the declaration that the Will behind human thought was also behind the future of India, and that victory for that Will meant the victory of all and the defeat of none. Then flashed into my mind what must have been one of

the earliest hints of "Jana gana mana" as the national anthem of India, though at the time months of civil disobedience had been met by extreme brutality, and freedom for India seemed as far off as ever. In the reverent silence that followed I ended my address: "I offer you this 'Morning Song of India' not as the national anthem of one nation as opposed to others, but as the international anthem of humanity." The larger offer has not been fulfilled; but after much controversy it became the national anthem of free India.

On my way westward I made a talkative stop at Cleveland, Ohio, and came upon an example of how near things can be and yet be "world's away." At a drawing-room meeting in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, in the absence of Mrs. Cousins I told something of the position and needs of women and children in India. This brought me an invitation to lunch with a lady of fortune and philanthropic spirit. I was the only guest; and conversation led up to an offer by her to organise a Million Dollar Fund, to be divided between the education of women, a children's hospital and any other need for women's welfare that Mrs. Cousins might decide. She and I were to be the first honorary administrators of the fund. When I got to a period of quietness in California I was to draft a scheme, and she would get out an appeal and head it with a substantial amount. In due time I did so; but the slump had reached her, and besides reducing her own financial resources had depressed everyone and made an appeal impossible!

By way of Indianapolis and a day's exhibition and an evening's lantern lecture, I got to Evanston, Illinois, for a five day's exhibition at the Shawnee Country Club, under the patronage of Mrs. Charles Dennis, wife of the editor of the "Chicago Daily News."

On a day in Chicago between trains, Mrs. Dennis asked me to lunch with her at the newspaper office, also with her husband and hundreds of the staff in a basement dining room. Conversation in such a noise was difficult, but such as we managed was effective. "How do you propose to spend the rest of the day?" "My only blank is the time when the Symphony Orchestra is

playing Scriabine's 'Poem of Fire.' Scouts are out for tickets, but hopes are not high." Mrs. Dennis looked hopeless for a moment through the clatter of knives and forks. Then a gleam came into her eye and she bent over to the editor and yelled, "Charles, what did you do with the two press tickets for the Symphony that came by post this morning?" The editor thought for six seconds, put a hand in a pocket, and drew out an envelope containing the said two tickets. Just as easy as that.

The immense hall was packed with music-lovers. These read the exposition of each item in the detailed programme that everybody had. The introduction to the "Poem of Fire" was a fine piece of balanced biography and musical criticism, with references to the Theosophical ideas that the composer had turned from words into sounds. It told the story of Scriabine's introduction to "The Secret Doctrine," as I have already related it, with differences. The strange post-Debussy tonality that Scriabine had arrived at must have been difficult for most of the listeners to grasp, as it was for myself. It was a firmament glowing with uncountable variations of multi-coloured Sirius; a succession of fascinating fire that drew one, moth-like, to it with the assurance that at any point it could carry one upwards though purification to the cool white light of perfect understanding.

That was on November 29, 1930, and on the afternoon of December 1 I started the lecture-course on poetry in Iowa State University that was the official reason for my going half round the world to renew a happy connection.

President Jessup called me to dinner, at which I found myself the only guest. Conversation was mainly from his side of the table. He had heard students say that I had done something to them. The growing danger of the humanities being submerged by science had been averted. The fine arts were round the corner of the curriculum. In some way I was behind all this. He wanted to find out how, and what could be done about it. Hence his request that in my first evening public lecture I should "put all my cards on the table." He would be a stone or a hypocrite who would not be gratified at such recognition. At the same time, it was somewhat scaring to have to face men



of learning and experience and women of free and alert minds, and to present a sphere of view, not a point, that was not in their mental vernacular. But it had to be done. On a previous visit I had been warned against using certain words, but had managed to get round them. This time "synthetic" was a good word to omit from a university lecture; to the general American mind it suggested something in a bottle in a drug-store. Something in me gave the title "The Synthetical View of Life." I transferred responsibility for what might have appeared original and provocative, as far back as to the Vedantic seers of India, one of whom declined to teach one of the arts to a would-be artificer unless he studied also the other arts, seeing that no art is really itself unless in some degree it includes some of the qualities of the others. From art to life was an easy step, since life, when it is really lived, not just squandered, is the chief and most synthetical of the arts. And the introducer of art to life, with the desirable impartation of life to art, is education, all-round education, synthetical education, the education of the thinker, the feeler and the doer. I did not feel the "loud and continued applause" at the end just formal.

The fourth lecture of the official literary series in Iowa University, "Poetry as intuitive scripture," gave me another example of the responsiveness of the American mind to idealism. Professor Shambaugh, the head of the lecture department, called me to his room and gave me a lecturette against modesty. I had given the University and the public a wealth of literary enlightenment. I had shown them the art of poetry from the inside, and had illustrated my interpretations with many familiar lines that became new in the setting I gave them. But I had failed to mention the Irish poet, Cousins. Forget the others this time, he urged, and disclose yourself.

In the big ascending science theatre I could not deny myself the ever fresh delight of making exposition of the interwoven designs,

"Where more is meant than meets the ear,"  
as Milton puts it, that gives certain lines the sermonic value of texts of scripture in being capable of interpretative ramifications

from the radiant centre of intuitive vision to the circumference of thought and feeling and expression. By the time I reached the part of my theme in which, as commanded by Shambaugh, verses of my own became the illustrative material, my telling of their inception and significance brought back so many memories of creative joy that I was told I "got on stilts." My last word was followed by an outburst of extraordinary applause. I bowed acknowledgement, but the audience sat on applauding. "You have done something to them," Professor Shambaugh said, when I left my place at the lecture table to depart. "They just can't get up. Neither can I. That's what I call a great lecture." I couldn't contradict him, as I hadn't heard it.

After many impromptu and unofficial engagements at Iowa, I rejoiced in a dazzling conjunction of Venus, Jupiter and the Moon, to which I gave thanks for the collaboration of beauty, aspiration and personality, in which I appeared to have shared. This was on the way to Crete, Nebraska, for a two-days call at Doane College, a Congregational training-ground for missionaries. Talks to classes and a public lecture gave me a busy time. The opening chapel hour (which was really half an hour) was usually given over to a reading of scripture and an address. For a change I was asked to take the entire time for a recital of poems of my own. This led to an unwonted demonstration of applause in a place dedicated to solemnity. At 10 at night I was more or less smuggled into the women's hostel to tell them about the women of India. On my way in I noticed young men and women in dark places in passionate embrace, and wondered to what extent New Testament restraint influenced the impulses of adolescence. In the assembly room I was the only male thing physically present. The students lounged about in pyjamas, while I sat on a couch and talked.

From the point of view of my central propaganda, the fine arts, my two day call (December 10-11) at the College of Fine Arts of the University of Nebraska in Lincoln, was my most completely satisfactory experience. There I found my ideal of an institution in which the technical side of art collaborated with the theoretical and historical; though I had yet, anywhere on the

planet, to come upon the first and surest step towards making education really educational, the inclusion of art as an integral part of the syllabus. Here the Indian paintings received most enthusiastic and intelligent appreciation. Eager groups of students of art and their instructors packed my talk-times in the gallery. I had to answer many questions put with the object of eliciting information and ending with happy understanding. At a ceremonial reception I had to stand on a "soap box" and shake hands with the total art-population, I forget the number. At a Convocation I gave an address on "Education for Liberation" to a big and almost too attentive audience. And there were after-dinner talks on poetry and India.

At Omaha, still in Nebraska, I gave talks on the usual subjects and preached in the Liberal Catholic Church, of which I was not a member, on "Religion and Education." Then by a thirteen-hour train to Denver, Colorado. Happily half the journey was from sunrise to 1 p.m., and I rejoiced at the beauty of the morning landscape of the Colorado uplands, straw-tinted with overlaid patches of white, and backed by the snow-clad Rocky Mountains.

Destiny had set me down (or rather up) in the "mile-high" city for a thin but sufficing programme of a lecture a week on the life and culture of India, with paintings, two weeks before Christmas 1930 and two weeks after, for the Junior League, a women's organisation. Heavy snow made it necessary at times to walk to and from the meeting-place by lanes between six-foot banks. The main city streets were kept clear by ruthless sweeping; but freezes gave them slippery surfaces that caused motor cars to become hysterical. My hotel was so pious that visitors were not provided with meals on Sundays, and had to dress arctically and go round some corners to a restaurant that had a non-stop radio and an idea of vegetarian food as something belonging to a comic strip.

As my month in Denver progressed I got into a new atmosphere, even as I had gone back atmospherically when in my young manhood I discovered Irish Druidism. I came on books of American Indian legends and poetry, and noticed challenging

similarities of idea that suggested comparative studies not only with Irish mythology but with the Indian Puranas. References to these in my lectures brought questions and answers. This brought me to the Red Indian Museum of the Smithsonian Institute, and an invitation to spend a year on the Indian reservations with a translator, hear the legends of the Indians, discuss them alongside the Druidical and Pauranic, and present a comparative and interpretative report; all facilities and expenses provided, and a salary. Four days later an offer of a year's guest lectureship in English Poetry in the College of the City of New York, complicated matters, particularly as the same post brought news from Gretta of health conditions that might mean my return to India to help her. My own health went liverish and feverish, and I prescribed a three-days fast. On Christmas Day my celebration rose to two raw apples.

One of my special friendships in Denver was with Dr. Hardman of the Church of Divine Science. A Sunday evening service conducted by him began with meditation. The sermon was an exposition of esoteric Christianity that would have pleased Anna Kingsford and Annie Besant. So we met and talked; and just before my departure for farther west, Dr. Hardman asked me to give a lantern lecture on India in the church at a mid-week service. Over 800 attended, and the good man turned over the whole collection to my travel fund.

On four Sunday afternoons I gave a broadcast on various aspects of poetry. The station received from New York, 3000 miles east: hence the quaint juxtaposition in the announcement: "You have listened to the New York Symphony Orchestra under the baton (pronounced batawn') of Toscanini. You will now hear Dr. James H. Cousins of India on 'Inspiration in Poetry.' Dr. Cousins."

The last day of 1930 brought another of the demonstrations that one can do something to others. The Secretary of the Women's Club of Denver, Mrs. H. F. Kramer, drove me out to one of her humanitarian interests, the Girls' Industrial School at Mount Morrison on a plateau bounded by the Rockies. "Industrial School" was a polite term for a girls' reformatory. The

inmates were 130 "delinquents" sent up by the police courts; not sufficiently criminal to be beyond recovery; and, being of country stock, were taught all phases of agriculture. I was asked not to make a set speech: they got enough of that kind of thing. I should chat about poetry, particularly how it was made, including my own, with illustrations; rather a literary adventure among near-criminals. For the entertainment of the visitor a short programme of choruses and action songs was given. What I said has faded from memory, being extemporaneous and fluctuant; but a diary records, poems by Mirabai, Sarojini and Lilamini Naidu and self. I retain a dim memory of mounting pleasure to a climax of vision when womanhood would exert its full and free power not only in literature and the arts but in all the affairs of life. When I finished, heads bent in discussion around the piano in the middle of the floor. A message was brought by the music mistress, something like this: "It was intended to close with another set of songs, but the girls have been so deeply moved that they do not wish to spoil the effect by anything they could give. They ask permission to go quietly to their rooms for some time, and to say thanks to Dr. Cousins as they pass by." I descended to a door near the platform, and as the 130 "delinquents" gave me a handshake each, and I looked into their eyes with a smile and a brotherly word, I could sense a projection from my imagination of a figure somehow representing Authority facing another figure that somehow resembled the Future, and the Future arraigned Authority for the first of all delinquencies, the failure to create a civilisation that made the petty delinquencies of expanding human energy impossible by providing congenial and beneficent ways and means for its expression.

I was helped to begin the new year (1931) well by the School of Theology of Denver University which asked me to occupy the chapel hour with a talk on the Religious Life of India. At the end I was held up with a request that, if I was free, the assembled candidates for Holy Orders would be grateful if I would give the next period for a forum on the subject. I disavowed formal study. My adventures in religion were desultory, not deliberate,

spontaneous, not systematic, yet deep and compendious when the fit was on. My limitations were accepted; the questions asked were by minds on the quest of such facts as I could impart to them out of observation, intimate participation, and such verbal interpretation as had come to me. We had a good time.

I was driven on a detour of 75 miles there and much the same back, along the east margin of the Rockies, with the upper 8000 feet of Pike's Peak seen from 6000 feet above sea-level, to the Colorado College, where I gave five talks in two days. On the way back from Colorado Springs to Denver, my escort, Theodore Fisher, took me through the Valley of the Gods. From time immemorial fantastic winds had conspired with responsive sandstone to ensculp an amazing simulacrum of a long row of ancient ruined temples, Hindu for preference. Holes here and there along the roadside seemed to say that the spirit of the "fortyniner" was still on the hunt for gold. We came upon two descendents of the clan and shared our packet of sandwiches with them and some remarks on the hope that "springs immortal."

Next day we made an exploratory detour of fifty miles to the Colorado State Teachers' College at Greeley. I addressed an assemblage in the gymnasium, 1600 all told, of whom 500 were men. It was good to be in a warm place in the Rocky winter. Everything outside was frozen stiff. What had been waterfalls were hemmed in to a trickle by 40 foot frontages of thick ice.

I had to pass through Greeley on my way from Denver to Reno, Nevada. With two days to spare I accepted a cordial invitation to revisit the Teachers' College. These went into an interlude of unanticipated and inexplicable friendship. There was something of the magic of Irishry about it. I was the second guest to be put up in the new Faculty Club: the first was the poet AE; the third was to be the Ulster shanachie (story-teller), Seumas MacManus. So I had just to talk about the Irish poets to the theatre-full of teachers in training. I suppose there was a difference between a dissertation on a past poet from books and intimate delineations of the personalities behind poems that had become immortal in our time. We were all very happy.

It took all but two days to get from Greeley to Reno. Every mile of daytime was picturesque. Little lonely stations punctuated a vast landscape of snow. Night was miserable with the stale smother of artificial heating—mixed with premonitions of my partner's health, and with the thin news of India in the press that signified intensified political agitation in which her passion for human freedom was fairly certain to involve her.

The second evening, at 10.35, found me at the famous city of domestic rearrangement. I was put up in a hotel next door to the divorce court. The hotel advertised, as a special allurements, a radio in every room. My first discovery in the city of matrimonial disruption was a family alliance of spirit led by a delightful elderly father and mother, President Walter Clarke of the University of Nevada and Mrs. Clarke, and their highly endowed poet-son. A chance remark of mine about a creative mystic being behind the composition of the oath taken by graduates led to a drive to hot springs, at 10,000 feet, where picknickers cooked eggs by lowering them in a handkerchief on a cord deep down into one of the steaming rents in the ground. Dr. Clarke parked the car in a quiet place. He had not brought me out merely to see a natural freak. He had been mystically minded from his youngest days; but the circumstances of his life had allowed its expression only in furtive ways. Then began a friendship of the spirit that asked nothing of date, place or genealogy, but linked the eternal to the eternal in the free exchange of the soul.

The official cause of my visit to the somewhat gew-gaw city of Reno was to give a three-lecture course on India, its People and Culture, its Philosophy, its Literature. The first lecture in the largest hall available (400) was crammed and cordial. Next evening, at the request of persons who had radios and could hear without adding to the crush, a microphone and accessories were installed. Each lecture was followed by an impromptu forum. First-hand information on everything, in spite of Katherine Mayo, was asked for. At the second lecture the chairman announced that there would be no broadcast of the third, as a baseball match some thousands of miles away would be on the air. A quick mind in the audience suggested that the forum

should be at the time of the baseball so that the lecture could go on the air after it. And so it happened.

Twentyfour hours by rail took me from the wintriness of Nevada to the springtime salubriousness of middle California, at the end of January. I settled at the Ojai (American-Indian for the Nest) for a three-months course in synthetical study after the manner of the Brahmavidya Ashrama at Adyar. The large lecture-hall at Krotona, near Krishnamurti's Star Camp, was on a little hill, from which one looked up the lovely valley at the end of which the flattish-topped Topa Topa stood against the sky, the former place of assembly of the peaceful Indian tribes of a large area.

At intervals I took myself for walks along the roads, and revelled in the overhanging delicacy of pepper-trees and the white promise of budding acacias. This was good for me, as something—perhaps over-work, or excessive ice-creams, or the past wintry weather—was making inroads on my health. But work had to go on. I went to Los Angeles (80 miles) by car to have lunch with the President of the University of Southern California and to talk over arrangements for a lecture course on "India's Life and Culture." Dr. Von Kleinsmid might have been invented by Nietzsche, and he said grace before meat. With us was the head of the Oriental Department of the University, Dr. Von Koerber, short and darkish, who had a sparkle and an intimacy with Indian thought that made me sit up and take notice. With Dr. E. Diller Starbuck, whom I had found out in Iowa, we made a triumvirate of private heterodoxy.

A second visit to Los Angeles was to put up the exhibition of Indian paintings, and to plan another series of ten lectures, these on English poetry on a second day of each week. But this series was not found feasible. I learned privately that a telephone message had been received from a lady of profound Christian charity warning the President that one of those terrible Theosophists had wormed his way into the University, and would poison it with his evil ideas. This scared the orthodox President, and my course, that had been cordially received at Iowa, was black-beaned at Los Angeles. The zealous lady was mollified



by the assurance that the President would see to it that I would keep strictly to my subject. To fulfil his assurance he introduced me for my first lecture, and told the audience of 200 serious students the exact ground I would cover—that is, as he intended me to cover it. My first harmless historical and geographical accounts of the origins and expansion of Indian culture were so indicative of high thinking and superb art, that the audience was enthusiastic. Members of Women's Clubs from miles around asked me to fill gaps of information and books in their winter programmes. At the end the President thanked me publicly for the cultural riches I had brought to them, and privately was sorry that he had not taken it for granted that one holding my personal opinions could also be a scholar and a gentleman.

A four-days excursion in the Mojave (j pronounced as h) Desert (April 2 to 5) gave me new views of nature. A trailer on the car that Billy Mayes and I were in carried a tent for us at night and all day-equipment. Sara Mayes used our car as her bedroom, and A. P. Warrington and his wife made the other car their hotel. We climbed out of Ojai by the ridge route, and had our first breath-catching sight from the end of the San Joachin Valley, the other end of which was below the horizon, a hundred miles away by forty at its widest. On one stretch of hillside, forty miles by eight, there were long patches of lupin (blue) interspersed with patches of Californian poppies (yellow), an amazing expression of the colour-sense of nature. At 154 miles out we camped beside a deserted house. Billy and I saw to the donkey work of dinner ; the ladies looked after the etceteras ; Parthe (Warrington) flavoured the festival with Theosophical teachings in a more or less Oxford accent from New England.

Our further journey after a good night's sleep took us through a desert mirage of ships in a harbour, through a petrified forest and silica mines, where we saw nature in age-long transformations of shape. In the late afternoon we camped 4000 feet up the side of Pilot Knob which went 1400 feet still higher, and I spent the night trying to keep myself from shivering in my day clothes with bed equipment piled on top.

Part of the roundabout way home next morning took us by picturesque canyons and along flower-coloured hillsides. Occasionally the picturesqueness faded out, especially in the appropriately named Spunky Canyon, at corners over unguarded precipices around which another car might suddenly appear. We were home next evening, after a night by the edge of a dry lake, with the arithmetical problem as to why, in a country that had a car to each three inhabitants, we had not seen one besides our own in four days.

During my stay at the Ojai hospitable home of Miss Humason and her retired professorial sister, Dr. Waldo, the future began to show itself with its favourite mixed direction. Dr. Robinson of the College of the City of New York wrote officially offering me the previously suggested post of guest Professor of English Poetry for a year. Dr. Starbuck suggested a year in the University of Southern California. But letters from Gretta indicated a fall in health, though she worked through it at ever increasing tension, as she herself will tell. She had an offer as Secretary of a Women's College in India, which she thought might relieve me for a while for poetry and other literary work. She wrote saying I was wanted for a College in Sind. At last, putting all things together, she cabled that she would sail from Colombo on May 30 and arrive in New York in 35 days.

The University of Nevada called me back to Reno to give a 50-minutes Commencement address at the Baccalaureate service in the University Museum. On a free afternoon Mrs. Clarke drove a group of us to the margin of Tahoe Lake. After a pic-nic supper it was discovered that while we were admiring the sunset colours of the great stretch of calm water and the blue-black range of hills on the far horizon, our car had sunk on one side a foot deep into the soft beach. We were miles from anywhere, and moonless darkness was coming on. I remembered a small building we had passed, and went to search for it and ask for help. After much zigzagging among thick trees, with no torch and no idea of how to return, I saw a light and struggled towards it through tangled undergrowth. Men were talking inside; but when I made a polite noise outside,

silence came on and the light went out. I made a short impromptu speech that would have done as introduction to a short story or a movie. The light went up; and a youngish man in shirt sleeves came out. They were greatly relieved by my story, he said, as he and his mate got the idea at first that I was a bunch of gangsters. They were the post office of a large and thinly populated district. They immediately assembled rescue implements, a crowbar, a rope, a strip of old thick matting, and a hand-lamp. In half an hour the lop-sided car was on the level. An enquiry as to compensation was turned aside on the ground that it was not often that they had such a pleasant evening. Conversation kept us late for dinner.

In Santa Barbara I gave a course of eight lectures on Indian Culture, but did not feel as fresh as formerly. Rest in the luxurious flower and fruit garden of the Eichheims between engagements gave me the receptivity necessary for verse. But a sense of menace over the house went into pessimistic figures of speech quite unusual to my poetry. There were requests for pergola recitals of my verse to callers. At one of these I read a new Marriage Anniversary poem. Towards the end a lady who had been listening intently threw up her hands and with a cry ran away. I learned that, while she had high ideals of human relationships, her own domestic life had been a tragic disappointment.

My ancient history as a dramatist brought me an invitation to give a lunch talk to the Community Players on "The early days of the Irish dramatic revival." A question drew from me the reply that, if drama in California was to be dependent on the artificial drama from New York, it would be as dead as Irish drama was while the local stage was dominated from London. But Yeats (not to mention myself) had set free the breath of artistic life by making Irish thought, imagination and life the subject-matter and the manner of Irish drama; and resurrection followed. When I saw the Players' performance of a futile detective story, I realised that my suggestion of an indigenous drama was much needed. Two days later I saw American acting at its apex. Mrs. Fiske was then the Ellen Terry of the United States; but while Ellen Terry kept

within the age limit, Mrs. Fiske followed the juvenility of Sarah Bernhardt, and at 70 presented a bright young thing in a comedy. Mrs. Fiske acted with fine energy and finish; but she ran off at such gabbling speed in her sentences that I had a disconcerting difficulty in trying to get at the sense of them. I suspected my unfamiliarity with the trans-Atlantic enunciation; so I asked an American friend who sat beside me what per cent of Mrs. Fiske's speeches he heard with complete understanding. "About twenty per cent" he said.

For a fortnight's change of environment I was moved from the sumptuous Eichheim home to the less elaborate house and garden of Colonel and Mrs. George Hamilton, who had been much interested in my lectures. For a poet they allocated a cottage in the reserved part of the garden from which I could sit in a cosy chair and muse on the Pacific Ocean on the left and the Sierras high on the right. In poetry I read every line of William Morris' "Jason," and tried to read Robinson Jeffers' "Roan Stallion," but stalled. Lyrics of my own came.

My final nine days at Santa Barbara were clouded with sorrow. My feeling of menace hanging over the Eichheim household was fulfilled. Henry had to go to a hospital in San Francisco for urgent treatment. Two days later he had to return by air as Ethel had taken ill. By the time he arrived, she had been operated on, and was dying. My own health began to be a worry to others. I consulted a doctor at Ventura against whom I had been warned as being heterodox. He looked me over and diagnosed what I knew was wrong, an upset from over-work and irregular feeding. A second visit saw me on the way to health after a few days of simple and quiet life. I asked him for his bill. "Bill!" he said. "If you sent me a bill for all the artistic and intellectual treatment I have received in your lectures at Krotona, I would be bankrupt." All I could do was to give him a group of my books for his waiting-room and think of the famous "materialism" of America.

I got to New York on June 24, much better after a semi-spartan journey of five days. Again I was at the Phelps-Stokes home in Greenwich Village; and we celebrated the event by a

dinner in a queer little backyard cafe whose clients, except perhaps ourselves, seemed to be trying to look peculiar. Gretta's steamer was to arrive in a week. The interval went into house-hunting for a sky-scraper year. Hunting was exhilarating. I was also hunted. I was tracked by beggars, youngish men who had better clothes on than I had. The 1929 depression had sent former wage-earning men on to the pavements. I spoke to a middle-aged man who was selling trifles on the kerbstone. He had been in a comfortable clerkship. He had bought a house and automobile on the hire-purchase system. He had been retrenched, for which he could not blame his firm. His house and car were seized for want of instalments. He was trying to earn enough to pay lodgings and feed his wife and small family. I bought a dollar's worth, and handed it back to be given to one or other of the members of his troubled household.

Ultimately, on the suggestion of Major Stokes, I found a room on the twelfth storey of the Roerich Museum building, fundamentally furnished, at 100 dollars (then 300 rupees) a month, with electric fittings for both heat and cold in a recess. This was on the side of the Hudson River a handy distance on foot or by bus from the City College. The kind and cultured Stokeses made the waiting-time pass quickly. On July 3 I saw my comrade waving joyfully from the bridge deck of the strong but not very artistic cargo boat. After a stop-over at Greenwich village we stayed three days at the Museum to get its flavour. On July 6 we reached "Sarobia," outside Philadelphia, for our double rest-cure before our sky-scraper year began.

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#### CHAPTER XLIV

### FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM

(M. E. C.) Jim left for the West on April 28, 1930. He gave me as usual full freedom to do as I felt right over the increasing political tension in India. Next evening I went with a lady

friend to a meeting on Madras beach, not intending to speak, but just to feel what was happening in the emotions of the masses. And such a crowd! immense, quiet, orderly, dignified. The crush was so great that the full number of speakers could not make their way to the platform. To keep the attention of the multitude engaged I was asked to say something to them. There was no loud speaker then, but what I said was heard over a large area and well received. My friend and I started for our car to get back to Adyar. We walked through the crowd of humble people without the least trouble. Just as we got into the car, a posse of mounted police turned on to the beach road. I felt they would incense the people with their show of force. And so it happened. To safeguard a few Europeans who were taking the air in their cars by the edge of the beach, the police were ordered to disperse the crowd. In that wholly unnecessary process, as we learned next morning, four people were killed and many injured. This brought individuals and associations into the struggle for freedom of speech who otherwise would have kept aloof. The authorities put a gag on the city for fourteen days.

In these developing circumstances I found my own position delicate and difficult. One of the stock arguments against the increasing part that Indians were taking in the political movement was that they only did so because I led them. Because of this my name was not wanted among the signatories to telegrams of protest to the Viceroy and the Governor of Madras by the Women's Indian Association, which was non-political. The press and the telegraph offices were gagged. Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar, one of the political leaders, was arrested on April 30. The news of this was brought personally to Madras, as it was not allowed to appear in the press.

While the struggle was intensifying I had times of refuge in preliminary arrangements for the first All-Asian Women's Conference. This began to take shape on our return from our world-tour. I shall tell of its first session later in this chapter. I had also the diversion of preparing and delivering the opening address of a Summer School of Indian Music. In a way this was

part of the fight for freedom of expression. The foreign and unenlightened overlordship of Indian education had kept Indian music out of the Universities and their Colleges because of their constant laudation of "heathen" Gods and Goddesses. But India was not going to stand much longer such artistic deprivation.

The arrest of Rajagopalachariar was followed on May 5 by the arrest of Gandhiji, who was awakened from his sleep for the purpose. All India was aroused to demonstrations of protest. But Madras was weak and undramatic because of the iron foot on its expression. The criss-cross of feeling was shown two days later when the crowd on the beach recognised Mrs. Besant driving that way as usual. She had become unpopular through her temerity in opposing Gandhiji's breaking down of respect for authority, and the crowd, knowing nothing of the principles in the matter, and of her unity with him in ideals notwithstanding her opposition in tactics, insulted her and tried to keep her from driving along the Marina.

The contribution of the women then began to the freedom casualties. On May 12 Rukmini Lakshmipati was the first woman to be sentenced in Madras for sedition. She had a 10 minutes' trial which ended in 12 months' simple imprisonment. Four days later my beloved "daughter" Kamaladevi became the second woman victim, with 9 months' simple imprisonment. Sarojini Naidu on May 23 was the third. But before her date there were other happenings. Men would come to me in a kind of secret and tell me how their lives were made miserable by shadowing and suspicion. Some of them were starving, and it hurt me that my own circumstances in Adyar did not permit my giving them anything to eat, as I was not in a house of my own. One such caller just came for sympathy and upholding. An ashrama in which he was a resident had suddenly been surrounded by police and all present were put under arrest, and were later scattered over 30 or more houses. A vakil (lawyer) was arrested while saluting the unofficial flag of India. I had greatly admired his Krishna dance, and at his trial he told the court that the movement had called to the artist in him—which

was worthy of India's best idealism. And there were other touches that lightened the darkness of tyranny. While Kamaladevi was in the lock-up in Bombay awaiting trial and sentence, one of her allowed letters was to me, and she began it with: "Today I lay forward my claim to be your spiritual daughter and disciple." What an honour for me!

The Women's Indian Association was stung into organising a meeting, which was really a bid for free speech. For some days it was not sure whether it would be prohibited or permitted. But the suggestion gave quite a fillip of popularity to the Association. I spent much time hunting for speakers, and got a number of disappointments. But there was plenty of evidence of appreciation of our courage in even attempting the meeting. In order to have a meeting at all we limited ourselves to talking on Dominion Status and a Round Table Conference and engaged not to speak of Satyagraha or Grahis, though most of us were red hot inside with the news that along with Sarojini Naidu 2000 volunteers were arrested after being beaten with lathis (rods), 100 so badly that they were in hospital. Such treatment of unarmed and unresisting, thinking and patriotic people screwed me up almost to breaking point. I longed to protest in the most public way possible against the pain, shame, horror of the infamous treatment meted out by foreign authority to people asking for the rudiments of human liberty and citizenship, and under the tutelage of Mahatma Gandhi offering no hand of defence against such treatment. I do not recount these matters with any rancour carried over from the time, but as a frank indication of historical circumstances through which one nation passed in order to free itself from the unnatural overlordship of another. The wrong that man has committed on man under various banners is due to a human failing. It can only be eradicated, I believe, by three generations of education directed to the end of international knowledge and sympathy through the culture of the individual, and by the influence of women at least on the same level as that of men in the affairs of life.

In spite of the restrictions put upon the subject matter of the meeting of the Women's Indian Association, or perhaps as a



reaction to them, it drew a fine platform of speakers and some straight speaking in showing why Dominion Status should be granted, and what the Round Table Conference should set before itself for the achievement of a self-governing Dominion. My own speech got an inch in the long reports in the press. I am reported as having said that "the English people should voluntarily give up what was asked. After all they were not giving away anything that was theirs but only withdrawing from what they had seized." This at the time was on the verge of sedition. Through all the turbulence of mind I felt love flowing to me from all sorts of people who read the straight things I said in public. They felt I was brave for them; but how was one to make the middle mass brave for itself? I have already quoted from Kamaladevi in the lock-up before her sentence indicating her counting of my services as spiritual and not merely political. I shall here quote a letter from Sarojini Naidu which links the past and present with the future. "May 22, 1930. My dear Gretta, Tomorrow I shall probably be going to jail for a long or short period—who knows? I am sending you a word of greeting. I shall of course be useless as regards the Women's Conference for the present, but I am sure you will all carry on and make the year's record one of signal success. As for the Pan-Asian Conference of Women, do go on with its preparations. I am looking forward to it, and I hope I shall be free to attend it and to preside over it also."

During the political hubbub I had been carrying on my work as one of the secretaries of the Women's Indian Association and as editor of its monthly magazine, "Stri Dharma" (Women's work). Feelers to women in various parts of Asia had begun to bring favourable responses to the suggestion of an All-Asian Women's Conference. Some months hence the annual session of the All-India Women's Conference would be held. This appeared to be a suitable time to have the Pan-Asian Conference just after the other, when the machinery and personnel of such meetings was in going order.

The first step towards an All-Asian Conference of Women was a circular dated March 12, 1930, setting out the circumstances

that made such a coming together not only desirable but necessary. The date suggested was from January 19 to 25, 1931, between meetings of the Pan-Pacific Women's Conference in Honolulu in August 1930 and the same in China in 1932. The invitation was signed by 14 eminent Indian women, including : Srimati Sarojini Naidu, Dr. S. Muthulakshmi Ammal, Dr. Poonen-Lukhose, Lady Abdul Quadir, Mrs. Rustomji Faridoonji, Lady Hydari, Rajakumari Amrit Kaur. Rani Lakshmi Bai Rajwade took up the secretaryship, as I had my hands full with the preceding All-India Women Conference, which was to be at Lahore.

The latter, so far as this record of two joint lives of service is concerned, needs no more than a mention. In the midst of the increasing tension between the foreign governors and the native governed the Conference voiced the needs of the women of India with their now expected conviction and ability.

Then came the session of the first All-Asia Women's Conference. Srimati Sarojini Naidu had been elected President ; but she was still held in prison. In her stead there was a different President for each day ; Lady Bandernaike represented Ceylon ; Mrs. Kamal-ud-din, Afghanistan ; Miss May Oung, Burma ; Mrs. Shirin Fozdar, Persia ; Dr. S. Muthulakshmi, Madras ; Miss Hoshi, Japan ; Begum Hamid Ali, North India. " Thousands of men and women attended the opening ceremony of the Conference." I quote from a report I made. " The reception address was given by the premier Princess of the the Punjab, the Maharani of Kapurthala ; and the exchange of greetings in many languages, and the speeches of noted men as well as women, made a veritable synthesis of Asian kinship in the artistic surroundings of the unique event . . . An immense marquee (pandal) beautifully decorated with palms and foliage, and the unfamiliar and colourful dresses of the visitors from abroad as well as the bright turbans of the Punjabis and the brilliant colours of the ladies' saris, made an unforgettable scene . . . The Resolutions were led by one asking the women of Asia to preserve a high standard of spiritual consciousness uninfluenced by modern materialistic trends. Another expressed the opinion that, in order to promote a spirit of religious tolerance, the lives and teachings of great religious

leaders should be taught in schools, and a comparative study of the great religions of the world should find a place in College curricula. No whisper of the conditions in India was allowed ; but a Resolution was passed saying that, In order that every individual and every nation may have the unfettered right of self-expression for the enrichment of the human synthesis, the Conference considered it imperative that each country shall have full responsible self-government. . . So potent was the seed sown, and so psychologically right was the moment of its planting that even on its second day of meeting, the Conference was enabled to wield international influence of a powerful kind, for the cables that it sent to the Japanese and Persian members of the Council of the League of Nations asking them to vote for the reconsideration of the unequal nationality rights accorded to women in the Draft of the international codification of laws, turned the attitude of that Council in favour of the request of world-womanhood, and secured the establishment of the first Committee of Women called by the League of Nations to submit women's views on matters directly affecting their interests. Other pioneer Resolutions were, that a woman should have the same right as a man to choose her nationality, and that marriage should not compel her automatically to take on her husband's nationality. A second session of the All-Asian Women's Conference was planned for 1935 in Japan or Java ; but circumstances prevented this, and later the matter was taken up by a group of fine forward women in western Asia. I had a private weep of satisfaction over the extraordinary success that had come out of my dreams along the east coast of Asia a little more than a year previously.

While these exciting and inspiring activities occupied the out-turned part of me, my karma was showing signs of putting a finger in my personal life. Letters from Jim showed ill-health. I felt that he was over-working himself without knowing he was doing so, or even without caring. Concentration on the work in hand, no matter how trivial or remote from his own private interests, was his way of working. But the effect sometimes showed itself in a slump, stomachic or rheumatic. There were

also signs of more settled activity than trepsing about from city to city, putting up exhibitions of Indian paintings and taking them down. A suggestion had reached him that he might join the College of the City of New York for an academical year as Guest Lecturer in Modern English Poetry. This would be a refreshing change for his mind. But I did not know where I came in and I was not sure that I wanted to desert India even for a year in the time of increasing tension in the non-violent struggle for freedom. There was also the question as to whether his salary would afford my taking the long journey from Madras to New York and living in much more expensive circumstances than in India. Anyhow it came about that he was offered a salary large enough to cover another "miracle hunt," and there was no reason other than my natural resentment of tyranny in public life why I should not join him, and see how matters stood at the end of a year. There was also the possibility of being able to do some scattering of facts about India that did not get through the censorship. Then came a period of tidying up my papers, delegating work, and disposing of our belongings pending our return to Adyar. Passages by the ordinary routes were scarce. But I got on the track of a cargo-passenger service, and secured a passage direct to New York. It was a wearisome business in the big, ugly, restricted steamer. I was no good as a sailor; the slightest movement made me giddy and sick. The sea was calm from Colombo westward; but these big steamers have a way of moving rhythmically from side to side as if they were enjoying a walk on the water, and this was enough for me until after some days something inside me saw it was better to take no further heed of the unavoidable. Passenger accommodation was available for about a dozen. Among them were two Indian young men. I gravitated naturally to them. Then I got one of the shocks of my life. India meant nothing to them. One was conveying a consignment of 300 monkeys and 5000 small birds from India to America. These had been shipped at Calcutta, and on the way down the east coast of India in a storm a number had died daily. There had also been two tiger cubs and a full-sized Hanuman monkey

that had died. Each monkey was allowed one cubic foot of space, in a crate containing eighteen. Fifty had died, also 2500 of the little birds. I saw their awful hell, in heat, unfamiliar movement, unnatural food, foetid air and no exercise, and it wrung my heart. The monkeys got through all this suffering only to meet a worse fate. They were destined for the laboratories of the vivisectors and for the supply of monkey glands for the new medical fashion connected with the thyroid gland. Later I made an urgent protest against this infamy in the Indian press. So my voyage was no pic-nic. But when I spied my beloved from the upper deck of the steamer, life took on a new colour. He has told how we were "two together" once more on July 3, and after a short interval getting the flavour of our new home in the Roerich building, going to the hospitable home of the Logans in Pennsylvania, where animals of all kinds, especially strayed cats and dogs, were welcome to free accommodation and food and friendship.

We had counted on a coolish and dryish holiday, but this did not come off. Thunder deluges were frequent for a number of days, and temperature vied with Madras in summer. Excursions therefore were somewhat spasmodic. Drives to Philadelphia were frequent for shopping, but it was always a pleasure to get home from the noisy, smelly, crowded city. On our fourth day we were taken on a pic-nic to Quakerstown, 36 miles off, where the Logans had a property of 300 acres, mainly woods along a riverside with old-world peace.

We had so much elbow-room and intimacy with varied nature within the "Sarobia" demesne that we were satisfied with our world. Thunder-storms and deluges only set out more strikingly the pink and rose of sunsets, and the light green of grass and the dark green of trees. Great herons on the edge of the Delaware River up to the ankles in water among reeds, sometimes hush-hushing on the wing from place to place in groups, brought an air of Celtic mythology with them. At the bottom of the house-garden we discovered a sun-dial that, we learned, our host had put up. This had a strip of greensward around it, and it became a habit to sit on it in the long twilights

when rain permitted and re-read with increased knowledge and appreciation Ouspensky's "Tertium Organum." At other times and places I shared in the future Professor of Poetry's studies for his new post. John Masfield's big volume of "Collected Poems" was gone through, with renewals of an old feeling that some poets are more made than born. I thought the verse of Alfred Noyes cheap and shallow. Humbert Wolfe's "Requiem" was a tour-de-force, without, as far as we could judge, the stuff of longevity in it. Rubert Brooke made us sad for the failure of fulfilment of promise, not in his belauded soldier-sonnet and other transient pieces, but because he did not live to put into verse his glimmerings of vision regarding the actual nature and probable destiny of humanity. Beside all this thin and opaque poetry, and others, the immortal Odes of Keats stood sky-high. The American poetry, with some exceptions, such as "John Brown's Body" by Stephen Benet, struck me as dowdy and tailor-made. They had little spiritual or imaginative energy or intellectual light. We were yet to know the free versers.

In the atmosphere of poetry for exposition and criticism we were both stimulated to writing. I had made notes on an excited reading of "The Hound of Heaven" by Francis Thompson. These I dug out of my papers and revised; and was pleased that the Professor ("one who professes" as he once interpreted the designation) praised my effort. He too turned out some material and revised a study of Richard II and Bolingbroke that he had made for literary classes in India. He was glad when I in turn thought they were not too dusty.

But the chief happiness, and aid to Jim's uncertain health, was the return of his impulse to poetry. He got what he called the feeling of rhythm that was in everything. "Everything scanned," he said. Some influences in his renaissance came from the high and essential place that poetry took in the lives of the Logans and their circle of cultured friends. Saturday night entertainments for "the public" (which was thin and select in their out-of-the-way locale) included tableaux vivants from "The Light of Asia," some of the lines of which Jim read, while Robert read the others. On other nights in the barn Jim

was asked to read extracts from "The Rubaiyat" and "The Immortal Hour." An American poetess, Angela Morgan, who lived in another part of the house, read her own verses. On some of the Saturday nights Jim was called on to contribute some of his pieces. I remember how 70 intelligent people rejoiced in his recital of "Bubble-blowers," a poem whose rise in subject and expression appears also to lift the hearers at least an octave.

I think I am right in saying that his first release into expression came when, after a twilit hour of reading at the base of the sun-dial, we loitered dinner-wards in the semi-darkness. Jim suddenly stopped to look at what appeared to be a leaf or a flower moving rhythmically, although there was no wind, on the end of a twig. It turned out to be one of the beautifully decorated butterflies whose design and colouring we had revelled in. "And it has never seen its own exquisite beauty," Jim murmured. In silence we slowly went to our flat to get ready for supper; and by the time we were tidied up he had in his head a twelve-line poem that I got off by heart as soon as my rather shaky memory for words allowed. He called it "Invisible design."

Honey from blooms the zephyr swings,  
And fitful flight, your day fulfil.  
And out of these, upon your wings  
The wizard hands of life distil,  
In rhythmic line and rainbow tone,  
A beauty you have never known.

And should my honey-days depart,  
And all seem ruin round me spread,  
I shall remember, and take heart  
Knowing that somewhere overhead  
Expands in deeper eyes than mine  
My soul's invisible design.

A birthday party on July 22, Jim's natal day, was in the gladiolus season. The great pagoda-like blooms in various upper



4. AN IRISH POET IN NEW YORK, 1931-1932, see page 546





shades of red, made an amazing centre of colour under the tall trees in the garden. He had written a poem on "Gladiolus in an oriental garden" at Ootacamund in South India some years previously. Now it found a companion piece in "Gladiolus in an occidental garden," and made remarkable similarity and difference of figurative thought and language.

Sometimes Jim seized a writing-pad and fountain pen and disappeared. I surmised he had found relative coolness (at a time when America was experiencing a fatal heat-wave) and refuge from insects, in one of the "meat-safes" in the park of the "Sarobia" estate. Each was sufficiently large to take in a bed and a seat, and the resident was protected by wire netting. I had myself enjoyed occasional nights out in one of them; but was driven in at dawn on one occasion by vivid lightning and rain. From any of these Jim could sally forth to mix with the birds and butterflies that revelled in the big sweet windfalls from the pear-trees. Sometimes he brought back a pocketful of these dainties, and we had a private feast in our flat. Then came sonnets; and life, which he ordinarily enjoyed to the full, became a spiritual and aesthetical ecstasy.

Our Pennsylvanian rest-cure, which was anything but restful in the lazing sense, though it fulfilled itself by leaving both of us in good fettle for our coming sky-scraper year, came to an end when we moved on for a week with other hospitable friends on our way to New York. John Moody was some kind of authority on the New York Stock Exchange. He was temperamentally religious, but nature, while endowing him with mental astuteness, had denied him depth of intellect. He was all in his head but only to the height of the ceiling. He had passed from one creed to another; he had even experimented with Theosophy. At last he found peace in the Roman Catholic Church, where all his questions were answered by the simple process of leaving them to others. His wife, Ann, was a quiet, refined, kindly woman who after middle-age had found relief in writing verse. She remained in the Episcopal community.

At the break-up of an international exhibition the Moodys had bought the Japanese pavilion, a Japan-made pianoforte, and a

number of Japanese stone images and lanterns. For these they got a large piece of wooded land at Merriewold, 90 miles outside New York, and created a picturesque and peaceful home in the country which they called "Sho-foo-den" (Pine-maple village). Most of the time Mr. Moody was in New York, and we were lovingly fostered by his wife. Jim and she had happy times swapping lyrics and talking literature. After-dinner music on the Japanese piano became a habit. Jim was delighted with my oriental environment, especially the pine-tree painted on the wall above the piano which gave it a touch of the Noh-stage. I could only get a vague idea of this by inducing him to sit at the piano, which he did like an uncomfortable lamb and fingered something like "There is a happy land far far away." One day went entirely in mutual absorption of nature; another in a drive by not too ambitious but quietly beautiful hills and beside shiny lakes. And all this time there was anxiety within me for full and true news of what was happening in India.

On September 2 (1931) we were at the Master Building in New York, lodged on the twelfth floor, 120 feet in a straight drop to Riverside Drive.

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## CHAPTER XLV

### A SKY-SCRAPER YEAR

(J. H. C.) The motive of our sky-scraper year (1931-1932) was ulterior. I was approaching 60, five years beyond the retirement age in appointments in India. But India had shown no signs of wanting me at any age; and it was necessary to make some hay while the mental and physical sun shone, particularly as an occasional spot showed itself without a telescope. My year at the College of the City of New York would, barring unforeseen expenses, let me go back to India with a nest-egg with which to meet destiny. And so we set out to make our composite room a social and artistic centre, as if we were to inhabit it for ever

and ever; by dint of a few table-cloths and bed-spreads in the unsophisticated designs and naive colours of Sind and Madras, we managed to make an oriental atmosphere that gave pleasure to friends.

I called on President Robinson to report for duty. I had to wait in a corridor outside his office. As corridors are a temptation to my feet, I ignored the silent invitation of a seat, and did some exploring. A large wall-painting in the corridor gave me a question for the President when I was summoned to his presence: "Why is it that the mural outside your door depicts all the founders of the religions except Jesus Christ?" "He's there all right." "And I missed him: how strange!" "You saw an eye at the top of the painting? That's Christ." "I see." But I saw much more than he thought I said I saw. I saw the barricade to mutual appreciation between the forms of aspiration that is set up by sectarian self-sufficiency and superiority; and I saw that until these were rooted out of the ground of human thought and feeling, there was no chance of the Tree of Truth spreading the branches whose leaves "shall be for the healing of the nations." The mural was intended to announce the inclusiveness of the City College: in fact it was an expose of its exclusiveness. But circumstances had brought about the curious situation that a college run by a Christian staff enrolled an almost entirely Jewish student body, adolescents from the East side of the city. So when I came to face my classes I found 49 Jews and one English youth in the 50 who had enrolled for poetic appreciation; and in the group of 20 budding poets whom I was to help from bud to flower, one was of Irish lineage; the rest were Jews.

Before long I became aware of a temperamental division in my students. On one side, the majority side, there were the anti-religious realists who, at any rate in expression, were outspoken sensualists, not in the large hedonic sense, but in the narrow sexual sense, with the implication that women were created to be the instruments of gratification of masculine desire. Some of these sent verses to me criticising my reprehensible idealism. On the other side there was a small minority

group who ultimately disclosed themselves to me in visits to the Master Building as responding to the inner significances of poetry as I unveiled them in my classes in a way in which no other lecturer had dealt with the subject. These appeared to follow on from the tradition of the Hebrew poets and prophets.

On the horizon of the large class there were a couple of students who were making a study of James Joyce, then a fashion, and got tied in knots at times through not knowing what was what. The fact that I had known Joyce both when he was drunk and when he was sober, and that he had tried, unsuccessfully, to borrow five pounds from me, gave me a special authority on his writings. Of the many annotations that they pencilled from my words on the margins of "Ulysses" I can recall only one. Certain characters in the story retired to Mooney's. What Mooney's was or were was past their comprehension. But they were happy when I informed them that it was a public house (drink shop) owned by a man or firm called Mooney, which was a favourite resort of characters such as those with whom Joyce had associated. The fact that I had myself drunk a bottle of lemonade in Mooney's with some literary lights gave me, in spite of the lemonade, some sort of halo.

News of my work in the City College got abroad. I was asked to give a course of extern lectures on poetry once a week for the New York University. These were to be given in Christodora House over which the stately poetess of high lineage, Anna Hempstead Branch, presided. The course, under the title, "The Science and Art of Poetry," went on for 15 weeks, and gave me a pleasant variant on my College work, as the thirty who attended (and paid for doing so) were acquainted with the poetical matter on which I based my scientific analysis and æsthetical synthesis of the verbal, structural, musical, figurative and psychological constituents of poetry. My talks gave me other contacts at this fine literary centre. At a recital by Vachell Lindsay I met two other esteemed writers, the novelist Zona Gale and the poet Ridgeley Torrance. Others were added at a party at which Edward Markham officiated—William Rose Benet and Margaret Widdemer.

(M. E. C.) While my partner was teaching youngish Jewry how to write English poetry, and occasionally getting promising results which he declaimed to me in the tones of a discoverer, it occurred to me that it might help the work for women in India if I took out a course in what I saw under the title "Household Arts" as given in Columbia University, which I took to be much the same as the "Home Science" taught in the Lady Irwin College in Delhi of which I was one of the founding body. I spent from 8.30 to 3 o'clock one day seeking enrolment. This doesn't sound much like hustling. But it may indicate tremendous speed in this case, as the University had 90,000 on its roll. Not all of these were at the same place at the same time; many of them were, in fact, at the far end of postal services; but it meant an immense amount of machinery, and a wandering Irish-woman from India who was 53 instead of the usual 20 or so was not calculated to move wheels. Anyhow I got a place in Teachers' College, Columbia University, and began attendance which led to a totally unexpected sequel that may sound incongruous outside its context—the founding of the New York Vegetarian Society.

When an assignment was given to the class at Teachers' College of Columbia University, New York, to work out an estimate of the cost of feeding a family in the city, I rose and addressed the teacher more or less as follows: "I observe that our research is based on the assumption that flesh foods are an inevitable item of diet. I have not eaten any such so-called food since my wedding day 28 years ago. I should like to have permission to base my assignment on a vegetarian diet." I was given permission.

My researches for material for my assignment took me first to the discovery of single vegetarians. From single ones, like Sam Mott, I got to groups, that had no public standing but were loyal to their dietetic principles; the Jewish Vegetarian Society, the Spanish and the Communist. From persons I spread out to restaurants, some partly, some wholly vegetarian. From all these I gathered details that enabled me to present a report to Teachers' College as to the materials and cost of feeding a family in the Vegetarian way in a big city.

But the academical aspect of the matter was put aside by the idea that had occurred to me of trying to bring the scattered individuals and small groups that were confirmed vegetarians into a single organization. This was so well received by some of them that Dr. Cousins and I sent out a joint invitation for a preliminary meeting at the rooms of the India Academy of America on the evening of January 11, 1932. The Minutes of this report that the meeting was attended by over 40, including three medical doctors, Dr. Elmer Lee, Dr. Robert Anderson and Dr. Alice Chase. I read greetings from a number of societies and persons in affinity with the idea. Another meeting ten days hence brought us another medical man, Dr. Warmbrandt. Another visitor gave a special note to the meeting; a tall strong man in dress that could only be called Russian. Jim whispered to me: "If this was thirty years ago I'd swear that Leo Tolstoi had arrived." When the names were taken he announced himself as Count Ilya Tolstoi. A sub-committee was appointed to formulate the aims and constitution of the proposed society. Resolutions were passed forming the Vegetarian Society of New York, and a programme of work was mapped out. A list of office bearers was drawn up, and I as Secretary was deputed to find out if the various persons would act. These included George Gray Barnard, the famous sculptor, and Percy Grainger the renowned pianist and music master. A meeting for election was held in the India Academy on February 27. Two more medical men came, Dr. Wald, and Dr. Sonk of Finland. The first regular members' meeting was held on March 14. The President, Mrs. Mary Hanford Ford, gave a stirring inaugural address. I told of Vegetarianism in India. Other members spoke. Another meeting of members added a dentist to our list of medical practitioners, Dr. Hanoka of the Spanish Vegetarian group. Lines of activity were laid down. Sixty were present on this occasion. The first public propaganda meeting of the new society was held in the big auditorium of the Washington Irving High School. Messages were read by me from eminent people in various parts of the United States. Three doctors addressed the meeting: Dr. Charles G. Pease, Dr. Robert Anderson, and Dr. James H. Cousins, the latter a doctor of

literature. Over 300 were present and certain newspapers gave good notices of the occasion. Other meetings followed with growing interest and additions to the membership and plans for summer outings and activities. But the departure of Dr. Cousins and myself for India on July 1 loomed up, and led to changes and anticipations.

The last public function of the new society at which we were present was a Peace Parade through the streets of New York of societies working for the elimination of warfare between nations (May 21). The Parade assembled at Washington Square, and slowly marched up town between obviously friendly bystanders on the curb (kerb) from 2.30 to 4.30. Jim and I walked under the banner, "The Vegetarian Society," and members gave out leaflets. We were a pathetic few in the long-drawn-out procession; but we felt we were nearer the secret of peace than many of the others, who were digesting fragments of the cruelly slaughtered corpses of sub-human creatures against which so-called civilized humanity carries on a ceaseless ruthless war. The processionists and a large number of the general public gathered at one of the great "circles" at the crossing of an avenue by a street, and listened to speeches from a temporary platform. But speeches do not end war; and no one present thought that in seven years the slogan "No more war" would be changed to "No more peace." But I am anticipating.

Our domestic programme was fairly constant. Coffee, made by my partner on the Wallace method, was served on a folding table flanked by two folding chairs, with toast and accompaniments. This was prepared in the kitchenette set into the wall of the passage from the door to the room, run by electricity. Afternoon tea was much the same, and the furniture was shifted to the window overlooking the Hudson River. Lunch was more often than not two-together in an Automat a short walk from our quarters, where you put a coin in a slot and the dish appeared; and you dealt with it at a table you had selected. The meal was what in India would be called casteless. On one side an expensively dressed middle-aged lady had a good time. Beside her was a workman who rushed in, rushed through his lunch, and rushed



out. We chose the same table for its inside and outside view, and we noticed that a smart young woman, perhaps a typist in a neighbouring office, always came to the table next to ours, and always had the same items, a cup of rich coffee on milk, and a big ball of ice-cream. Dinner was often an uncooked ritual in our room. The Roerich restaurant downstairs was beyond our means as a regular item. But Childs' vegetarian restaurant was not far away, and gave a good meal for 60 cents, say 2 rupees; and "Old Algiers" allowed you to pick and choose from an extensive menu in a foreign decorated and painted room. A sofa by day opened into twin beds at night.

(J. H. C.) My extra-mural activities, in between my mornings in the City College up-town and my evenings in Christdora House down-town, took in all phases of the cultural interests of those among whom I moved; Poetry, chiefly Irish; Art, chiefly Indian; education, philosophy, religion; sometimes outside New York, sometimes in courses in the Roerich Museum, that had a lovely room furnished after the manner of a Buddhist *gumpa* (temple) which just fitted small groups of earnest students. Had I been out to make a journalistic study of American life, I should have felt lopsided. But I had been invited to the country for a different purpose. I was not unaware of the other sides of American life in big cities. It forced itself on me from various angles. Neighbours in Roerich Musuem, above, below, left, right, and rear, turned on their radios at all hours from different broadcasting stations but with unanimity on the vulgarity of the alleged music that was on the air. A young couple who were either married or not infested a room next door with drunken sprees and hysterical wranglings beyond the hour set down for retirement. In these cases the telephone to the basement, which was in each room, came into action and occasionally produced semi quietness. Bootleggers inserted lists of available unlawful liquors beneath our door.

Two divagations gave indications of the cultural finesse that we found among our American acquaintances. The first was shared by us in a three-days excursion by road to Five-penny Farm, some distance outside New York. We had met in the

city a lady of much refinement and personal beauty, Mrs. Mary Wood-Hill, a lover of beautiful things, a composer of distinction. Her home was a centre of the arts frequented by art lovers. Gretta's music and my poetry drew us to her, and we shared hours of idealistic interchange. Her country retreat was among hills and woodlands, a wooden house of the colonial time, with no electricity; such quietness, such artistic simplicity. We were there at the height of summer. The garden was in full bloom; wild canaries and orioles, not to mention plainer birds, were round the place. Beyond the garden was a lush meadow. This gave Gretta such a touch of homeliness, that she ran to it and disappeared like a swimmer below the surface of the sea. When I called her in for lunch, the answer I got was a leg stuck up above the tall grass and waved north and south. Afternoons went in music in the barn where a semi-grand pianoforte had been installed on which Gretta let herself go, much to the happiness of our hostess. A good gramophone and choice records were also there. One of these was a rendering of Scriabine's Opus two, on which hangs a tale of great art and great artists that she will tell. And Venus and the Moon were appropriately in brilliant conjunction as we drove home from 7 to 10 p.m. after what a sketchy diary calls "a cleansing week-end."

The second divagation was not second in order but equal in enjoyment. It was in the winter, when I had a College vacation that enabled me to fulfil my promise to the acquaintance on the steamer from Rotterdam to New York. This involved a train journey of two nights and a day southwards, by day through quiet undulating scenery. An afternoon stop at Savannah, Georgia, gave me a look at the colour bar in the land that was proud of its democracy. At the booking office there was a sign, "White People;" and at another window another sign, "Coloured People." Next forenoon at Thomasville, Georgia, I was met by Dr. and Mrs. Seymour in their car. They motored me around the town with its hedges of roses, azaleas and yellow jasmine, and by a quiet road to Talahassee, the capital of the State of Florida, a small but dignified city, in which was the State Women's College of which I was to be guest lecturer for

a week, living in the home of the Seymours. I had to give a lecture in the evening on "The Poets of the Irish Revival," and as this needed no preparation, since it was in my head and my blood, I had time to get in touch with my host and hostess and their environment. While Dr. Seymour was a professor of languages in a University in one of the northern States, he had become a complete devotee of Tagore. He brought South a large collection of photographs which he hung around the house. He brought the chair in which the poet had spent happy hours chatting with them and his son and others; and (*mirabile dictu*) he had the door through which Rabindranath entered and left his house taken out, shipped to Talahassee, and set up in his home there. I was the first person who had actually known the poet, to enter by the sacred door and sit in the sacred chair; and he was as happy as a child.

My first lecture, without a note, bristling with illustrative quotations, stanzas and whole short poems, went off with enthusiasm before 700 young women in the College auditorium. This was good tactics on the part of whoever drew up my programme; for I had come at the wrong time of the year, when term examinations were on, and it was feared that preparations between examinations, when my lectures were timed for, would lead to small audiences. But the reception of my start-off dispelled apprehension. After the lecture and dinner with the students there was a reception by the Honour societies, who had joined, on Dr. Seymour's suggestion, to lure me South. There was a walk-past with a hand-shake for each and a short sentence of greeting, then individual chats on poetry and education and India, and a delightful atmosphere of friendliness and appreciation. My items were held in the College theatre, which was filled to overflowing, and examinations went well.

The Sunday afternoon of my visit brought me a touching experience. My host suggested that he and I should attend vespers at the Negro State College. It was something new and strange to be the only white people in a hall of some 700 negroes, all in their best Sunday clothes. We were eyed considerably as we joined in well-known hymns and closely followed the

proceedings. At a point towards the end someone bent behind me and whispered that they knew of my arrival from the newspapers, and of my interest and work among students in India ; and they would be more than glad if I would come to the platform and give them a message from the students of India. I felt it was an occasion not to be set aside by modesty or timidity, and that I could pass on to them my interpretation of the kindly feelings the students, and indeed the entire population, of India, had for the coloured people of America. I have no memory of what I said in the ten minutes in which I addressed the dusky eager crowd ; but at the end they were as much moved as I was. It was a religious service, and there was no applause ; but there was a deep satisfied silence. In a few minutes the leader announced that, in return for my message, the choir would offer me a number of real Negro spirituals. I was carried away by the extraordinary richness of tone of the basses, the fluidity of the tenors, the mellowness of the contraltos, and the brilliant and lofty range of the sopranos. On a basis of melodic simplicity they built up a fascinating superstructure of harmony and variations that kept me floating on a tide of celestial music all night.

Two trips by car were got up for my enjoyment. One was with Dr. and Mrs. Seymour and a lady friend who saw to the refreshments of the day. This was to the Gulf of Mexico. The roads seemed to be off the track of civilization ; we saw no other car ; there was hardly a human being in the landscape. Small pines fringed the beach of grey sand from which the Gulf stretched to the horizon, reflecting the shades of blue in a cloudless sky. There was not even a dog to share our picnic meal.

The other drive was to Wakulla Spring out in the country. The actual spring was at the foot of what had been cliffs 180 feet high. The discovery of the remains of a mammoth appeared to date the spring back behind the most ancient elephant. It had, it was assumed, been enjoying a drink when something happened to close the overflow of the spring. The water rose and formed a deep pool from which the prehistoric creature could not escape. Thousands and thousands of years afterwards its gigantic skeleton

was being brought to the edge of the pool and deposited in a small single-specimen museum. A negro rowed us over the pool in a glass-bottomed boat through which we had an uninterrupted look down through the crystal water. There were schools of fish that appeared to be interested in us. The boatman called over the side, "Now, Henry, do your stunt for the visitors." A large fish proceeded to go under and over what had been the trunk of a big tree a number of times. It was followed by another smaller fish which I took to be its chela (pupil). At a call they came up to the side of the boat and were rewarded with lumps of bread. A large school of small fish thought it would join in. The boatman said, "Now then, you people, divide in two under your leaders, and come on each side of the boat." And they did, and wriggled ecstatically as crumbs and fragments went over each side. I asked the boatman how it was done. He didn't right know, but when he had hours with no work, he just sat at the edge and tried to get in touch with the fish, and gradually they became friends. It was a touching scene of pre-ancient and modern, of human kindness and sub-human responsiveness to it.

(M. E. C.) My partner has handed over to me the summarising of our artistic contacts in our sky-scraper year. We had become acquainted with a Miss Siloti who was a member of the Theosophical Lodge which we occasionally attended. The name called up memories of classical piano pieces edited by Alexander Siloti. I mentioned this "coincidence" to Miss Siloti. She smiled and said, "That is my father." "Is he in New York?" I asked, thinking in my ignorance that he might be at any of the great centres of music in Europe, if not in the musician's heaven. She assured me that he was in New York, not far away, and met a suggestion of mine with the further assurance that he would be delighted to meet another musician who, like himself, was interested not only in technique but also in the great ideas that were involved in the art. And so one day I found myself in his city home, face to face with one of the most immediately impressive personalities I had come in touch with on my miracle hunts east and west; a tall, erect old gentleman, neatly dressed, politely reserved, yet radiating the quiet enthusiasm that transforms

a plain human being into an artist. We passed from topic to topic, including Theosophy and Krishnamurti, and ultimately came to music. He was happy in reminiscence. At some point in our conversation I asked him if he had known Scriabine. Then followed a page of musical history, which may or may not have been recorded by others, but to me carried a flavour of double greatness that went deep into my heart. In his early years Siloti was studying under a famous teacher of composition in Europe. He had finished a lesson and was about to leave when the teacher asked him to remain, as an interesting young student was to bring his second piano composition. His first was very promising. A boy of 14 came in, small, dapper, tentative, yet confident. He played his Opus 2. Siloti was thrilled with the anticipation of greatness. The boy's name was Alexandre Scriabine. The anticipation of greatness was fulfilled.

Shortly afterwards we were enraptured by the revelation of Siloti's own fulfilled genius. We gathered that, with increasing years, he had cut his public recitals to two in a year. When we were in New York he had, if I remember correctly, come down to a single recital a year. We had the best of good luck in being present at one on October 21 (1931) in Carnegie Hall. When the tall old artist in evening dress appeared at the door to the platform he was tumultuously received by the great audience, and the fact that half of the audience was composed of young people, evidently students of music, gave us a look into his warm popularity and into the aesthetical material which the future had to work on for the cultural regeneration of the country. There was nothing of showmanship about the artist. He seemed to approach his work with austere simplicity and dignity; and he made the most elaborate masterpieces of Bach and Liszt and their compeers sound quite as simple and dignified. There was no trickery, no virtuosity: the music was everything; the event was not a performance but a revelation. The ardent applause at the end of each item grew in intensity, and at the end reached an enthusiasm that made the audience storm the platform with delight.

Another music event was the piano recital in the Roerich Museum Theatre by Hazel Harrison, a Negro musician of brilliant

accomplishment. She had been a pupil of the great Busoni, and was, we gathered, regarded by him as a future virtuoso of high degree. Her recital to an audience of 500 discriminating music lovers was a real excitement because of her mastery and energy. We became acquainted with her, and in chats in our apartment found her most intelligent and advanced in her ideas. The story of how she became a vegetarian is a straw in the wind of evolution. In the day car of a train bound for Chicago, where she intended to seek admission to the musical institution in which the renowned pianist, Percy Grainger, was the Director, she was turning over some of the music she was taking with her. Someone stopped in the passage-way to the dining car and expressed his interest in what she was apparently also interested in. She looked up. The man, as she knew from photographs in the press, was Percy Grainger. The conversation turned to food. The white pianist asked the Negro girl if she was a vegetarian. She admitted she was not. "Then how can you expect to make living music out of the bodies of dead animals?" he asked. She had no answer, but from that day she had been a vegetarian. She got a place in the musical academy, or whatever it was called. This was before her recital. The prophecy of her brilliant future did not come off. Race prejudice was against her, and the last I heard of her was that she had become a teacher of music in a Negro school.

But the peak of our musical experience in our sky-scraper year in New York was an amazing recital by Paderewski on February 8 (1932). The world-famous artist had come to the States for a tour. He had learned that many good musicians had been turned out of appointments through the introduction of orchestral music in the cinemas, one recording being reproduced in theatres all over the country. His big heart had been touched by their extremity, and he gave orders that the largest hall in New York should be engaged for a recital, the proceeds of which he would hand over for distribution among the needy musicians. When I heard of the coming event I rushed down to Madison Square Gardens, in which it was to take place, to book seats for Jim and myself. The "Gardens" was an immense hall in which

there were three performing rings, sometimes for prize-fights, sometimes for circuses. I peeped into it; and what I saw may either have been super-objective or a creation of my own excited imagination. A group of entities that were apparently not human, but more like the lower angelic order, were busy moving from place to place sweeping the auditorium free, not of physical dust but of emanations and emotions which lingered about from the pugilistic or other audiences. I was able to get two of the last few tickets, unfortunately for a position behind the concave resonator that had been set up behind the piano, but close enough to hear the player familiarly. The immense audience was in its seats long before starting-time. Next to our 2 dollar seats there were a few vacancies in the 10 dollar section that was close to the piano in full view of the player. After the first item I noticed a man climbing over into one of the vacant seats. I said to Jim, "If he can do that, so can I," and I was over in no time. Jim was close behind me. Others followed. I have no programme of the recital, but it was a succession of masterpieces masterfully played, to which the multitude rose in ecstatic applause, not fewer than 16,000 people who were sensitive to skill and beauty. At midnight they were on their feet, cheering, clapping, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and calling for more. The Grand Old Man of Music took the hint, and played his own popular "Minuet," and we melted away to our homes almost dizzy with aesthetical joy. The recital earned 16,000 dollars (50,000 rupees) for the disinherited musicians.

Three months later Paderewski was in New York again. A neighbouring school of music run by a fellow-countryman of the great artist organized a concert of Paderewski's own compositions. This was given to an invited audience in the Roerich Museum, and we were favoured with seats. Paderewski was in the front row, and must have had a fascinating time listening to his own work and not lifting a hand as a player but only to applaud the players of each item. At the interval, as many of the audience as could squeeze down the passages moved with autograph albums and fountain pens. I made to go also. Jim demurred. But I reminded him that Paderewski at Morges had expressed the



hope that he would see us when we were both on tour in America, and I was going to fulfil his hope. I wormed my way to some little distance in front of him. He recognised me, and stretched his long arm over the shoulders of the crowd to shake my hand and draw me nearer. He expressed his pleasure at seeing me again, and asked where my poet-husband was. I pointed to him at the back of the hall. Jim took the hint and came down to the front. When he reached my side Paderewski again stretched his arm and shook hands, and said, "You *did* write beautiful poetry." That was all there was time for, but it was enough to carry away as a long memory.

Shortly afterwards I heard Stokowski conduct the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra in the Carnegie Hall. A fortnight afterwards I heard Toscanini conduct the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in the same hall, in a programme of Cherubini, Brahms, Strauss and Ravell (the tantalizing "Bolero"). I, preferred Stokowski for his tense electric perfection and his complete absorption in the work in hand, almost as if he had his mental back to the audience as well as his physical. These were others—but these will do.

Politics were never far away. Press reports from India were meagre and lop-sided; but letters indicated things on the move on both sides; increased agitation met by increased repression. I often had a strong desire to cut my cable and sail away eastward to help in whatever way I could. But karma held me where I was. On Sunday, September 13, we got a call from a friend in the Roerich Building to come to her radio and hear Mahatma Gandhi speaking from London. From 1.30 to 2 p.m. we heard him as plainly as if he was in the room speaking in his natural voice. It was a "nation-wide hook-up," and hundreds of thousands must have absorbed every word he said. Clearly, logically, without bitterness, just like a lawyer calmly stating a case, he laid out India's condition and claim to freedom. I wanted to say my thanks, but the radio was only a one-way path. The next best thing was to send him a cable asking him to come over from London to New York. But it was not to be. The manner of the broadcast gives an idea of the meanness, probably fear, of

the British overlordship. The British Broadcasting Corporation refused to let Mahatma Gandhi, even then a world figure, broadcast over their system. So he spoke by trans-Atlantic telephone, and his voice was relayed from the American receiving station.

On February 15 (1932) it fell to my lot to organise a meeting to protest against the imprisonment in India of Mrs. Gandhi and her saintly husband, and other Indian women, men and children, because they had got beyond the point of unquestioning subservience to foreign domination in their country. The sponsoring committee represented 13 important public bodies, and the speakers were all women. A second protest meeting was brought about by the stupid imprisonment of the world-renowned poetess, Sarojini Naidu, and the venerated creator of the great Benares Hindu University, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, two ornaments of any civilized country. With these, thousands of men and women of education and intelligence were locked up for no offence but that of non-violent patriotism. The best I could do in my circumstances was to awaken the consciousness of the people of America to the absurdity of a nation that professed to be the leader of freedom trampling in a barbarous manner on the demand for freedom in another country that circumstances had brought under its suzerainty. Chief among the speakers at the second protest meeting, on May 2, was the well-known Rabbi Stephen Wise, leader of the Jewish people. I also spoke, and as calmly as possible put the circumstances of India before them. But deep within myself I was seething with indignation, and felt that before very long something drastic would happen in my own life.

(J. H. C.) An interesting development of our sky-scraper year arose out of our friendship with Joseph Campbell, the famous Irish poet, who was a fellow-resident in the Roerich Building. We were not long settled in when the idea occurred to him to start an Irish Academy. After some discussion, and the finding of supporters of the idea, "The Irish Foundation" came into existence on March 19 at a meeting in the Roerich Museum. Campbell spoke on the *raison d'être* of the association. I spoke

on "The Irish Tradition." I pointed out that tradition was not something fixed and obsolete, but was a tidal movement of knowledge, experience and expression. An essential and dynamic characteristic of Irish tradition, I said, was imagination; not mere imagining things, but giving images to inner realities which called for interpretation in order to bring the apprehensions of the imagination into ordinary thought and speech. The development of the material resources and powers of humanity had led to traditional impurities, and to a lowering of the human morale to superficiality, materialism, irreverence, ignobility, and criminality. A delightful programme of poems, harp music, traditional songs from Country Waterford, and flute music, was gone through.

Talking about literary people, H. G. Wells comes into this record, intimately for a moment and at a short distance for an hour or so. His presence in New York seeing a book through the press, and his known convictions in favour of birth control, had induced Margaret Sanger to organise a dinner and meeting at which Wells was to be chief guest and speaker. This was in one of the immense rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, one of the sights of the city. Gretta was crusading elsewhere, and I was solus as guest of a Dutch lady who had met us in Adyar and was keen on returning kindness for kindness. In the assembly room I recognised Wells wandering about unnoticed and evidently in search of someone or somewhere. I followed an impulse and pushed my way among the noisy mob to him, and said: "I am afraid you're lost, Mr. Wells." "I'm afraid I am," he replied. "May I conduct you to your hostess?" "Please do." I knew where Margaret Sanger was surrounded by a thick wall of admiring personality. I took the place of a tow-boat in front of a liner, and got through by horning, "Way for Mr. Wells." I left them shaking hands with mutual pleasure. The dinner was a wonderful feast. Wells' speech was short, to the subject, but not with the scintillations of Mr. Britling or his ilk, read in an unimpressive voice. But it was good publicity for the cause, and the other Margaret called a few days later at the Sanger clinic and saw the workings thereof.

As for poetry, it would have taken a Sebastian Bach, who could compose immortal music with a squalling and wriggling clan of progeny around him, to work against the activity and noise of my environment. And I was no Bach either in progeniture or personal endowment, and had to postpone poetical creation to a later time, when Gretta promised to leave me on Capri Island to be nothing but a literary person for a year, while she went to India and the future. But my literary destiny was on my track. Something put it into the head of the manageress of the publication department of the Roerich Museum, Miss Frances Grant, to suggest that I should prepare a selection of my poems for them. Three months later, January 2, I finished the typescript of a first selection of 300 pages. I checked proofs in the printing-press with machines and men and smells at the top of their bent. On March 29 Gretta went to the press and got a parcel of first copies. These disappeared among waiting poetry-lovers. Two days later the Women's Unity of the Roerich Museum gave a reception to "A Wandering Harp," as the book was called. There was a full hall, a recital of items from the book by me, cordiality, sales, and bed at 1 a.m. but not to sleep.

A second dinner of the Literary Vespers had to have fifteen minutes of my poetry. This was followed shortly afterwards by a call plus Gretta at the home of the sculptor, George Gray Barnard. After a family lunch and great chat, with disclosures of the artist's interest in inspirational writing, of which he had a large lot dealing with all sorts of metaphysical matters, we visited his studio. He took us into a small room that was all but filled with a bust of Lincoln of more than heroic size. She gazed at it without a word. The sculptor asked her what she thought of it. "It's very big." "Yes, but wasn't Lincoln a big man?" The answer seemed final, though it really wasn't. But we were there for appreciation, not argument. We were deeply impressed by the nobility and high seriousness of Barnard's work. But he himself appeared to be more enthusiastic over the fragments of classical sculpture that he had collected in Europe and formed into a small but almost dazzling museum.

My memory goes back to an annual alumni dinner of the City College (500) at which I gave an address on "The Renaissance in India," with Greta in the gallery. This was in the Prohibition era, and "soft" drinks were supplied. At a table near mine the oldest class was seated. This was a small group of ancients, the most ancient being a clergyman. At the end of the meal he put a hand in a pocket of his coat and took out a biggish bottle of whiskey and shared it round.

Early in our residence above the Roerich Museum we got entangled in its work for what Nicholas Roerich called "knowledge and beauty," and which he propagated as the main forces for the saving of humanity through numerous Roerich Societies in all parts of the world. Our delight in the thousand pictures from his hand on two floors of the great building was deep and vocal. When we got to a point of crush or strain in ordinary matters, we went down from our twelfth storey to the fourth and third, and revelled in the glorious colours, the noble contours, the vast distances, the incorrigible idealism, that told that the Powers behind life had once more brought together in a single personality the unclouded sagacity and the uncompromising artistry that bring a great hope to those who are temperamentally disposed to "look for the light", and arouse the enmity of those who for some ulterior motive are partizans of "night . . . and the half light."

As my interest in and affinity with both sides of Nicholas Roerich's activity was not hidden, I shared in his idea of sending a Banner of Peace around the various Roerich Societies in the world. A Committee for this purpose was formed, and I was made its President. On December 27 (1931) the original Banner was consecrated at a meeting in the Roerich Museum Theatre. A number of eminent speakers sped it on its way. I recited an Ode I had composed for the occasion.

The announced celebration of the eightieth birth-anniversary of Edwin Markham stimulated me to put my thoughts and feelings regarding him and his verse into an Ode, and my enthusiasm and vision came back in full measure. The celebration in the Carnegie Hall was another look into the America of

culture. A programme of his poems, some recited, some set to music in song and chorus, was given to the immense and delighted audience. When "The Man with the Hoe" himself entered, the great audience of all ages rose to its feet in enthusiastic salutation. The venerable poet talked of his dreams and work to rapt listeners with great energy. Long after all good children should be abed he stopped, and as many of the rejoicing multitude as could do so crammed the platform to get a handshake. I got the infection and followed suit. Gretta remained behind.

To Markham I may add the acquaintance of Percy McKaye, a pre-free-verse poet who remained so; and Olive Tilford Dargan, an unfulfilled poetess of choice quality, who was destined to achieve a best-seller novel under an assumed name.

And I must not omit Poetry Week, which gave me an audience as large as all the others east and west put together. My connection with this immense annual event began at the close of the dinner of the Literary Vespers at which I had recited "Bubble-blowers," with such cordial acceptance. A highly evolved lady came to me and said very warmly, "You are just the man I want." I demurred, and said I must cable to my wife in India. She clarified the situation by saying she was the secretary of Poetry Week, and had been looking for a real poet to take part in it. There were four million women in the United States enrolled in this celebration. She wanted New York to show them how. The showing began in a large hall of Columbia University. Edwin Markham read and spoke. I said, by request, "Bubble-blowers," and was getting about as tired of it as Yeats got of "Inisfree." I also spoke. A young poet, Boris Todrin, introduced himself to me. Then or later he gave or sent me a copy of his first book of verse. It was as young as most young verse, but it had a flavour, and what was significant about it was that it sounded as if there never had been such a thing as the free-verse epoch. This was on May 22. Two days later I accompanied a pilgrimage to the Hall of Fame of New York University to renew the memory of great American poets whose busts were in the entrance to the Hall. Speeches were made and a branch laid at

the foot of each bust. By a happy chance I was asked to do honour to Emerson. I had read Emerson's verse annually for some time, and always returned to it with fresh intellectual, if not aesthetical, joy. Next day, as part of the Week, I recited some of my poems to the National Arts Club and the Women's University Club. On May 26 I participated in the last item I could spare time for. This was a roof recital, fourteen storeys up a sky-scraper. A group of poets had been assembled at that height to let New York have poetry at its loftiest. But the noise of the trains of the elevated railroad at short intervals, and the quarter-hour clashing of a clock-tower, also sun and wind, ruined all chance of a poetical atmosphere, and reduced the recitals to mere utterings of words.

The last few days of our sky-scraper year might be catalogued as gastronomical. The Threefold Movement, of which Kedarnath Das Gupta was the moving spirit, gave a vegetarian dinner to 100, out of whom a number of speakers represented societies in whose work we had participated. Among them was Syed Hossain, destined to become India's first Ambassador to Egypt, an unthinkable event then. The Heads of departments of the Roerich Musuem gave tea-parties and dinners. But the real end-piece was a farewell banquet in Schildkraut's Restaurant by the Vegetarian Society of New York which we had been instrumental in founding. The big dining room was crammed with vegetarians of all races and denominations. Speeches were made and gifts presented, which we acknowledged as worthily as the emotion of the occasion would permit.

On July 1, 1932, we were jostled, pushed, crushed into the "Augustus" in the afternoon. Good friends saw us safely to our cabin. Peggy Conway, being herself, brought flowers; Sam Mott, a practical-minded vegetarian, brought eatables in case; Hari Govil, an Indian idealist, presented cash; Mr. and Mrs. Venus, with that name, loaded us with sweets. And at 6 p.m., hot and damp, we left New York for Naples and our variegated destiny.

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## THE RETURN OF THE GODS

(J. H. C.) It is not possible, as far as I am concerned, to anticipate the imagination in what it will do, or where. There may be a reason why, on a steamer making its way in July 1932 eastward through gales and high seas across the Atlantic Ocean, the Celtic Gods began to move in mythological attitudes and events on my mental horizon; and no plunging or cork-screwing of the big liner could upset the world that was shaping itself within my imagination. My mind, after it had cast off the United States, had sprung back to the simplicity and irresponsibility in which its native sensitiveness could respond to suggestions from somewhere beyond its own ceiling, or in this case its floor. I was traversing the ocean that covered what the old Irish called Hy Brasail, the Isle of the Blest; others called it the lost Atlantis of which the Grecian wise men spoke. The discovery of islands west of Europe and Africa in the seventh century B. C. put a solid expanded floor to the previous mythical conception of a great river; and furnished a post mortem home for Kronos and Telemachus and others. The Celtic myth-makers put the God of the Dead and his subjects in the same overseas domain, and he, named Tethra, was the first ancestor of the human race. Kronos, reigning over the same realm, was father of Zeus, and Zeus, the chief of the Grecian Gods, was father of Graikos, from whom descended the Greek race.

Somewhere behind the two races the reality out of which history was elaborated impressed itself on the unsophisticated imaginations of the poets. These had a good time inventing, as the rationalist mythologists say, explanations of day and night, summer and winter, and other phenomena of nature. The primitive imagination personified and symbolised the Powers that carry out a central Will, in the departments of nature, including human nature. My imagination was predominantly Celtic in the material of its expression; I had also tried to keep it as free from predilections and complexes as I could. And that was probably



why, as I crossed the ocean that covered what the old storytellers called *Tir na n-og* (the Land of the Ever Young) I began a meditation on the realities expressed through the Irish myths that was to occupy my creative imagination for the seventh decad of my life (1932-1942), and to give through the free imagination an interpretation of one of the major tales of the Irish mythos, "The Exile of the Sons of Dual Dermait." And now, with funds sufficient to keep us for five years, as a result of my tour in the United States, we speculated on the possibility of my spending a year on Capri Island for the sole purpose of immersing myself in the myth and writing whatever I was able to do in the time.

With this in mind we got through the appalling scrimmage over baggage and landing at Naples, where nearly all of the 1742 passengers on the "Augustus," mainly Italians from the east side of New York on holiday, struggled and squeezed and gabbled and gesticulated, as if Italy might run away in five minutes and leave them marooned at sea. We were at the home of our Dutch lady-artist friend, Emilie Van Kerckhoff, at Anacapri at 9 p.m., July 11, 1932. We were entitled to a collapse after eight hours of mental and physical tension from arriving at Naples at 1 p.m. But the repose, the friendliness, the art, the piano, the ideal innocent supper, made it morning to us. Gretta played; and we talked in moonlight on the loggia until midnight.

The days that followed fell into a rhythmical pattern. We were up any time between 4.30 and 6 for meditation and stretching exercises on our loggia. Breakfast was in a small pergola across the sloping garden that Sara De Swart tended with the effective horticultural tool, love. Morning went in piano practice by Gretta in the drawing-room above ours, while I straightened out the records of our American tour and wrote many thank-you letters and received many come-agains. Lunch was all together in the dining-room in which Giotto, in stained glass, perpetually drew the sheep of which he was the shepherd. Then a siesta and work. Afternoon tea was usually upstairs, with an occasional diversion on foot, the four of us, to the terrace of the Hotel Augustus Caesar from which we looked

over the Bay of Naples, becoming sadly streaked with lines of detritus from oil-burning "steamers", to the city and Vesuvio. After supper we had music and chat, ending with a few minutes of meditation.

On July 22 I completed my 59th year, and the event was celebrated by eating more than the body needed. The item of the day was a row-boat excursion from the Piccolo Marina to the Blue Grotto, gently lit up with a bluish radiance from below the surface by the light that enters through the deep water from outside. We planned to return home by land. At the foot of the steps from the sea to the cliff I was so birthdayish that I essayed to jump from the gunwale of the boat to the step. But I hadn't calculated on the swing of the sea-water, and my spring was all but short of the space as the boat swung out on a wave. Luckily a hefty boatman caught me, and instead of a watery grave I got a bad sprain in my back. But the hour's tramp home to 2000 feet up put me right.

We left Capri on August 8 for the next stage of our saga, with all planned for my return some weeks hence for a year as a "littery gent," while my partner preceded me to India and any miracles that might turn up. At Milan Gretta entrained for activities at Geneva on equal nationality for women in five days of long committee meetings, and I went to Ascona to participate in the school of spiritual studies in the home of Madame Frobe-Kapteyn on the edge of Lake Maggiore. A number of men and women interested in the deeper things of life had come together for interchange of ideas and experiences, from Italy, Germany, England, America and India. My contribution was on "The Yoga of Art," "The Art of Mythology," "Mysticism and Art," "The Nature and Function of Poetry." Between lectures the beauty of my surroundings and the repose that was mine for the taking, gave poetry a chance, and I received lines that were to come into a series of sonnets on the state of Europe and India. When Gretta returned from her detour she gave a fine lecture on "Music and the extension of consciousness;" and uplifted the 50 students with a splendid piano recital. Alice Bailey led.

On September 1 we were back in Geneva in the kind home of the Sellegers at Grand Sacconex, from which we could look over the border into France after a short walk. Our return to the then capital of humanity was induced by two circumstances. Ireland, in the person of De Valera, head of the Irish Free State, was to be very much in evidence. He was to preside over the opening of the Council of the League of Nations, and at the Assembly of the League was to hand over his Presidentship to his successor. And, while Ireland was President of the world, we felt we should be there to gloat over the leader of a mere three million people telling the representatives of the rest of the world something. But my conspiratorial companion had a still brighter idea. It was time, thought she, that India, that was where Ireland had been 16 years previously, should make herself heard through free minds and voices instead of through muzzled and tutored officials. The idea found immediate response. An India Day was planned. Mrs. Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence agreed to come from London for the occasion.

Ireland arrived before India. The Council of the League of Nations was to be opened on September 23, and we thought it well to call on the permanent Irish delegation to the League and put in our claim for admission. To our intense pleasure the permanent delegation, Sean Lister, though he had a southern Christian name, was a fellow Belfastman, on intimate terms with my brother Willie, who was director of technical education in northern Ireland. Permits were arranged, and an invitation received for a reception next evening at the rooms of the delegation. It was some experience to be transported from Geneva and an India vortex, to what might have been in a Dublin drawing-room after dinner, with its mental and verbal give and take, its flights of fancy, its shrewd and whimsical sizings up of people and events. We had a short chat with DeValera. Behind his tall sacerdotalish get-up and his furrowed face, there was a radiation of human kindness, and an abstemiousness in smokes and drinks that was lighted up by humour. He was interested in Gretta's social work and my cultural advocacy in India, but the end of our chat was a request that we come home.

Next day, September 23, De Valera presided over the opening of the Council. Partner and I waited at the stage door to greet him and his entourage, and then, duty done, scurry to our seats. There was no "conquering hero" about the man who had been condemned to death by Britain for his part in the Irish rebellion of 1916, whose execution was cancelled when it was discovered that he was a born American, and who was now in the highest seat of world honour. He walked slowly from his car in wideawake black hat and black clothes, as near the mournful garb of the Catholic priest as a layman could venture. But there was a friendly gleam in his eyes, carried over presumably from his Irish mother, that was so irrelevant above the suit of solemn black that one might imagine that the Abby Theatre was involved in the occasion. Our seats in the Council Hall were amongst those of a bevy of continental women with whom Greta was something of a lioness, as she had been made a member of the Women's Committee of the League of Nations. Memory has no record of De Valera's speeches; but we both recall our hearty responses to his idealistic view of human relationships, and rejoiced over the quiet way in which he traced out the path of true human progress.

In a talk with De Valera by Greta, the question of equal nationality of men and women was discussed. "It was very interesting," Greta said to me afterwards, "to hear him unfold his character; narrow, formally righteous, clean principled, Church-ridden. He would not nominate me for the Committee on Equal Nationality for fear of criticism from his party followers; but he would support women's equality." Four days later a group of women waited on him as President of the League of Nations, on the subject of India. "A damp squib," Greta reported. "He asked for no publicity—for reasons which were not given and we could not surmise."

India Day came off on October 6. Morning went in a business session when an International Committee for India was formed. From 15 countries 28 societies sent 50 delegates. Much work was done in the afternoon for carrying on pro-Indian propaganda. In the evening the big hall of the Salle

Centrale was filled for a public meeting with Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence as its central figure. There were a number of excellent speeches including one by Gretta. On October 8 Gretta attended an emergency meeting of the Equal Nationality Committee. Next day she returned from a meeting of the League at which an Irish member threw over the women's resolution, and caused its defeat. Her flame-eyed prophecy was, "A day will come when maleocracy will break itself or be broken."

On October 11 Gretta, after many eminent farewells and much packing, left for India full of missionary zeal for freedom, and accompanied by warm admiration for her initiative and her organising ability. What she was going to do was not clear, but news indicated that she was not going for a quiet holiday. As for myself, I had a feeling that the Celtic Gods would not be far away, and that the fourteen sonnets I had composed concerning the world situation would fulfil themselves in some way.

In due time I was back at Anacapri. Then the Celtic Gods sent their heralds before them. I awoke one morning in a state of revulsion against the inhuman men who opened the lovely Sunday by shooting birds down the hillside. On a walk I thought thoughts which, expressed, would have earned me externment, if nothing more drastic, at the sight of belligerent sayings of Mussolini on wall posters celebrating something or other. Individual and collective iniquity had so irritated me that when I turned towards the Celtic mythos, I went red over the devilries of deities in holy Ireland. I had half a mind to turn to the Roman Pantheon that Agrippa had accommodated at Rome in the century just before Christ. But they were too solid and clear-edged for my taste. I had no use for divinities or heroes that could not be seen through. I was still turning over in my mind "The Exile of the Sons of Doel Dermait." This had come down from the cycle of stories that had the Ulster hero of divine ancestry, Cuchulain, as its central figure. It had a minimum of bloodthirstiness; and there glimmered through it a number of questions that challenged the mind and excited the imagination: Why was Doel Dermait so called ("the Beetle of Forgetfulness")? Why Beetle, and how

and what can beetles forget? Had it anything to do with the scarabeus of Egyptian mythology in which it stood for immortality and rebirth? That was an idea; all the more beckoning because the scarabeus was also the symbol of the Sun God; and Cuchulain, who had found and released the exiled Sons of Doel Dermait, was son of Lugh, the Celtic Sun God, as well as of his earthly father, hence of both divine and human parentage. I assumed the myths had been made by the bards; but I also assumed that nothing can be made by the human consciousness without relation to ideas, experiences, aspirations and intuitions. There was an interaction between the celestial and terrestrial realms, an interchange of what Swinburne in "Thallasius" calls

Thoughts that make men of Gods and Gods of men.

I became reconciled to the reprehensible elements in the story of the Exile, and felt that I could rationalise it some degrees nearer the spiritual reality it reflected and echoed.

The telling of the story of the Exile needed a lead-up. The story of the "Feast of Bricriu" gave all that was necessary. Bricriu-bitter-tongue promised to be a kind of Greek chorus—not only an explainer of action but an initiator of it. The urge was on me

To feed men's hearts with visions truer than truth, as Swinburne put it; I felt that the statements of truth, in which I included the essentials of the Celtic mythology, needed periodical restatement in order to keep them pliable and transparent.

In was my habit at Anacapri to spend some time before breakfast doing a-mile-a-day on one of the garden paths, deep breathing, acknowledging with thanks the beauties disclosed by trees and flowers, conning ideas and phrases that fell or floated into my mind. While thus engaged I was brought to a halt on a garden seat to watch something that was going on, apparently outside me, as I was looking at it, but obviously not outside in any physical sense, and completely unrelated to my Caprisian environment. Something was going on in dingy Dublin as I had known the capital of the land that I loved and boasted of. Three ragamuffins, as I at first took them to be, were saying and doing things that somehow I understood. I saw them to be not

only what they appeared, but to be shadows of the three mythical immortals, Cuchulain, Laeg his charioteer, and Lugaid the master of activity. At some point of the visionary performance I was called to breakfast and the play broke off. I took it for granted that I had seen all I would see of it. But after breakfast I returned to the garden seat—and the visionary drama went on from where it had broken off, and continued to an end. I saw that I was expected to create a drama, on the cyclic pattern of my early myth poems, personalising the “fall” of life from its thinkable abstract condition into material circumstances through which it was to work itself back to its original state. I made a note of what I had seen, and awaited the spark and utterance.

Then the future showed its hand. News indicated an increasing tension in India. On December 10 (1932) a cable came saying: “Gretta sent Vellore one year simple.” The breaker of the news was Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan. The Italian press reported her as remanded in custody for “disseminating sedition.” This also came in the London “Times,” and on the day that I assisted at the opening of a soup kitchen for the poor of Anacapri, I wrote to the paper saying that the arrest was not for sedition, but for protesting against the suppression of free speech. I knew that Gretta was not going to submerge herself in any organisation, and that she was determined to do one woman’s work to break the chains of silence that the British bureaucracy had fastened “by law” on the people of India, especially on the highly expressive people of Madras Presidency. A fortnight later a letter, with parts blacked out, came from Gretta in Vellore prison, suggesting that I might return to India, as there might be something useful for me to do; suggesting also that I might summer in North India.

While I was turning things over in my mind the Sons of Doel Dermait reappeared. I came upon notes that I had made of an old Irish poem entitled “The Song of the Hunt,” that Mrs. Wood-Hill had shown me in New York. In two days I had turned the story of how Finn Mac Cool had learned the danger of allowing the attention to be diverted from duty by desire into 108 lines.

This gave me courage to face the much larger enterprise ; and after two experiments on a prologue, I began, on January 7, 1933, "Bricriu's Feast" with the assurance that I had got the appropriate plan and attitude for a redaction of "The Exile of the Sons of Doel Dermait."

Concentration on what would certainly be a lengthy work was difficult. Nature claimed attention with an intensity that seemed to hint of haste on its part. Though it was early in February the purple Iris was in bloom, and a little behind it was the wall-flower ; the rose bushes were in leafage. Then came the almond blossoms ; and narcissus and candytuft began to border the garden paths. Nights were broken by spells of mental agony over world conditions : I switched on my light, and read the Isha Upanished. News came from New York of a large protest meeting against Greta's imprisonment. This seemed to say that there were some people in the world for whose sake nemesis might withhold its threatening hand.

The reason behind Greta's hint that I might return to India came out in a letter from Madanapalle College appealing to me to return to it. My work would be that of general supervisor, designated Principal. I was asked to cable Yes or No. Next day, March 1, I walked to San Michele with intent to clear my mind of all pros and cons, and return to "Casa Surya" via the Post Office with a decision made by something within me which had a more comprehensive sense of the tendencies of life than my inadequately informed and too quickly moved outer mind. My pen wrote on a cable form Yes.

My nineteen days of preparation for departure were streaked with regrets and pleasures. Although I had not recovered full health, I revelled in walks that were rich in purple crocus, anemones of all colours that preferred breezy eminences to sheltered gardens, narcissus whose other name reminded one of Amaryllis and Virgil. Along the grand and beautiful cliff-tops were asphodels that were associated with death in literature as far back as Homer, yet were oscillating with new life ; and there were the less classical but not less beautiful field daisies and golden buttercups. Plum and cherry and almond trees were in



full bloom. Vines were being stretched from post to post to encourage their efforts towards wine in autumn. Broad beans had risen two feet from the ground. My myth-making imagination joined the gladness of spring. I saw why Cuchulain, starting out on a journey to find three missing sons of a king in the Land of the ever Young, should be imagined by the storytellers as having killed three groups of workmen who obstructed his path for food and drink ; for what embodiment of the demands of the flesh dare stand in the way of the spirit on its quest ?

My last literary activity on Capri Island was the despatch to the Roerich Museum Press, New York, of a companion volume to "A Wandering Harp" containing the second selection of my poetry, with what I had written since the publication of the first. Its title was "the same only different," "A Bardic Pilgrimage."

## CHAPTER XLVII

### TWELVE MONTHS IN JAIL

(M. E. C.) On the way back to India I wanted to make personal contacts with the women of western Asia of whose fine qualities I had read much in magazines. So I planned to travel by the overland route and the Persian Gulf. From Jaffa (October 17, 1932) I was escorted by two Jewish ladies to Telaviv, the new Zion, then throbbing with fresh life and anticipation. From thence I was driven over bare hills to Jerusalem. Next day went mainly in old Jerusalem, in narrow streets, through a mixture of foods, smells and flies, to the Wailing Wall, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the place of the Crucifixion, the Mosque of Omar, Gethsemane, Kedron, the Hebrew University ; and ended in a fine meeting of the Jewish Women's Association. The New Jerusalem was not at all like my childish imagination of it, when I sang of it in the Methodist meeting-house in the west of Ireland : it seemed to be all shops and sales, with no golden gates or hosannas.



5. A SUFFRAGETTE ADMIRES A VIEW, NEW YORK 1931, see page 546



Next morning I had a drive to Haifa, 3 hours away, and after eating a preliminary orange sitting in an Arab street, I lunched at the Labour Co-operative Hospital, and made a special examination of the maternity and baby wards. In the afternoon I went to see the house and prison of Abdul Baha, of whose life and sayings I had been one of the earliest readers in Ireland. On the way I stopped a driver from brutally whipping a horse. I slept overnight in the Bahai home of purity and affection in order to have an interview next morning with the head of the movement, Shoji Effendi. He was 35, a Persian exquisite, perfumed, manicured, perfectly dressed, with a lovely voice. One could see from his quick disposal of items that came and went, while we chatted on all sorts of things, that he was a born administrator.

A long drive took me to Beirut. At a tea-party of 40 in a private home I told of India and her women. The beautiful and clever Nazik Abed took me on foot to her home, an Arabian Nights dream of artistic beauty. We had immediately taken a liking to one another. She was a real ego, and fascinated me. It was an experience to stay so intimately with Arabs of high degree. I spoke at other gatherings, scattering facts and ideas about India and its struggle for external and internal freedom.

On October 25 I started in a big bus with 17 other passengers for Baghdad, I being the only westerner. The dust of the desert repelled me; the fatigue of an all-day and all-night drive demoralised me. The only break in a 550 miles journey was breakfast at a rest-house. Grubbiness and fatigue were forgotten in the hospitality of the Standt household and a look over bewitching Baghdad and its unique costumes and customs. A Women's Conference meeting followed by a happy tea-party put me in touch with vital movements. On October 27 I was received by the Queen of Iraq, who was accompanied by her two daughters and an English companion. We had a pleasant hour's chat on topics concerning the place of women in the new circumstances of the country. But I was annoyed by irrelevant and ugly westernisation in bobbed hair and European dresses.

Dr. and Mrs. Standt were heads of a school of 400 boys. I told the school of my experiences with students in India. At

Mrs. Standt's Girls' Club I discussed women's problems with 40 members. They were all in unbecoming western dresses, and I was glad that I had put on a saree that makes even an ungainly westerner look graceful. A number of important Jewish ladies called on me ; and my plans got an unanticipated extension by an invitation to a Women's Conference at Teheran, the capital of Iran (Persia). Before starting to find a new miracle, I had a close-up view of the narrow streets of the famous city, and realised how bewitchment can be reduced almost to vanishing point on close acquaintance. Yet when a costume of silver embroidery over green silk, or a pale blue ground with silver moons and borders, passed me, I thanked God that womanhood preserved the love of beauty, and gave a silent rebuke to the dingy ugliness, the buying and selling in all sorts of insanitary and infectious conditions, that men call life.

On October 30 I was ready at 4.30 a.m. to start for Teheran. The car to take seven of us came at 6. On the edge of the desert we got a puncture. The flow of petrol failed 16 times during the day. At night I tried to sleep in a small rest-house ; but dogs, motor noises, cold, and sore throat and mouth, kept me awake most of the night. Two of the ladies slept in the car. Next day we stopped at an American mission hospital, and the doctor, on noticing my symptoms, strongly advised me to return to Baghdad. A good night's rest in a hotel and delicious morning air and sky colours, reconciled me to returning in spite of disappointment ; and a good talk with the Consul of Iraq (this was at Kermanshaw) got my visa fixed up. I found a seat in a car for Baghdad. Time was lost by the usual puncture,"also by a long wrangle between the driver and a fearsome armed soldier who insisted on getting a free lift. So we missed the train at the frontier, and I was faced with another night in my clothes with no sign of adequate accommodation, and no language but unknown English in which to express my bodily needs. Happily a Mussulman woman offered me a shake-down in a corner of her home. It was probably the fowl-house, as cocks and hens were roosted above a sheet that was stretched between them and me.

The problem was how to get away next morning, with a small Persian carpet that I had bought from my hostess for her hospitality for which she had refused payment. The driver who had brought me thus far had no passport into Iraq. Luckily I was able to get a perch on the top of cotton bales in a transport lorry that would take me the seven miles to the nearest station in Iraq. Here I found myself in a queer tangle. I was challenged about vaccination. If I told the exact truth I could neither go forward nor backward. I decided on the lesser evil, and wrote less than the truth on the form in a language unknown to me. A dirty train took me over the desert back to Baghdad, for the last stage of my overland journey, from Baghdad to Basra, and thence by steamer to India.

After another 24 nightmare hours across the desert, smothered in dust, I was at Basra at 6.30 a.m. I had a cordial welcome from the Anis, whom he had known in Adyar, and all facilities for getting over fatigue and dirt. They gathered a crowd for tea, after which there was a public meeting under the auspices of the Theosophical Lodge. I pleaded for unity and friendship, and for an effort to put women in the new Iraqi programme following the attainment of State sovereignty. This stirred some of the women present, and I was urged to draft a letter that could be sent to an authority to have it officially moved. In the afternoon the letter was approved and written; and I was escorted to the steamer that was to take me to Karachi.

After a restful journey, with a sense of some duty done, I reached Karachi on the morning of November 10. The Indian official would not sign my passport, but passed it on to a young, raw, pert Englishman. After many questions and answers I was "permitted to land." The "permission" gave me a touch of the restrictions that had been clamped on India since I left it for New York a year and a half before. I met a large body of friends to report my travels; but they were not as interested as usual; they had too much to think about in their own affairs to be excited about the affairs of other people. I had private talks with political leaders that made me register unspoken resolutions. I opened a Students' Conference, but found it lacking reality

because of official restrictions on expression. I visited an esteemed friend, Dr. Deobanker, in jail, and was shocked to see him in jail clothes, a brave, gentle, good man, whose only offence was to express love for his country.

When I reached Bombay I set matters in motion for a visit to Mahatma Gandhi in Yerawada prison, near Poona. By good luck I saw Gandhiji's right-hand man, C. Rajagopalachariar, on the railway platform at Poona, and in a one-minute whisper had got his approval of my defying the Ordinances against free speech and risking imprisonment. On November 20 I got a sudden call to see Mahatmaji. Remembering my own experience of jail interviews 20 years before I had expected at least two warders to be present to scent sedition. To my surprise we were alone in the courtyard. We took turns at questions and answers. He had nothing to complain of about health. I told him of India at Geneva. He asked about the Women's Indian Association and sent his love to Dr. (Mrs) S. Muthulakshmi Reddi. I told him of my intention to oppose the ban on public speech. He would not discuss this; it would be against his obligations as a prisoner. When I left him, after 25 minutes of happy give-and-take and realisation of his unshakable rectitude, his secretary, Mahadev Desai, escorted me to the outer door, and told me this was the first item of a new regime, when Bapu could see people quite alone.

From one jail I went to another. The next was at Belgaum to see my beloved Kamaladevi. I found her shrunken in body, but strong in nerve, and indomitable in will. With such brave and wise women as she and others in mind I faced southwards with determination and confidence.

My first step after arriving at Madras was to seek out a lawyer of known Indian sympathy, Mr. K. Bhasyam, and plan the opening of a systematic attack on the Ordinances that had choked the expression of the people. Having come from the free air of America and Europe I was exasperated at the meanness of the British bureaucracy in extending rule by Ordinance from three to ten months, then to five years, and, crowning evidence of the breakdown of foreign rulership, the incorporation of what

was at first said to be an emergency expedient into the law of the land through spurious legislation by a group of men who had no relationship to the people or their leaders.

At an enormous meeting on Madras beach, of which Mr. Kasturbai Gandhi, wife of Mahatmaji, was the central figure, I was asked to make a short speech. I have no memory or record of what I said; but it gave me a mass contact that I was soon to follow up. Three days later, December 3, 1932, a public protest meeting was held in Gokhale Hall that Mrs. Annie Besant, then approaching the end of her long life, had built for free speech.

On December 7 destiny began to show its face. A thousand responsible people assembled at a meeting on the beach at which I was the chief speaker and urged the people to exercise free speech. I was followed by an Indian man who declared that he would defy the Ordinances. An English police officer ordered the speaker to stop. I broke in and said I endorsed all the man had said. The sergeant, after some hesitation, arrested me, and conducted me to the Beach Road between lines of volunteers shouting slogans in my favour. He proceeded to hand me over to a superior officer, but was as much as told not to be a fool—and I was sent home to Ammu Swaminathan's.

Two days later at 7.30 a.m. a notice was served on me at Ammu's by a plain-clothes policeman. It was a preliminary to arrest, and I went over to Adyar to settle up my affairs in case. I looked in at an evening meeting in the Headquarters Hall of the Theosophical Society. Word came that two men, looking like policemen, wanted me outside. As I did not wish to have the Society mixed up with my personal activities, I asked the officers not to arrest me there, but to come over to Mrs. Swaminathan's. They did so, and I was lodged in the Penitentiary, where I had a sleepless night owing to a bright light being kept on.

It is not necessary to go into the preliminaries of police formality leading up to my trial next day. From what I learned afterwards I got a "press" that a successful pugilist or a cinema star might envy. But the matter of personality did not count with me. I had my affiliations with super-personality, and a larger world than that of the mundane globe. But the urge for



freedom was born with me ; and any individual or group that tried to interpret its own freedom as freedom to tyrannise over others brought the seven centuries' struggle of my beloved Ireland to a point of indignation that showed itself in action.

It will suffice for this record if I include here a condensed report of my " speech from the dock " in reply to the magistrate's question if I had anything to say.

The fact that I am on trial in this court today is no accident. It is the result of seventeen years of intimate living and working with my Indian sisters and brothers. In moving freely with them in attempting to do constructive work, I and my husband learned how exploitation and injustice through foreign rule is crushing them down. I was a co-worker for Home Rule for years with Annie Besant, and took part in the agitation connected with her internment in this cause. I also shared in formulating the Commonwealth of India Bill. Government repression of organised Congress opinion, the largest representative opinion in India, has become ever more severe since then. I watched it in 1930-31. I reported what I had seen, in New York and Geneva during my visits there in the past eighteen months. In those centres of international opinion I laid bare the dual game Britain is playing ; its pretence of making a Constitution to give India freedom, but its determination to hold tight to everything essential to India's self-government. I showed that its demands for unity and social reforms as necessary to swaraj were conditions such as no country had ever complied with. I proved that, instead of freedom, government by Ordinances was designed to break, if possible, the spirit, ruin the health and cripple the resources of all the people of India who are determined to win the political freedom they want. Representative associations of eighteen countries have deputed me to tell the people here that they " sympathise with them, and that they denounce the rule of violence now imposed on India," as the New York protest meeting expressed it. Now that I return, I find that the Ordinances have been turned into law for three

years. This is a challenge to every believer in free speech, free political assembly, free press, free picketting, free peaceful self-expression. I adhere to everything I said in public. I reiterate that the Ordinance Bill and Ordinance Law should be made inoperative by everyone ignoring them by non-violent defiance. Evidently the Government think me a valuable ally of the Congress when they priced my freedom by bail at thirty thousand rupees. If it is their intention to strike me dumb for a year, are we to deduce that their new Constitution is going to be so unsatisfactory that I must be locked up for all that time to prevent my criticism of it? If this is British justice and democracy, then I am proud to stand here in support of free speech and Indian national freedom, and I am ashamed that English idealism has fallen to the present depths of oppression and suppression.

The end of the trial (December 10) was that I was sentenced to "simple imprisonment for one year" or until such time as I would execute a bond for Rs. 10,000, and furnish two sureties of Rs. 5,000 each (the press gave the sureties as Rs. 10,000 each) to be of good behaviour for a year. I was escorted to the Madras Penitentiary for two sleepless nights feeling anything but penitent. Dr. Muthulakshmi brought her high influence to bear on Government and had my residence changed to the Women's Prison at Vellore, 80 miles from Madras.

On Monday at 1 p.m. I was escorted with my baggage by three police officers, second class, to Katpadi station, where I was to change into the jail wagon (known in the west as Black Maria) for Vellore, three miles away. I had been so meek and mild on the two-hours railway section of the pilgrimage that my escorts were not prepared for an impulse in an Irishwoman, who had been reared on the backs of ponies and the front seats of country carriages, to revert to type. When my baggage was safely stowed away I suddenly climbed to the empty seat beside the driver, with the triple escort looking as if they didn't know where they were. I fancy one horn of their dilemma was that they didn't want to be made fools of by creating a scene, and the other horn was that they could not spin out the necessary

red-tape to have me dethroned by order. So they succumbed, and I assisted in driving them to Vellore Women's Jail, where I was welcomed at the gate by the Governor, Major Khan, as nice a jailer as anyone could wish for, who in the course of time suffered for acting on the unofficial idea that his prisoners were human beings.

Tea time (curious relic of so-called civilisation in an Indian jail) found me greeted by a number of women political prisoners on a space of green grass in front of my cell. Picketing foreign cloth shops and inducing people to go instead to shops where khaddar (home-spun and woven) was sold was their chief offence. For some unknown reason I was given a second cell, which became my study, and made a buffer between my bedroom and a condemned cell in which a young woman awaited execution for alleged murder.

The political wing, having no taint of "moral turpitude," had a fair amount of communication with the outer world. Newspapers were allowed, and we learned, three days after my arrival, that the Corporation of Madras had been heroic enough to pass an adjournment motion in protest against my arrest.

I fell into a daily routine of rising at daybreak, ablution, meditation and chota hazre (breakfast). I walked a mile each morning, six times round the enclosure of the political wing. I spun a while, and conducted classes in civics, singing and needlework. For community exercise I succeeded in getting a piece of ground levelled and the equipment for badminton. The periods for this were later restricted by underlings on the ground that we were much too happy for prisoners. Lock-up time was 6 p.m. A festivity the day before Christmas was the first annual birthday celebration of baby Menu, a dear little person whom we all loved. The celebration was a meal of Indian preparations on the badminton plot.

A fortnight after my admission I felt the need of some regular responsible duty. This I could only get under the term "hard labour." So I applied for hard labour, and was made superintendent of my block. I interpreted my labour as beautifying the place. I applied for seedlings to make a garden in a waste

corner; and in due time we enjoyed watching tiny shoots developing into lovely flowers. I applied for a sand-box for children to play in, and got it. I also got a cane chair in which I could sit comfortably for reading the books that friends sent and that passed the censorship of the ignorant office clerk. Wells' "Research Magnificent" sickened me with the author's queer sex-obsession. Jeans' "Mysterious Universe" gave me a great extension of consciousness. Plato and Annie Besant renewed old intellectual and spiritual experiences.

There were festive occasions, admissions and releases, that gave us chances of dressing up. We had been denied freedom of speech and movement; so we denied ourselves freedom from sacerdotalism. At the festival of Pongal (harvest) in the middle of January, in a prison cell, we did puja (worship). Two babies were enthroned as representatives of deity. And I, an Irish Methodist, was accepted as a kind of high priest robed in my best saree.

Routine was varied by visitors. My dear Dr. Muthulakshmi, that great-hearted woman, brought a gramophone. K. Bhasyam brought welcome fruit and news of more arrests in muzzled Madras. A choice selection of four husbands was escorted from the men's jail to have a strictly guarded interview with their wives. I was not one of them, but I felt in my bones that my time would come.

Records of Indian songs were found in the jail office. I felt that the pleasure of playing them on the gramophone should not be restricted to the politicals, and after some official hem-ing and haw-ing I got leave to give a weekly recital to what we called "our other sisters," women under life sentences.

A desire grew in me to hear some high class western music. I gave it a half satisfaction by drafting an article on Scriabine and his work. I had a number of his earlier pieces in my memory. I soothed myself by playing them in my imagination. It occurred to me that what was recoverable by imagination could be added to by imagination. I had Scriabine's Sonate-Fantaise No. 2 in G sharp minor in my trunk. I could have memorised this on the piano in a few readings. But without the collaboration of the

outer ear, as I was not pitch-perfect, it would take a considerable number of short practices to memorise it in silence. See me, then, after lock-up, by the light of a petromax lamp hung up outside the bars of my cell-door (not inside, for you never know what a prisoner might do with fire) seated on a soap-box, "playing" on the edge of my cot, with the music cocked up against the wall, and enjoying myself hugely in the world of imaginary sound, which was perhaps its real world. I may as well add that, when I got to a piano after my release, I was able to play the long piece from memory without a mistake.

The recounting of these incidents may sound as if imprisonment was a rest-cure. But there were clouds in the azure. I felt I was being viewed naked, when I saw one of Jim's letters, which were always at the very highest of perfect love, being read, before delivery to me, by the ignorant jail clerk. Through visitors I learned of letters that had not been given to me. Letters had come from friends and sympathisers in daily half dozens. Even a request for the names and addresses of the writers was refused. But one letter from Jim brought me joy with seven of his best sonnets, showing that his mastery of that difficult form of verse was still with him. From Jim also I received a copy of "The Story of San Michele," which fascinated me with its revelation of strong personality and humaneness. But a snag was that press cuttings from Jim were thrown into the waste-paper basket. Later a concession was made. I was allowed to read letters addressed to me, but not to keep them.

Visitors got to know the way to Vellore, and enriched our tea-times with cakes and jams, almonds and raisins. Respect for us rose perceptibly when an important Government official brought a number of records of classical western music for my special pleasure. These kept me in touch with the highest achievements of harmony, and gave me occasions for thinking over the parallel developments of the occidental and oriental systems.

A rainy day brought the joy of a visit from my spiritual daughter Kamaladevi. Though our interview was in the disreputable jail office, where we were audible to official ignorance and

stupidity, we were so happy in meeting again that we ignored surveillance and talked freely for the specified half hour. She was going deeper and deeper into the struggle against tyranny. We talked much "sedition." But nothing happened.

Things began to shape towards the next phase in my own future. I had received word from Jim of his acceptance of a call from Madanapalle College. Captain and Mrs. Sellon and Professor and Mrs. Ernest Wood came to Vellore, but it was not visitors' day and they were kept out. But a message from them was given to me to the effect that Dr. Cousins' appointment as Principal of Madanapalle College had got all the necessary official approvals.

The brainlessness and heartlessness of my surroundings, and perhaps a state of irritability induced by the growing and inescapable heat of a tropical summer, gave me a bad time. We were not allowed to sleep out, though shade maximum temperature was 104, and minimum was above the summer heat that gives sunstroke in England. I was so exhausted one evening that I fell asleep on the floor of my cell. I lost the push to write. I had exhausted all reading matter.

On the anniversary of my wedding day, April 9, my fellow prisoners awakened me with songs and flowers. In the afternoon we had a recital of poems by Rabindranath Tagore and James H. Cousins, followed by tableaux and dances. Probably on the principle that we were too happy, the screw was again put on us: badminton was disallowed, drafts and ludo were withdrawn. I wrangled over this imbecility with official visitors, and over restrictions in books and food. I found that it all came from the underlings, not from the jail Governor. Life was becoming a bore. The heat burned my eyes. I had no exercise. Some respite came after rain, when I planted a tree and weeded the garden, and had a lovely evening cry over the beauty of Jim's poetry.

A diversion came with news of a threatened fast by Gandhiji. I resolved to fast simultaneously. Happily it did not last very long, as Bapu was released. He called for a cessation of Civil Disobedience for a month, and for the release of all political prisoners.

Government refused his offer, and shadowy hopes of release were abandoned.

The big event was the first visit from my beloved encourager, Jim. His way to me from Capri via Sind and the Kangra Valley had been signalled by lovely poems and letters. And on June 3, 1933, at 2 p.m. there he was, thinner than when I left him in Europe nine months before, but in glowing health, while I had put on twelve pounds, probably for want of my customary energetic movements when free. Novelists have sentimentalised over love's first kiss. Few of them have shared the ecstasy of reunion under scrutiny in a jail office, after long separation and after thirty years of union in service to humanity. We were given an hour. Talk on politics was barred. But there was much to recount on both sides that was not "seditious."

To my routine I added a course in First Aid. The details of this revolted me; still, I went on to the examination and earned my certificate. But a new disquieting symptom appeared: I became impatient for release. Imprisonment was in my case wastefully useless either as a punishment or as a deterrent. I would not rest while life lasted until India was free. But I had an almost overwhelming desire to scale walls and join my beloved in the solution of problems that were making the beginnings of his second term at Madanapalle not too happy.

At the end of six months in jail thirteen of my fellows left. Farewells to them were times of jolliness; but I had a private sinking feeling of being left alone; alone in the arid and useless enforced routine of a jail, in an atmosphere of suppressed criminality and official stupidity.

I had visits from friends: Lakshmi Gurumurti like a full-blown rose; V. L. Ethiraj, with a scheme for a Women's College in Madras and ten lakhs of rupees as endowment in the back of his head, perhaps then unknown to himself; and others. And it was a sanctification to receive through Jim on one of his visits a message of appreciation and affection from Rabindranath Tagore.

Jim's sixtieth birthday, July 22, which promised to restore my spirits, was spoiled by torrential rain that flooded our cells. As a climax of misfortune I slipped and fell on the stone-floored

verandah, luckily with no result but stiffness. My ulcerated mouth became a matter of interest when it was found that six politicals were similarly affected ; and still more interesting when a number of men prisoners complained of sore mouths. Brèad was sent to be analysed. No verdict was vouchsafed to mere prisoners.

At long last, before the prisoners were awake, the young women in the condemned cell was taken out and hanged. With this soul-sickening news of official and legal insensitiveness and depravity, from the High Court bench down to the hangman, came private word that she was brave to the last, and protested her innocence of the murder attributed to her in a passionate domestic outburst. Surely, I half hoped, India, in her coming days of freedom, would expunge this worse than savagery from the Swaraj law-books.

For the first three weeks of September we were not allowed to see a newspaper ; and when one was released, it told us of the death and cremation at Adyar of our spiritual guru, Mrs. Annie Besant. She was 86, and had been out of affairs for three years. There is not a tear-drop of personal or conventional grief at the termination of her wonderful career in my diary. Jim and I had been so close to her in spirit and service for many years that she seemed always to be just round the corner. We felt that, if her "yellow shawls" would be near her again in lives to come, we too would be there ; and we were prepared to work on to the end of this incarnation, holding up her spiritual oriflamme when necessary, and always living our lives as near as possible to the noble and pure and selfless pattern that she had laid before us with wisdom and humour and freedom.

Ideas for a book came to me, but the office refused to let me have writing materials on the ground that I would be released before long. I badgered them till I got something to go on with. I also wormed out of them undelivered letters from Jim, and a letter from Kamaladevi that had come four months before. Later I got a bundle of letters and papers that had come from America five months before.

As usual Jim's fortnightly visit was nourishment for body and soul. I was delighted to be able to greet him towards the



end of September with a new yellow khaddar dress that I had succeeded in getting made. Obviously he was having a not too inspiring time at Madanapalle, and I longed to be with him to lighten his burden. When that would be was uncertain. Hints from the office pointed to October 14, counting the remission due to me for "hard labour."

Towards the end I was made happy by seeing that our "other sisters", the convicts, had caught the infection of planting seeds, and giving the touch of natural beauty to their dreary surroundings.

The roll of political prisoners was reduced by the release of Kuthimalu Amma and baby Meenu. So dehumanised was the psychology of jaildom that it could not allow the mother and child to be freed with the husband, K. Madhava Menon.

The remaining handful in the political wing celebrated the two famous birthdays on October 1 and 2. On the first we sang Mrs. Besant's words beginning "God save our Motherland," which she had set to the tune of "God save the King," and repeated her prayer for brotherhood beginning "O hidden life vibrant in every atom." On the second we said some of Gandhiji's favourite prayers. For this occasion the scavenger and servants were permitted to join us. Thus a long-time wish of mine was satisfied.

My release was fixed for October 21 (1933). The farewell tea-party on the 20th had one political besides myself. The day went chiefly in bickerings with the office over my possessions. Everything I had was searched. Biographical notes of my fellow prisoners were confiscated. At times I had received psychic illuminations in non-cerebral writing. The clerk wanted to confiscate them. I broke down at the sight of what I regarded as sacred things being mauled by a stupid and vulgar young man. I let him have some straight talk on what I, a former magistrate, would do when I got outside. I scared him into giving them to me.

At noon on the 21st a car and my husband were announced at the jail gate. The last words of the matron were: "Mrs. Cousins, for God's sake try and get a stop put to the hanging of women." In a few minutes I was beside my beloved in the car of our

spiritual brother, C. R. Parthasarathi Iyengar, front rank lawyer and Congress Member of Parliament. I was free, free, free!! We were taken to a lunch-party in the home of Mr. A. V. Gangadhara Sastri, prominent lawyer and Congressman.

The country all along the 80 miles from Vellore to Madanapalle was lovely in greenness. At the foot of the little temple-crowned Basanikonda, we were met by our venerated brother, R. Seshagiri Rao, and took him in on the driver's seat. We reckoned we would be home in twenty minutes, but it took us what seemed to be hours. From the entrance to the old town there was a crush of welcoming people through which the car could hardly make its way. Doors, windows and roofs were crowded. At street corners the car was held up while speeches were made, fruits and sweets presented, and garlands given. At the gate to the College compound we could hardly get out of the car. I was smothered in garlands and flowers. My head was splitting with the noise we had crawled through. My hair was hanging down my shoulders. A procession headed by a country band escorted us on foot from the gate to Krishna Cottage. The simple but distinctive two-storeyed building that was to be our future home was outlined in the darkness that had fallen by small clay saucers holding oil in which wicks were burning.

We were home, and home was heaven.

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#### CHAPTER XLVIII

### THE LONGEST WAY ROUND . . .

(J. H. C.) The "Victoria" left Naples for Bombay on the afternoon of March 28 (1933). I enjoyed the prospect of a quiet 10 days' voyage in what I took to be the off-season for travelling eastward. Instead—a young Indian made himself known to me as having heard lectures by me in India and America. Another young Indian claimed acquaintance as a friend of an Indian I had

met at Ascona, on the strength of which he brought four others to see me.

But the main jolt to my anticipated quiet voyage came from a pair of feminine eyes on the after deck that seemed to suggest acquaintance. I feigned darkness until I could catch a glimmer of light. Then I saw that the face was not the same as it was when I saw its owner on her knees in adoration of an Indian holy man in New York. But the eyes were those of Princess M . . . . . I then bowed recognition, and went over for a chat. She was chaperoning a man and ten young women on a pilgrimage from London to India to meet Meher Baba, the said holy man. One of the pilgrims was an American and in charge of getting about. I offered help, but it was not required ; she had all the necessary information. I saw her measuring across Kashmir. They were going to make a round trip in the Himalayas in a fortnight. I suggested that the inch she had measured would take all the fortnight. How could it? It was quite a short distance. . . But the inch on the flat map rose to over 12,000 feet, much of which was in snow and ice. And transport by ponies for a number of western women needed arrangement.

Occasionally we discussed philosophy. I was allowed to read some of Meher Baba's sermons to his disciples. These were treasured as extremely holy and unique and final scriptures. But I was familiar with the Vedanta, and they were not, which made a difference in values. A hint that Krishnamurti was "a most dangerous teacher" indicated where I was supposed to stand—which I didn't. There certainly was a big difference between swallowing a teacher and becoming an initiate (which appeared to be their way of reading of Meher Baba's message) and the Krishnamurti jettisoning of teachers and Masters and societies and doctrines as preliminaries to spiritual freedom.

Somewhere about the northern end of the Red Sea the latter side of the argument embodied itself. A Dutch passenger was reading a Krishnamurti publication. I engineered conversation. I bated a dialectical hook with Meher Baba, and the Dutchman bit viciously. Meher Baba was a charlatan : the only true teacher was Krishnamurti. Like many other foolish people he had been

a member of the Theosophical Society, but he had given up that crutch. No more leaders and dogmas for him. He followed only Krishnamurti.

Suddenly Cuchulain emerged from the non-controversial level of my mind, and I put a number of lines to the prologue of "The Exile." This took me safely past the spiritual egotists and their unintelligent echoes to Bombay.

I was up in time on April 7 to be greeted by a number of the "foolish people" who persisted in belonging to the Theosophical Society and in carrying out its First Object of human unity with no questions asked as to race, creed, caste, sex, or colour, or even salary. I was loaded with garlands, and taken to the home of a former teacher in Madanapalle College for lunch. He telephoned for a pressman to come for an interview. A dapper young man responded. His face caused my eyebrows to rise. "Is it B. . . ?" I asked. "Yes—the cook's brother at Madanapalle College." "And you are now a pressman!" "Yes, and I owe all I am to you and Madanapalle, for you gave me food, clothing, lodging and education in return for help in the kitchen, and I can never forget it." His column interview was a first-class piece of dignified journalism, and promised a future that more than fulfilled its promise.

At 8 next morning I started by a small steamer on the longest way round to Madras, the first stop being Karachi and the wonderful friendship and hospitality of the Sindhis, headed by the Indian Dick Whittington, Jamshed Mehta. From thence to Hyderabad for more friendship punctuated, as at Karachi, by much conversation and speechifying.

I returned to Karachi to conduct a week of lecture-studies after the manner of the Brahma-vidya Ashrama at Adyar. The lectures to 400 listeners fell into the order of a book entitled "A Study in Synthesis" which I had been compiling at intervals for some time. Through the generosity of Jamshed this was published, and became a text-book of groups in various parts of the world and a record of the essentials of the curriculum of the Ashrama.

On the evening of April 29 I entrained for my holiday termination in Kangra Valley. At 6.30 at Lahore I found myself

loaded with garlands, and taken to an impromptu reception of the Punjab Literary League, where I had to speak, equally impromptu, on "Culture and Creation in national renaissance;" and after an Indian dinner with many friends I started by the night train on my journey.

At noon next day, after changes en route, I was met by Mrs. Norah Richards at the bus-stop at Banuri in the Kangra Valley, under a great bo-tree in front of her single-storey cottage, where I was to stay for a month.

Norah Richards had been born Irish; but she looked about as green as the bloom of an acacia with her white smock and trousers, and her white "mantilla" (locally, I think, "dupatta"), and her dangling corkscrews of white hair. She was as thin as is compatible with corporeal existence, and moved with the speed attributed to disembodied spirits, certainly beyond the repose proper to a little under sixty. She had the stride that goes with inordinate mental activity. It was a treat to talk sitting, instead of having to make oneself heard at the back row of a packed hall; and, instead of improving people, to be subject to that salutary operation by people who had bees in their bonnets. Meals were *al fresco* except when sudden thunder torrents caused a hasty retreat to shelter. But between "showers" (as the Indians modestly call such imitations of a Noachian afternoon) the atmosphere was delicious; and the roses and sweet peas expressed appreciation in their own way. Blue jays, and little yellow birds beyond my limited ornithology, criss-crossed among the trees; and on one occasion a bird with a long tail, pure white except head and neck which were darkish, undulated across the garden. In the darkness of night, in the delicate radiance of stars, the *shoo shoo shoo* of the feet of a multitude of sheep on the long trek to the fresh grasslands of the lower Himalayas, with the gamut of *baah*-ings from veterans to lambs, the discouraging or stimulating cries of the shepherds, and the *wouf-woufs* of the sheep-dogs instigated an extraordinary primitive music in the imagination. And on other nights there was occasionally the sinister solo voice of a wild animal (some said a panther) that came and went past my open window, but happily had an appointment elsewhere.

Poetry soon appeared. A phrase was saying itself over and over in my head :

Though the summer closes,

Roses bloom again.

I saw it was one of the typical interlinear rhymes of the old Irish Bards. Other pairs of lines came, and three days later I had completed "A Bardic Chant." More lyrics came, and Bricriu-bitter-tongue arrived and added lines to the Prologue to the "Exile" on two days of storm.

One day we took a chance between storms to go five miles, Norah on pony-back, others on foot, to a place on which she had set her mind as a centre for dramatic study. The site was capacious; but the problems of building materials, labour, water and sanitation would have deterred a shorter nose, a weaker chin, and less eager eyes than those of Norah. Being something of an adventurer myself, I counselled caution. This was an idle pastime. Nothing (Norah speaking) had ever been done by caution. Was it caution that took her on to the London stage and carried her up to under-studying famous artists? Was it caution that shook the dust of the stage off her shoes and took her, as a good Tolstoyan, to handicraft for her living? Was it caution that led her to marry the Christian Principal of a Muslim College in India? And after his death, was it caution that turned the wheel of life back to the stage in the Punjab, and that chivvied her to a remote village as author and architect of a movement for dramatic revival? Caution! She would go on to the end. And she is still going on (1950).

She threw a long trousered leg over the back of her pony (no side-saddle for her) and ambled homeward in fropt of us, with one stop in the five miles to gaze at a pair of enormous blue herons that were as much interested in us as we in them. We got to a friend's for tea with a ten-mile appetite, a rest, and much talk on arts and crafts that was cut across when news came in that Mahatma Gandhi had been released from jail after a three days fast. We discussed the probable effect of this on Gretta's imprisonment. Letters from her had deterred me from making an attempt to have her freed. She wanted

no favours, though she was aching to be with me in the new era at Madanapalle. And so the days went. Poetry looked in again towards the end of my stay.

The train journey across the Punjab was so hot that the glasses of my spectacles could not be put near my eyes. At Madras I changed trains and asked the guard to be sure to turn me and my baggage out at Katpadi, in the small hours of the morning, to catch the connection for Madanapalle. Just before starting-time a smart young man in railway uniform came and touched my feet, and said he would see to me at Katpadi. I asked him if it was a new rule for railway officers to touch the feet of second-class passengers. "Sir," he said, "I was a pupil in Madanapalle School when you were head of it and the College. I can never forget the care of a father and mother that you and Mummy took of me and all the others."

And so I was out safely at Katpadi, dozed in a crowded and hot and smelly waiting-room, caught my train, and was driven the eight miles to the College in a zigzagging jutka on the afternoon of June 2 to begin my second Principalship of the College.

In the 12 years since the disaffiliation of the College and High School by the foreign educational authorities on account of the political activities of their founder and protector, Annie Besant, there had been a relaxing of restrictions, and both were going on as before. But, I gathered, fission had appeared between personalities, and the "Madanapalle spirit" of service and idealism of our first period had been very much reduced. My first shock was the news that the two eminent collectors of funds had resigned from the Committee because they could not work with an objectionable member. This threw the financial future of the institution on my shoulders, despite promises otherwise.

On June 3 I paid my first visit to my beloved in Vellore Women's jail. I was up at 5.30 a.m., started by bus at 6.30; changed after 60 cramped miles into another bus for 20 miles to Katpadi. After a kind of lunch at the railway station I was taken by my old student, M. P. Sarangapani, then local agent for "The Hindu," to Vellore. I was admitted to the jail at 2.12, and from the window of the office saw my comrade being guarded towards

it. After our ecstatic meeting and a breathless exchange of news and anticipations, she was guarded back to her cell at 3.12, and I was escorted after her by the matron and the clerk to see her two apartments that she had made homely and artistic. I was back at Madanapalle at 8.30 p.m., after 12 hours of fatiguing bus travel, with the misery of whining beggars on me at every stop, but with the more than compensating bliss of the reunion of life in the purest and fullest measure. And as the first visit, so the others.

The first shock of my new work was quickly followed by the second. A meeting of the Managing Committee brought a self-proposed lecturer in Philosophy. But he had found his proposal inconvenient; so I was left alone both financially and academically. The objectionable person turned up at the meeting, and performed the double service of disclosing himself and testing my mettle. I had learned that the authorities of the school founded for Krishnamurti a short distance from Madanapalle had set its mind on absorbing the High School and College. Its emissary asked the pertinent question: "Are you prepared to meet the annual deficit?" I asked what amount he estimated. "Six thousand rupees." I thought quickly, did some mental arithmetic, saw possibilities, and quietly said I would lodge the deficit in advance in the College treasury next day. He left the meeting and resigned from the Committee. From then on a feud between Madanapalle and the Rishi Valley intensified. Details of it do not concern this narrative. Some years later I put the matter in legal hands, and a compromise was reached that left us free.

Before the reopening of the College I had to solve a peculiarly tropical problem. A troupe of monkeys had annexed the big Besant Hall as a combination of playing-place and latrine. This had made it unusable by the College for some time. But I was not going to be downed by my Darwinian ancestors. I commissioned a professional monkey-catcher to do his best. After some weeks getting the invaders accustomed to the catcher's decoys, the gang were sent off in a bullock cart to a jungle miles away and set free.



My sixtieth birthday was made the occasion of special festivity. In Hindu life it marks the stage of retirement from the world to the spiritual life. I had retired from a considerable portion of the globe to Madanapalle and was beginning my new stage of dharma. A cosmopolitan lunch (all together, East and West, Brahmins and non-Brahmins, boys and girls) was laid out on the floor of the College dining-room. In the afternoon a procession of students, staff and friends formed on the tennis court in front of my quarters and marched to the Besant Hall for the ceremonial reopening of the year, ending with Tagore's "Jana gana mana." An Old Boys' dinner was laid out on leaves in long rows on the stone floor of Besant Hall. After dinner, there were short speeches on the tennis court by representatives of the various faiths and classes.

Next day, in the morning, Mrs. D. Gurumurti opened the small but very attractive gallery of Indian paintings and sculpture as a cultural annexe to the College. In the afternoon Mrs. Dorothy Jinarajadasa opened the Rukmini Vihara, a residence for girl students, called after the wife of Dr. George S. Arundale.

By virtue of my office as Principal of an affiliated College I became a Member of the Academical Council of the University of Madras, which meant periodical journeys by bus and rail, and not too inspiring hours at the two-days sittings. This went on for the five years of my Principalship. I contributed nothing to the wisdom of the assemblage; not that it had a deterrent surplusage of that commodity, but there was some irritating foreignness of atmosphere, some remoteness from reality, in the hand-up voting by men and women on matters in which they had no real concern, that caused me to feel sympathetic with Burke's objection to "mathematical democracy."

On September 20 occurred an event that solemnised the College, and for the time being neutralised the antagonisms between personalities that had compelled me to close the tennis club as a means of allowing friendliness to come back. The event was the death of Dr. Annie Besant at Adyar after a long fading out of life, at 86. Not many of the students had seen and heard her in the flesh; but she had become a legend of fearless and

efficient advocacy of freedom in national life and, what touched us most closely, of freedom for education from the foreign influences that distorted it from its proper function of drawing out the best in the student for his and her own happiness and welfare and for the uplifting of the cultural value of the nation. When the news arrived I sent out a notice by tom-tom through the town, and at 6.30 the Besant Hall was packed on the 21st for the first of a series of memorial meetings. I deprecated any mourning over a loss, and emphasised instead the enormous riches of character, service and idealism that Mrs. Besant had invested in humanity in her long life. Instead of words we should have deeds such as she would smile on. (So we fed the poor, planted trees, planned a well and a school for the near-by out-caste village, and formed a plan of village survey and reorganisation. This centrifugal feeling and activity cleared the atmosphere of petty personalities, and all phases of work went on happily.

Then came the release. The "beloved captive" has told of it from memory and her diary. But there are some details that I may add. Of the 12 guests at Gangadhar Sastri's luncheon, four were ex-prisoners including the cook. On our arrival at the College a rocket was sent up to inform the universe. Arathi, a sacred salutation in burning camphor, was offered to "Mummy" by the girl students. The verdict on the occasion was, it was second only to the reception of Mrs. Besant in Madras on her release from internment, in 1917. "Welcome" events became a daily habit. At a mass meeting in a cinema theatre, she was welcomed by a number of local associations, and replied with a new power and beauty. The combined School and College had to have its own welcome, with all the eagerness and freshness of youth that only knew her by reputation, but loved her at first sight, and vociferously applauded the speeches of the students, staff and management, whether they understood them or not. She had to return to Chittoor, and I with her, to take part in Education Week. The Government Prosecutor and the Sub-Judge publicly welcomed her back!

We made a two-together trip to Madras to symbolise the new Madanapalle era by hiring a piano, and by making my

first appearance as a Senator of Madras University. Pleasure got mixed with irritation when it was found that Greta's letters were being held up by the police : 28 came in one delivery, all tampered with. Problems of order and discipline in the College became exasperating with their childishness. But there were compensations. A full moon talk on Art outside the little Chitralayam was a four-weekly occasion of high thought and feeling that gave special pleasure to pure-hearted R. Seshagiri Rao. The girls residing in Rukmini Vihara decided to give their dwelling-place the touch of traditional sanctity by ceremonially planting the tulasi that is esteemed as sacred in the Hindu household. This was done in a space outside the house. A pedestal had been built in the garden of the vihara, and on it at sunset "Mummy" planted the tulasi at the proper moment in the ritual that was chanted by one of the girls. The residents sang songs, lights were lit, fireworks were sent up. It was all very Indian, devout and beautiful.

A desire to break the monotony of the high granite walls of Besant Hall began to be fulfilled. I had designed a College banner expressing the universality of cultural interest involved in the ideal of the College. This was hung and dedicated ; so was the Roerich Banner of Peace. Others came from Universities in which I had served. The effect was dignifying and vital. On the first banner day the well at the neighbouring village was ready for inaugurating in the name of Mahatma Gandhi. A procession went from the College to Madigapalle. The well was blessed with Vedic rites by the Sanskrit pandit. A silver bowl was lowered on a cord into the well, and Mummy drew up the first supply of the water that was to save the village women having to carry heavy vessels of water on hips and heads from a distant well.

The new calendar year of 1934 was opened by a public talk by J. Krishnamurti to a full and attentive audience in Besant Hall. He had reached the zenith of pure dedicated manhood ; his lithe body in white Indian clothes, his dark head over a distinctive face, made a very impressive figure as he squatted all alone on a small bench on the big platform. One carried away a

sense of his dead seriousness in propounding the doctrine of individual freedom. Afterwards one remembered that he had never condescended to a flicker of humour. Lunch to 15, of whom 6 were himself and his entourage, made a crush in our small dining room.

My peregrinations continued. I went to Bangalore for a two-days visit to the Institute of Science, to talk on Indian Art at the request of Sir C. V. Raman, and to converse with the Dewan of Mysore State on mutual cultural and spiritual interests. From them I passed on to Sir Akbar Hydari, the head of the Administration of Hyderabad State. I had been invited to preside over the Jubilee of the Lodge of the Theosophical Society. Sir Akbar had been a member of the Society for many years, and attended the main Jubilee functions during which I lectured on "Theosophy and Art." He presided over a lecture I gave in a Mohammedan College on "The Place of Art in Education," and showed much knowledge and thought in his introductory and concluding remarks. Just then the preliminaries of what was to be a great University were being laid out, and at Sir Akbar's desire I spent a couple of hot hours going over the vast site. I reported my impressions to him, and he got something of a shock when I pointed out that no space had been assigned for a College of Fine Arts. He thought for a few minutes, and asked me to draft a scheme for such a College.

I was hardly back at Madanapalle from my tour when another entity turned up in the famous philosopher, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, then Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University. His first visit to the College drew a full audience to hear him on "Work and Worship." He spoke incisively, epigrammatically, logically, with reason, scholarship and intuition in collaboration. This was on January 28. Next morning four additional flags were unfurled, to be followed by a talk by the eminent visitor on "Light and Learning" which he gave out with both. Dinner, games, and songs enlivened the visit; and next morning he was off towards his future, which, if prophesied 12 years previously to 1949, would have raised questions as to the sanity of the

prophet, for in that year the scholar and ex-Vice-Chancellor became the first Ambassador of a free India to the Soviet Republic.

February and March of 1934 brought visitors, and took us out collecting for the endowment fund of the College. But in between "excursions and alarms" and the occasional upsurge of a vicious spirit in some of our population, my aspiration for poetry had sporadic rewards in ideas and lines, some of which went to the making of a substantial poem, "The Oracle," in which I gave literary form to an experience that few have had, and that would have prevented Robert Browning, if he could have had it, from displaying his crass ignorance of psychism in "Mr. Sludge the Medium."

March 17, being St. Patrick's Day, became a literary legend in Madanapalle; for on that day the publication of a book of poems in New York and a book of prose in Madras, written by an Irishman who happened to be Principal of the College, was celebrated in Besant Hall by a ceremonial reception of the two books, after the manner of the public acclamation of new works of literature in the Tamil country centuries ago. The books were "A Bardic Pilgrimage" published by the Roerich Museum Press, New York, and "A Study in Synthesis," the essence of the work of the Brahmaidya Ashrama, published in Madras.

Another collecting tour gave enriching contacts with personality but next to nothing in cash. During a bus-stop at Kolar, on the way to Bangalore, I had refreshments in the home of Mr. K. Chengelraya Reddi, an old friend of the College, who was prominent in Mysore politics on the side of the National Congress—and a dozen years later was Chief Minister of the State, with working knowledge of the inside of its prisons. I talked my way through Poona and Bombay. I had tea and an effervescing chat with Sarojini Naidu in her apartment in the Taj Hotel, after which she presided over a lecture in the Theosophical hall on "Some Irish Poets—including myself," which was a convenient stand-by for an unprepared and unexpected performance.

I treated the salt water element in me to a two-days trip in a small dirty coasting steamer on which food for human beings was

unobtainable. But I subsisted healthily on the coast contours and water tints by day and the starry firmament by night, from Bombay to Mangalore. I visited the Girls' School in which my lonely comrade had been Head Mistress during my year in Japan.

My land route to a summer vacation took me through Palghat, in Malabar, where I glowed over the enterprise and efficiency of young men who had built up a publishing and printing business in "The Scholar Press." I had to bawl "The Education of the Future" against the tom-toms of a festival close by.

I was driven from Palghat accompanied by a teacher of Madanapalle College, E. N. Subrahmanyam, M.A., L.T., and his journalistic cousin, E. V. Subrahmanyam, B.A., to the highest bungalow but one, at 6500 feet, on the Kotagiri Section of the Nilgiris (Blue Mountains). Here my companion had found a ramshackle and inadequately equipped house. An ancient piano, with wires at cross purposes, promised diversion; and there were enough valleys sloping downwards and hills stretching upwards to gratify the devotion of two incorruptible lovers of nature.

And here began a demonstration of the saying of Miss Land-af-Hageby that high places bring inspiration. There are other places besides the island of Patmos for seeing things. Lyrics came and completed themselves as if in a hurry to get out of the way. Then the major deities re-entered; and morning after morning in Longwood Shola (wood) I received lines and stanzas for the Celtic myth poem, making a section of 268 lines, and glints and echoes for other sections.

Not only did that Nilgiri holiday indicate the relationship between elevation and inspiration, with a whimsical wonder as to what would have happened to English poetry if nature had not grown tired at the "culminating peak" of the British Isles, 4404 feet elevation, and had provided a range of sequestered eminences from 7000 feet upwards, topped where necessary with garrets; but it had afterwards shown me that Pepys was half asleep when he recorded his belief that "our happiness depends infinitely less on

the circumstances of our lives than upon what we think ourselves." Years later, when life took me to my next phase, and I had wakeful nights in which I could only exorcise the demon of disappointment by turning up the light and turning on the ceiling fan and glowing with the unfoldment of "The Exile", which had become a habit that I could fall into without wasting time on temptation or imaginative allurements, I knew that much of my creative joy came from my memorial environment. The glint of running water round a rock, the crackle of dry twigs underfoot, sunset edging a stately tree, had all been carried from Longwood Shola at 6500 feet above sea-level to the palm-fringed edge of the Arabian Sea, to become not only part of the decorative frieze around the ceiling of a poem of an Irish divinity of many centuries ago, but also to become part of the verbal wizardry that opened up numerous beckoning paths from Here to There; a spiritual Orpheus such as the Hindus personified in Krishna and his flute with its tune of the infinite.

On my way back to Madanapalle I made a halt at Madras to see Rabindranath and his troupe from Santiniketan in his dance-drama, "Shapmohan," translated redemption. I had a not too pleasant talk with him. He was depressed with the poor reception of the play. I couldn't say to him that Bengali in the Tamil Nad would arouse as little interest as Malayalam in Bengal. He asked me to come to the evening performance (October 26) and make an appeal between acts for more support. The dramatist himself was worth the entrance fee. He sat in his long fawn robe and dark biretta at one side of the stage of the Museum Theatre directing the performance. It was beautiful but incomprehensible. From the stage I spoke of the high purpose of drama, and of its specially ennobling influence when it was concerned with great ideas presented in beautiful form and rhythm and music. My speech was printed in many newspapers, and after my departure for Madanapalle I heard that it had filled the theatre for the next performance.

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## CHAPTER XLIX

## HEIGHTS AND HOLLOWS: I

(M. E. C.) It was wonderful to be back to "we two together" again. Ten months and some days of jail fell away into the story-book of life. I could not think of the time as lost. I knew that influences and thoughts had been released that would have an enormous effect on the future of India. My own share in this would be forgotten, or perhaps thought of in a theatrical or self-important kind of way. It was sufficient to have earned the love and confidence of women and girls who were apparently of a new order, who had entered life at one of its major crises, and would either carry it forward to an era of peace such as could arise out of the conserving and nourishing quality of free womanhood, or act as a brake on the descent to ruin that seemed to be the inescapable end of the purely masculine way of life.

I soon got into the routine of the school and college life. In the 12-years interval between our first and second Madanapalle eras there had been some official expansion beyond text-books. To these I added gardening, exploratory walks with the girls, picture-framing, drama, singing.

Friends came and went. I went and came. I attended the annual meeting of the Women's Indian Association in Madras in the middle of November. I was made to preside, and I took the opportunity to fulfil the desire of the prison matron by making a public protest against the hanging of women.

On a stop at Madras on the way to Calcutta to a session of the All-India Women's Conference, I had a chance of showing up once more at a beach meeting. The chief item was Mahatma Gandhi. He had an audience estimated at 200,000. I had met him at the train and been given the honour of garlanding him.

My travel companion to Calcutta was Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddy. At the breakfast stop next morning we discovered, from crowds on the platform, that Mahatmaji was in the same train. Luckily I was dressed in a new khaddar frock, and we scrambled out and greeted him. He was obviously happy to see us, and



invited us to come to his carriage any time we wished. We got into khaddar saris between stations, and had a whole hour's delightful talk with him on all kinds of political and social topics. He was utterly delightful, so naive and wise.

The crowd of delegates to the Conference made accommodation a squash ; but we made up for the want of room by jollity. At the opening public meeting Sarojini Naidu and Sir S. Radhakrishnan gave great distinction to the occasion by their accomplished oratory. I did my share of proposings and secondings at the delegates' meetings. My resolution on capital punishment was passed. Rabindranath came to one of the meetings, splendid and beautiful, a memory forever. He sang "Jana gana mana" in very quick time. I dined one evening with Sir Jagadish and Lady Bose. The beloved scientist, with the vision of a seer and the expression of an artist, was much failed : life was obviously ebbing—but such a life ; and what an inspiration and responsibility to have been in the company of such immortals !

The year 1934 had its forehead ruttet over College finance. And as if that was not enough for the poor Principal, there were thefts on the compound and from students in the town. For collections Jim took the greater circles by himself. I took the inner circles. Neither of us had any financial miracles to wire about. An ultimatum from Madras University that an endowment fund of Rs. 75,000 should be banked on a near date got us keyed up. A deputation, of which I was one, went to Abdul Hakim, a rich and philanthropic Mohammedan dealer in animal hides, at his big village beyond Chittoor. He sat on the pial (platform) of his house, a bearded patriarch, and we stood around and rubbed in educational finance in various moods. He promised Rs. 3,000 at once, and thought of a lakh (100,000) in July. This was something to enable us to answer the University. It was added to by a cheque from the Tata Trust in Bombay for Rs. 8,000.

Shortly before starting on vacation I had one of those unexpected experiences that took me into the heart of the everlasting India. When visiting a village some miles from Madanapalle my eye was attracted by what appeared to be a piece of

abandoned stone sculpture imbedded in a ditch. Remembering Jim's interest in such things, I had the three-feet-long figure exhumed. It was an admirable *nandi*, the bull on which Shiva rode on his journeyings in the Himalayas. I got permission to have it moved to the College. It arrived one night by bullock-cart at the town, too late to bring it to its destination. The bullocks were unyoked, and the cart tilted with the *nandi* to have a peaceful time until the morning. But there is no peace for the good any more than for the wicked. News of the arrival went through the town. Crowds, we were told, gathered round the *nandi* and sang holy songs hour after hour in waking and sleeping relays. We were called out after sunrise to receive the *nandi* at the spot where he was to be set on a pedestal looking towards the College. Verses were chanted by the Sanskrit pandit, and *arathi* was passed around after being waved in front of the *nandi*.

I preceded Jim by a day (April 16) to a place I had found on the Nilgiris. We were only a week settled in when I was identified by workers for the backward classes under the inspiration of Mahatma Gandhi. Hence a visit to a scavengers' village. I was lacerated by the awful conditions under which an essential group of human beings had to exist. The only water available for them was polluted by other alleged human beings. I got busy with those in authority, and before long had a tap of perpetual pure water installed. Then to a Kotah village three miles away. The Kotahs had acquired the art of blacksmithery, and supplied us with crude but usable household and garden tools. When the British discovered the plateau, Kotagiri (the hill of the Kotahs), where the tribe had been living for ages, and found it an admirable place for their wives and their young and their nurses, they sent the Kotahs elsewhere. The only available site was that which I trudged to, and I was exasperated at the inconsiderateness of so-called civilised people who could extern another group to a place not fit for cattle. And so began an agitation for human amenities. By request I visited the little temple in the scavengers' village to receive ceremonial thanks for the help I had given them : so much kindness for so little service.

A storm of rain and thunder came suddenly round a corner. I had to push and wade and grope my way home without a light in pitch dark escorted by a villager who knew two or three words more of my language than I knew of his, which was none. Jim had the wood fire ablaze in anticipation of my return. I was in warm night clothes in no time, and my escort was dried and wrapped in spare rugs and put to sleep, after a warm drink, on the carpeted floor of the drawing-room.

In that same room we had a series of mid-week music parties. They began at the level of the "Swanee river;" but when Jim chimed in with songs by Hugo Wolff and Alicia Needham, and I made the decrepit piano renew its youth, or perhaps its middle age, with Chopin and Borodin and Debussy and Scriabine, the level rose above parlour tricks, and drew some real artists, one even on the ukulele, and he a Wesleyan padre, who should only play on a harmonium or an American organ. But a padre whose wife was a vegetarian was capable of much.

We had no car of our own; but friends gave us occasional jaunts to special beauty-spots. These made the days pass quickly. So did invitations to music parties that spread good fellowship through art at a level above sectarian walls. Friends came from outside: Gopal Krishna Chettur with a new book of his sonnets, in which Jim afterwards caught prophetic glimpses of his early death: Dr. Muthulakshmi and her young son, with baskets of Indian dainties for a pic-nic tea in Longwood Shola. While we rested on the bank of a mountain stream, Jim got lines that turned nature into a ritual in which Protestantism, Catholicism and Hinduism got beautifully mixed up.

Water among pebbles tinkling  
Needs no ceremonial sprinkling  
Here to consecrate an altar,  
Holy scripture, holy psalter.  
Yea, past all dogmatic fission,  
Here is ritual provision:  
Multi-coloured cloths and bands,  
Holy water for the hands

Flowing neither cold nor torrid,  
Sacred ashes for the forehead  
Gathered where the flame of day  
Burns a glory into clay.

The official inauguration of the new College year, which happened to be on Jim's birthday, made a happy and useful event. The Minister of Education, Mr. Kumaraswami Reddy, and Janab Abdul Hakim came. At the inaugural meeting the latter made a public promise of Rs. 25,000 ; not as high as our expectations and our needs, but a good example to others. This put new life into the other items of the occasion, including an address by the Minister from the platform of a new night school that had been built in the outcaste village, to be voluntarily officered by senior students of the College.

The development of the cinema in the town brought problems. Humanly we understood the attraction of "the pictures". But there was something crooked in students who were on reduced fees because of poverty, and who were in debt to shop-keepers, paying for entrance to low-down entertainment and spending money on cigarettes.

An incident indicated the subtle and rapid fall of morale that was showing itself. Our only Harijan College student asked permission to have his meals in the hostel. I gave the permission as hostel Mummy. There were rumours of resentment, not among the students or teachers, but among the servants. At the midday meal, which the Principal and I shared with the residents in the hostel dining-room, we seated the Harijan between us. Food was served, but when the meal was finished, the petty servants who saw to cleaning up and getting the place ready for the next meal, disappeared. They, who were themselves "low caste," had struck against pollution by a member of a still lower social grade. When the Principal's lips went tight and his eyes lost their twinkle I knew that something was going to happen. What he did was to the point and effective. He sent to the town for a set of servants to come immediately. They came, glad to earn a day's pay, perhaps more. All went well for afternoon "tiffin" and the

evening meal, with the Harijan on friendly terms with everyone. Next morning the striking servants slunk back, and Jim paid the alternatives twice what they expected.

As a pleasant change from the nasty demands of the University of Madras I was invited to become a member of the Board of Studies in Western Music, and later was made Chairman of it; and I was put on the All-India Congress Committee, even though my work at Madanapalle did not allow me to attend its meetings regularly.

In the middle of September we had a week's extra-mural excitement. An old stone-sculptured *shakti* (feminine figure) had been found in a field, and was brought to the College where the *nandi* was. It was set on the platform of Besant Hall and immediately created an atmosphere. In three days we had a deific Hindu figure, two to three feet high, for each of four pillars that were built on each side of the hall, and one on each side of the platform. These with the hanging flags above them transformed the naked granite walls into a place of remarkable impressiveness. But the change was not complete. Jim was still yearning to have the large standing sculptured stones that he had noticed 17 years before in a field, brought into Besant Hall for preservation. Before long each big slab was fitted into a recess in Besant Hall as if it had been sculptured for it, and was backed by a white plastered panel that set out the low reliefs of what were regarded as a local hero, but what some, from the prominence of a bow in the hand of the figure, took to be a crude representation of Rama.

Short visits here and there led up to a journey to Bombay for a session of the Indian National Congress. The relations between Gandhiji and the Congress had reached such a point of dissatisfaction that he announced his intention of retiring. I felt so keenly that this was likely to produce serious difficulties that I saw him in his cottage and pleaded with him not to retire. But his mind was made up. Many delegates got ill and nervy. Even I came out in itchy patches. I assisted Mr. K. M. Munshi in arranging the printing of the new Constitution of the Congress on which Gandhiji had spoken very convincingly.

After Conferences and shuttlings I spent almost the end half of December (1934) going to and coming from Karachi to attend an annual session of the All-India Women's Conference, most of the journey by third class. Organisation, subjects and speaking were splendid, a marvellous achievement in the memory of one who had helped in the awakening of Indian womanhood. The two Western visitors, Dr. Maude Royden and Mrs. Corbett-Ashby, both eminent and experienced, were very much impressed by the practical idealism of the great assembly of women of India.

A remarkable diversion was a Sunday morning sermon by the Rev. Maude Royden in the Wesleyan Church. This took me back to the Church of the New Ideal in England 20 years before, and promised a future lowering of the wall between men and women in the Christian pulpit. Of the religions outside the Christian sects, Hinduism was the chief hope. Its pantheon was as rich in deified womanhood, in its Goddesses, as the old Celtic religion of Ireland and western Europe; but its erroneous claim of theurgic power as belonging exclusively to the male had deprived the Hindu priesthood of the vitality and humanity that came through womanhood. Yet it could as readily adapt itself to this perfecting of the priestly office as later it did to the admission of the Harijans to the temples from which they had been excluded from time immemorial.

A visit from Mrs. Howe-Martyn, an emissary of Mrs. Margaret Sanger in furtherance of birth-control was, paradoxically, immediately followed by the winning of prizes by our Child Welfare Centre in a baby show. I saw in the Sanger propaganda the beginning of the fulfilment of a dream of mine of the prevention of misery to delicate and poor women. At the same time, it was necessary that such children as came into the world should get every chance of healthy and happy development.

Shortly before the end of the College year (1935) I had a refreshing variation in assisting in the election for Mrs. Rukmini Lakshmipati, who was contesting a city seat in the Madras Legislative Council on the side of the Indian National Congress. I participated with great pleasure in mass meetings, processions and house to house canvassing. On polling day I made a round

of the booths. She was elected—the first Congress woman to attain a parliamentary seat.

On April 16 we were at Kotagiri again for our summer vacation. We had scarcely opened our trunks in the same rooms as the previous year when music was on my track. A planter's wife, Mrs. Howe, called to ask me to accompany her in Cesar Franck's Sonata in A major; also in Mendelssohn's violin and piano concerto. This was something of a task on a retired piano at 6500 feet elevation for an unpractised pianist. But we went to work almost daily, sometimes three hours at a time, with an occasional practice on one of the moderately tuneful instruments scattered thinly over the hill-top.

We were ready on May 9 for a high-class performance in the big ball-room of the Fernhill Palace of His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore. A Palace car took the three of us (the third being my husband) from our bungalow over the high and mighty road towards Ooty. The hall was exquisitely decorated with flowers and filled with a large invited audience, Indian and European. His Highness received us very graciously, and recalled my piano recital for him in 1924. I opened with Chopin's Fantasia Impromptu, which was always my safe piece for getting familiar with a new environment. When I got to the piano I found the stool too low. I tried to twist it up but failed. An aide-de-camp tried and equally failed. His Highness met the awkward situation by coming from his special chair in the front row and with his own hand placing his cushion on the stool. With such a royal gesture I was nicely keyed up and got through the piece successfully. Mrs. Howe was, like myself, in good form for the Franck item. We played the piece without a fluff. His Highness was very happy. The audience was enthusiastic.

Art of a different kind came to us for a day and a night. Professor Subrahmanyam of Madanapalle brought a well-known Kathakali dancer, Sankar Nambudhri, to have a day's talk and demonstrations of various features of the Malabar dance-drama, especially of the rhythmical eye-movements of which he was a master. Five friends of the dancer came in the afternoon and two more later, and created problems for our cook. There was

no possibility of departure until next day. So nine men in a horizontal row turned the drawing room into a dormitory.

Weekly music parties, excursions and visits to villages and missionary activities kept us busy. Reading and writing were restricted for both of us by open-air demands. I got through Wells' "Love and Mr. Lewisham" and felt degraded by imaginative contacts with the lowest influences in life. A purifying set-off to this was Jim's occasional discussions of the old Irish story that he was working on, and his reading of sections of it as he put it into verse. I did a little writing on the beginning of a history of the women's movement in India; and letters to the press on getting women on the electoral rolls; and after-dinner piano practice in the flickering and odoriferous blaze of a wood fire was a nightly ritual. And so another summer passed.

#### CHAPTER L

### PLEASURES AND PALACES

(J. H. C.) Shortly after my return to Madanapalle I saw in the press that a palace was being prepared for the young Maharaja of Travancore, who had attained ruling powers in 1931 at the age of nineteen. Something moved me to write a letter expressing the hope that the conjunction of the new reign and a new palace would provide the occasion for giving Indian art the place it deserved in the homes of Indian Rulers. I received no response. A year later I was invited to visit the State to preside over a Humanitarian Conference.

I had visited Travancore ten years previously for the same purpose. I also then witnessed what was taking place among Indian women. The largest hall in the capital was filled with hundreds of women, whose freedom of demeanour, and vigour of movement in the simplest of white garments, were very different from the variegated appearance and somewhat lackadaisical grace of those of the south-eastern region. The meeting was the first



public appearance of Her Highness the Junior Maharani, mother of the Maharaja.

Ten years later, the Maharaja was in the place of Rulership. Through the offices of those who sponsored my visit I was made a State guest, and put up in a spacious house with wide verandahs opening on to the groupings of coconut palms, jack trees, and other members of the arboreal kingdom whose beauty and usefulness had made Travancore and its neighbour State, Cochin, famous for centuries.

My letter about Indian art had not, I learned, been without effect though unanswered; and this, and a suggestion as to the desirability of having a State picture gallery made by the Superintendent of Archaeology, Mr. R. Vasudeva Poduval, B. A., and the fact that the Ruling family had entered their new home (Koudiar Palace) only a few days previously, and needed help in the artistic arrangement of its contents, combined to prepare a welcome for me.

When I got through the Conference, I was received by Their Highnesses the Maharaja and his mother. The young Ruler, though obviously alert and intelligent, was tentative in question and answer, and soon left for his afternoon exercise on the tennis court. Her Highness continued the interview. I began to sense the quality of her mind—keen on every detail as well as general principles, and quick in picking up ideas and phrases that appealed to her. My disclosure of some degree of artistic intelligence apparantly passed a test, for she rose with a "Come, Doctor," and took me up a flight of stairs, palatial but not ornate, to the second floor of the palace. In a room, which I perceived to belong to a lady, she waved a plump arm ending in a tiny hand around the contents, and asked me what I would do with them. I made a suggestion. "Do it," she said. "Well, if this were put there?" "Admirable." And so the game began. For two hours we shifted objects of art from place to place in the room, and from the room to another. Servants appeared offering to carry ivories and bronzes, but she waved them to obscurity. In a small room a silver-framed photograph of Maharaja Krishnaraja Wodiyar of Mysore, famed for sanctity and

chastity, stood against a pair of elephant tusks and looked with a slight photographic smile at a marble Venus de Milo "without a stitch", as we used to say in Ireland, from below the waist up. Her Highness, in the simple white garment of the Nair woman, her jet-black hair falling over her back and held in a loose knot at the end, with little bare feet, looked for some indication of my apparently amused reaction to the room. "His Highness and Venus" seem somewhat incongruous, I suggested. Thereupon she moved the portrait elsewhere, and left the Goddess in the uncompromising company of a pair of elephant tusks.

Talk turned to possibilities for a State art gallery. This brought up the question of accommodation. A new gallery was outside budget possibilities. A modest estimate for a first group of exhibits was possible, but a place to put them in would have to be found among available buildings that could be adapted. Two contiguous buildings in the Museum Gardens were suggested. The locale was perfect, but the bungalows had not been in use for a long time. still, the transformation from the privacy of domesticity to the treasuring of objects of art could be made. I saw also at a first glance that the two buildings could fall into an order that would allow the exhibits to be grouped in chronological eras, and thus add an educational value to them in addition to the aesthetical quality within each group. And thus it was commanded, and much more later as the Chitralayam (place of art) developed into one of the most beautiful art-centres in India.

So, while I continued my work at Madanapalle, a new region of interest was added to my imagination, a piece of work that called on the creator in my nature, and appealed to my idealistic streak by its intention to bring the loftiest to the lowliest. In periodical four-days visits, with 24 hours of train and bus travel each way, I inspected work done and planned more; and was glad at heart as darkness gave way to light. While the building up of open spaces closed out glimpses of the beauty of nature, they would, before long, be again, by the magic of art, open spaces wherethrough one might see the beauty and aspiration of the human spirit.

In a gallery of Indian paintings on indigenous lines oil-painting in the western manner would be incongruous. I had known of the paintings in oil by a Travancorean, Ravi Varma, through shiny oleographs. These I had seen in many places in India where they were regarded as sacred because of their theological subjects. (I had given them no place in Indian art, and spoke of them as inimical to public taste. But I realised that, in the interim between the end of the Rajput era in the eighteenth century and the beginning of the modern revival of indigenous painting in Bengal at the end of the nineteenth century, Ravi Varma, knowing nothing of the Indian style, had stuck to the classical Hindu subject-matter, and thus carried over indigenous material from the old to the new eras. No gallery of Indian painting outside Travancore would think Ravi Varma essential. But Travancore had its own history; and part of its artistic creed, I found, was that there had been one great painter in India, and his name was Ravi Varma, and he was a Travancorean. Moreover, he was an ancestor of the Maharaja. And so it came to pass that, not for the first time in a life that sought for perfection as a private pursuit, I had publicly to give myself to the second best work of making the imperfect look as if it was a near relation of the perfect. The result was that the Chitralayam contained a section of Ravi Varma's paintings, and not his alone, but paintings by his sister and his brother; a remarkable family group of gifted people.

While the readying of the Sri Chitralayam went on in anticipation of its ceremonial opening, another artistic possibility came into view. My plans included copies of mural paintings, in particular of Travancore. In a small but packed book, "Introduction to Indian Art," the publication of which I had instigated, Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy had stated that only one example of old Dravidian art in Travancore was known, the Nataraja in a temple in the north. But since 1923 other relics of what had been a highly creative era had come to light. At the suggestion of Her Highness, who had remembered wall pictures in a palace in the south from her girl-hood, but had not seen them recently, I went with the Superintendent

of Archaeology by car the 33 miles to Padmanabhapuram Palace, and in the dead heat and sweat of the most tropical part of the day climbed almost perpendicular staircases with far-apart steps, tramped through corridors and rooms, and developed a state of enthusiasm and indignation. We had found murals, not where Her Highness expected, but on the fourth floor of a pagoda-like tower that had been the domestic centre of the great palace from which the State had been governed for some time prior to the removal of the centre of authority, about 1750, from Padmanabhapuram to Trivandrum by Maharaja Marthanda Varma when he had consolidated his kingdom in the configuration that it was destined to maintain until 1947.

The hint of a piece of architecture that might be worth looking at extended our discovery to a pillared hall so thick with ages of successive whitewashing as to be unrecognisable yet having a dim resemblance to halls I had seen elsewhere in buildings of the Vijayanagar era of architecture. I reported the double discovery, and had the creation of an art gallery and the renovation of a palace on my hands; and I had to shuttle from Madanapalle to Trivandrum and back, 1000 miles a time, to restore the past and provide for the educational future.

On September 25, 1935, the Sri Chitralayam was opened in State by His Highness. A large open-sided pandal (marquee) had been constructed with the freshness and beauty that the Indian genius can conjure out of white-cloth-wrapped tree stems with red borders and spirals (white and red being the State colours), and ceiling cloth from which hung rich pendants of flowers from the neighbouring gardens. Five hundred guests, men and women, officers of State, educationists, lawyers and others, the officers in the ceremonial long white coats and gold-bordered turbans, the others in their best clothes, like myself, filled the pandal. A multitude of the people lined the roads to the gardens. His Highness, Her Highness the Maharani mother, his sister, Princess Karthika, and the Heir Apparent, Prince Marthanda Varma, were received by the Dewan, the eminent old Mussulman, Sir M. Habibullah, and seated on the platform. At a signal from the Dewan I stood up in the front row of the audience, and, as

creator of the gallery, read a ten-minutes' statement of the educational and artistic ideals it was intended to fulfil.

In my statement I stressed the importance of the event in the history of Indian culture in its presentation of an inclusive view of the pictorial art of India from its earliest beginnings to the present day. But there was another side as well as the historical. The sensibility to art that such a gallery induced was a means of eradicating the ugliness and disorder in ordinary life. It also tended to call out the best elements of the creative influence in humanity and so make life richer and happier. Man would only attain true humanity, I asserted, when the principles of art were applied to the art of life. I could not therefore regard the opening of the Sri Chitralayam as ornamental only, but offered my tribute of appreciation to all who had helped in what I believed to be a great act of spiritual statesmanship.

The Dewan was good enough to offer me the gratitude of the Government for creating such an inclusive gallery of art. He invited His Highness the Maharaja to declare the Sri Chitralayam open.

His Highness said the occasion marked the fulfilment of a desire to afford to the people of the State opportunities for the aesthetic education which was one of the prime elements of culture. He expressed his deep appreciation of the service I had rendered to the people in bringing the gallery into existence. He invoked "the blessings of God on all who come to worship in this temple of art."

A group of young women, one carrying on a golden salver the eight symbols of prosperity (*ashta mangalam*), chanted a song, and then made two lines on the steps to the door of the gallery. A rope of flowers across the door was cut by His Highness; and the first gallery in the long history of an artistic State was opened. The showing of the Ruling Family over the gallery fell to my lot. With them were certain of their relatives, the Dewan and other high officials. When Their Highnesses left, the audience passed through the gallery. Next day it was thrown open to the public.

In a discussion of the work in hand some days later at Koudiar Palace, Her Highness led conversation on to anything but the intended subject. I had observed in her the temperamental fluidity that I had seen in eminent artists in the West, and adapted myself to her moods, not because of her position but because of her nature. For some reason that I could not question, she discussed deep problems of life from the point of view of their amenability to reason. She had had experiences concerning life and death that gave her a deeper insight than thought. She had found illumination in Hinduism because of the relationship of its ceremonial and personages to understandable phases of human life and of the life of the universe as far as we could comprehend it. "And now, Doctor, we will go into the garden." This was after two hours of profound interchange of experience and conviction. Two chairs faced each other across a table on a trim lawn edged by shrubs and backed by the palace. Ice-cream was laid out by an attendant. "And now to business." We proceeded from detail to detail and reached many decisions on the making of a special collection of art that was assuming shape. At or about 7 o'clock, after four hours of it, Her Highness told me it was time to go home for dinner. In the guest house I found my dinner ready for me—a share of the palace dinner that she had sent in advance.

At Madanapalle an event of local importance diverted attention from wranglings between teachers of the College and High School. For an unknown number of years a weekly *santha* (market) had been held on a two-acre piece of ground between which and the main road the joint School and College play-ground lay. *Santha* day was Tuesday; and Monday night was a nightmare, as the market side-road passed along the rear of the house in which we lived, and the creaking and rumbling of bullock carts accompanied by the encouraging wild shouts of the drivers and songs to various deities continued until late on Tuesday morning. The playground and the precincts of the hostel became an annexe of the *santha*. Every kind of litter was spread abroad. Bullock carts were tilted up all over the place with their animals tethered beside them. The noise became as waves and winds. The smells,

human, animal and vegetable, invaded the College classrooms, The buying of supplies for the hostel, and weekly marketing for members of the staff, including the Principal, condoned the matter to some extent. But I was not reconciled to the unacademical nature of the *santha*, whose insanitary reminders were with us till well on in Wednesday. I got to know of a suitable piece of ground that might be bought. It had nine owners, some living in remote villages, some at the age when selling bits of earth had become uninteresting. After months of expeditions by our hard-working helper, S. Guru Rao, retired Deputy Collector (magistrate), the purchase was completed and handed over to the local Panchayat Board (sub-municipality). In exchange the *santha* was made over to us; but to preserve it against rumoured litigation by another educational body, the ground was registered in my name, and I became an Indian landowner, of two acres enclosed by stone walls, backed by a Mohammedan cemetery, with two large tamarind trees yielding ten rupees per annum for their sour fruit, a pillared building that threatened collapse since I first saw it in 1916, and a dry well.

On October 22, 1935, tom-toms told the marketers that from the following Tuesday the *santha* would be held in another place. The event was celebrated in the College at the morning assembly by the garlanding of the President of the Panchayat, an old boy. On the second Tuesday, without the market, a procession of staffs and students circumambulated the old *santha* ground to take it ceremonially into our estate. The change turned out completely satisfactory all round.

A week-end tour to a Theosophical Conference at Cuddapah, a largish town sixty miles from Madanapalle, gave me an opportunity (three opportunities in fact) of absorbing the qualities of the countryside in a motor car. An engineer friend gave me a seat in the type of vehicle in which Government officials roost among stacks of the tools of their trade when out on inspection. All went well until we got out of reach of home and help. A suspected leak became a certainty, and after a number of stops and starts the vehicle gave up the ghost, and we sat on a ditch admiring the tatterdemalion trees and untillable land and talking

philosophy until a bus came along and had just room to take us to our destination. The car was left to enjoy the scenery until it could be navigated to a garage. I pondered over the miracle of population, whereby, in a country where you would not see a soul for miles, a ten-minutes halt with a broken-down car would mysteriously attract an audience of twenty.

That night the break-down infection had reached the travellers' bungalow in which I was put up. The "cot" on which I was supposed to sleep collapsed under me (repeating my first night at Madanapalle) and I finished the hot night on the floor. Next night I tried to sleep on the roof of a house, but between the noises of a crowded town and the smells of street drains I managed a sleepless night in which to think out problems of educational discipline and other subjects. All the same I got through the unmerciful programme that kind friends inflicted on those who were not adamant enough to resist the flattering desire to make as much as possible of a good thing while they had it.

Next morning I descended from the roof at 5 o'clock, and started with the engineer for home; this time by bus as the car would have to await a part from some hundreds of miles away. Almost at the same place a tyre burst, and gave me an hour and a quarter of naturalist field-study. It did the same an hour later. But we got home, in six hours instead of two. Then the north-east monsoon gave us the Indian version of the deluge for three days.

The monsoon had passed one of its climaxes when I started by bus at 6.30 on the morning of October 25, 1935, with intent to reach Trivandrum on the next night in time to get into evening dress and attend His Highness' birthday durbar. But the cosmos had its own programme. An hour out the country had disappeared under a vast lake, apparently not deep as the sparse trees held their chins above water, and suggested the road. The conductor of the bus walked gingerly in front, and we got across with the water just below the engine. An hour later we came on another flood, narrower but with a nasty swirl in it. The overflow of a broken reservoir raced down the sloping hillside,



and finding a culvert too narrow to get through in the time at its disposal, carried the culvert and a stretch of road farther down the hillside. The bus could not cross the flood, but the passengers could scramble along fragments of the former road and ford parts of the rushing water. Sandals and *dhotis* (skirts) had the advantage over trousers and socks. I removed the latter, stuffed a sock into each shoe, festooned the shoes round my neck, and got my white drill trousers rolled up as far as possible. Between agony underfoot from pebbles and thorns in the shallows, and only partly successful efforts to keep my trousers out of the water, I got to so obvious a point of despair that the driver and conductor were moved to come to my rescue by carrying me, with one holding each leg and one of my arms around the neck of each. And thus we got to the other side of the flood, where, I was assured, a bus would transfer its passengers to ours and take us on. A bus came—but it was one that had preceded us, and returned to report that a third flood could not be crossed by bus or human. We had to re-cross the flood. This time I had reached desperation, and, even with visions of bronchitis or worse, tramped through the water in shoes and trousers and overcoat as if an amphibian born. Luckily the exertion engendered an internal heat that lasted until I got back home five hours after starting-time, when I changed into a dry outfit, and at 3 p.m. started on a round-about journey that landed me in Trivandrum 24 hours late for the durbar.

Between birthday functions I was busy forwarding the Chitralayam and compiling materials for a catalogue. A State banquet was given at night. After dinner Their Highnesses moved to a large pandal that had been put up outside the small palace in which banquets were given. As one of the newest guests and without rank I took my place at the end of the procession. But an aide-de-camp ushered me to the front of the pandal and on to an ornamental chair on the immediate left of His Highness. There was no time to be surprised or self-depreciatory: all I could do was to behave as if it was my daily habit to sit on the left of Maharajas at post-prandial entertainments.

There was the possibility that my eminence was a sequel to the creation of the Sri Chitralayam, perhaps even an alternative to a rumoured title or decoration. The entertainment was a performance of Kathakali. His Highness made up for my ignorance of the language by translating *sotto voce* key passages in the vocal accompaniment to the dance and explaining crucial situations and meanings of *mudras*. His apparent intimate knowledge of a complicated art, and his intelligence and enthusiasm in its exposition, gave me a vivid realisation of the cultural endowment and expressional ability of a young man of 23 who combined artistic refinement with sagacious rulership.

The climax of a number of activities came on October 31, 1935. At 7 a.m. the voice on the telephone of Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, then Constitutional Legal Adviser to the Maharaja, told me I was wanted at the Palace at 10.30, with the injunction that I should be in my best clothes. No reason was vouchsafed. For half an hour after my arrival Her Highness and "C. P." as the Constitutional Adviser was unofficially called, talked art and education. At 11 His Highness came, more dressy than ordinarily at home, followed by secretaries and aides. I sensed formality. After salutations an attendant brought a long golden salver on which was spread a rich red cloth whose visible broad borders were in gold thread designs such as I had seen on eminent persons elsewhere. On the plain red a golden object lay, but beyond my identification. His Highness then looked at me and said:

Dr. Cousins. From ancient times it has been the custom of the Rulers of Travancore to confer the *vira srinkhala*, or bracelet of prowess, on persons who had rendered special service to the State. Formerly the decoration was given for prowess on the battlefield. That time has passed. But you have been a valiant warrior for art and culture, and I have great pleasure in giving you this *vira srinkhala* which is the highest decoration of the State. And in order to show that your prowess is for art and culture, I have great pleasure also in giving you this pandit's shawl.

His Highness handed me the *sringhala*, and Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar draped the shawl over my shoulders, and put the *sringhala* on my right wrist—a heavy bracelet in gold encrusted with flat diamonds, rubies and emeralds.

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CHAPTER LI

HEIGHTS AND HOLLOWES: II

(M. E. C.) The new College year at Madanapalle (1935-1936) had an auspicious beginning when, on June 17, Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar brought his daughter, Namagiri, to complete her secondary education in the Theosophical High School. Mr. Rajagopalachariar's eminence in politics, patriotism, scholarship and authorship put a halo around the institution. The two had their meals with us and much conversation. He stayed overnight, and our quiet and dignified new girl student became a resident of the Rukmini Vihar. He went off on his "line of life" that took him two years later to the Premiership of Madras Province, later still to the Governorship of Bengal, (and ultimately to the historical height of being the first Governor-General of an independent, though divided, India. (J.H.C.) Namagiri had been widowed early. Marriage had cut across her education; but she determined to go on with it; and she did so to the entire satisfaction on her teachers. She responded to the encouragement of art by the new Head Master, Duncan Greenlees, and made excellent sketches in black and white, some of which were published in the School magazine. (Little did we think that she would become "the first lady" of the land, hostess for her famous father. J.H.C.)

A month later another eminent visitor was with us, Mr. R. Littlehales, Vice-Chancellor of Madras University, on an inspection tour. Whatever mood or expectation he came with, he left us, after three cheerful days, with happy memories. We had had mutual musical interests, and the ancient piano did the best it could. He saw the College at work, and particularly at

play. We had a big meeting in Besant Hall led up to by an impromptu procession. At a dinner, the Principal and I had a mischievous delight in wearing evening dress. It gave the Vice-Chancellor a touch of respectability and the staff and students a new view of the Principal and Mummy. The guest also attended a symposium on "Education" in the Theosophical Lodge.

These incursions, with their broadening of the interests of the students, helped us around corners. The tension between our institution and the Rishi Valley Trust had grown severe. Such clashes, and others that need not be recorded, had an effect on myself. I became nervy and far too easily tired. This was added to by a hot and sticky visit to a session of the All-India Congress Committee and the Provincial Congress Committee, after a long, crowded, and beggar-haunted bus journey. A nasty crevasse was opening out between the Tamil and Telugu delegates regarding the future status of Madras City. Much to my disappointment and apprehensions for the future of Indian political life, discussion became crude and quarrelsome: reserve and good manners were almost nil.

Happily there were refreshing occasions. After a night and a day in a third class railway carriage, with impossible lavatory and lighting arrangements, I got to Poona for a meeting of the Standing Committee of the All-India Women's Conference. At it I felt still more surely that the future of humanity was with womanhood. Meetings with such women as the Rani of Sangli, her sister Rani Rajwade, and Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, were purifying and uplifting occasions.

In the latter part of September I followed Jim to Trivandrum, and while he was absorbed in the opening of the Chitralayam I was busy with music. I had to give the Presidential address of a Music Conference in a big crowded cinema theatre, and preside over its meetings. This was the Indian side. The western side followed in a piano recital on an inferior instrument on an unsteady stage with a disconcerting rake. But Sir C. V. Raman, the famous scientist, who looked in for a moment in passing and stayed on to the end, was much pleased.

I took a long afternoon drive out to Padmanabhapuram Palace, and gasped at the discovery of old-time beauty and skill in architecture, sculpture, wood-carving and wall-painting that Jim had helped in restoring to attention. On our way back our car got mixed up in a procession of country-people headed by three large decorated elephants accompanying a deific image from one temple to another.

As a finale to a busy ten days I was taken in, as Dr. Cousins' wife, when the entire Ruling Family visited the Chitralayam for a detailed look-over. Jim was naturally the guide, and he fulfilled his duty with enthusiasm. I had not realised his scholarship in the history and qualities of the arts of India from B.C. to date, and he gave it out without a note or a stumble.

At intervals Her Highness drew me aside from art to chat on other topics. She was intensely interested in the problem of the backward classes. I surmised she had ideas in her mind about their uplift. But it was not until a year later that I saw the significance of some of her speculations, when His Highness proclaimed the opening of the temples of Travancore to the outcast population of a million souls. Her Highness was also much concerned with the deterioration in the morale of students all over India, and was anxious to find some way of having young energy and desire diverted into friendliness and constructiveness. When we were parting at the door of the gallery I found that Her Highness had noticed my love of flowers and had sent to the Museum Gardens for a big bouquet of orchids which she graciously put in my hands.

On October 16, 1935, I went to Madras for a bout of politics. I attended a meeting of the Congress Working Committee and of the Congress. I was proud to hear Kamaladevi speak so well. I had dinner with Sarojini Naidu and Bulabhai Desai, and chats with Rajendra Prasad and other prominent politicians. I spoke at an Indian Parliament (amateur), and presided over a Women's Conference; all of which appeared to show that the next turn of the screw of foreign repression would meet a tension beyond its calculation.

Back at Madanapalle I was faced by conspiracies by boy students against the girls. It was saddening that our efforts at human comradeship, and the bringing back of the ancient reverence for womanhood, should be frustrated by the male attempt at superiority and exclusiveness. Jim's explanation was along Freudian lines. He surmised that if he could get an honest confession from a boy student, it would be to the effect that contiguity to girls excited sex in him; and, instead of following the Gandhian way of self-control, which was the true Indian way of brahmacharya, he took the cowardly way of trying to get rid of the agent that karma provided for showing him his own weakness.

As usual, extra mural activities helped us over difficulties. On November 28 Babu Rajendra Prasad, President of the National Congress, accompanied by the leading South Indian politician, T. Prakasham, and eight others came to Madanapalle. As Besant Hall was the only place where a multitude could be packed in without fear of monsoon showers, it was gladly lent for a meeting; and as politics had reached the stage of patriotism, former restrictions on the attendance of students were slackened. I myself had a hectic morning from 8 to 12 next day preparing and decorating the hall. This, and the long and absorbing meeting and speeches, got me to bed late at night nearly a total wreck.

The Diamond Jubilee of the Theosophical Society at Adyar in Christmas week drew a fine crowd of delegates and visitors from far-sway places and all over India. Jim helped in the pre-Convention days in entertaining the delegates in a recital of English poetry on one evening and a lantern lecture on Indian art on another. I collaborated with our Madanapalle Head Master, Duncan Greenlees, in a gramophone recital of typical folk and national music around the globe, a most enjoyable and informing demonstration of world music. I missed most of the Convention, as I had to go to Trivandrum for the annual session of the All-India Women's Conference. So I missed the event on December 30 that brought a new element into India's cultural life, and later altered the course of Jim's life. But I leave him to tell of the arrival of Rukmini Arundale as a dancer of the front rank, unique in personal and technical quality, the pioneer

of the renaissance of the ancient south Indian classical dance-drama, the Bharata natya.

Dr. Poonen Lukhose, the first woman to become the head of the medical department of an Indian State, sent her car to meet me at Shencottah station, the first within the Travancore frontier, five hours by train from Trivandrum. With the car I was in time and joyed in a speech by Margaret Sanger. With her and Muriel Lester, Gandhiji's hostess in London, I spent a day showing them over Padmanabhapuram Palace. A full day went in meetings and reports at the Conference. Her Highness the Maharani heard a magnificent speech on Birth Control by Margaret Sanger. Another day of discussions ended in a garden party at Koudiar Palace, laid out with exquisite thought and taste on the beautiful terraced lawns. After refreshments a first class Kathakali performance was given. The closing day of the session was distinguished by an excellent speech by Her Highness.

Vacation this year was at Kalimpong in north Bengal, as before in the hill-home of Babu Hirendranath Datta. The garden was full of roses. Kinchenjunga range was at its clearest. Magnolia trees gave a daily gift of large pure white flowers. We had risen again from hollow to height. We revelled in walks with the noble and chaste background of the eternal snows. We read together and wrote separately; and Jim got excited with glimpses of the Celtic divinities.

Tibet came to our verandah in the form of a lama from Lhasa who had heard of our interest in religion, philosophy and art. He sang Tibetan songs to us and explained them in Himalayan English. He kept the time on a little drum decorated in black and green. I desired of all things in the world to possess his Tibetan cape; and he was surprised, and not displeased, to find a number of rupees in his hand.

Towards the end of our first month we got rumours that our host meant to come and spend a month there. This, we saw, meant his elderly wife, some other members of the family, and servants. It was obviously necessary that we release our room and appurtenances. So we two together went house-hunting as

of old. We heard of a possible place round a corner. A large jacaranda tree in full flower stood beside the possibility. We rented it in our imagination for the sake of the immense mass of light blue flowers that would be overhead for as long as we would be there, and for the sake of the carpet of light blue miniatures of the cornucopia that nourished Jove in the classical story, and that would be under our feet any time we went out of doors, he to capture lines for the Celtic poem-drama, and I to draft letters protesting against the paucity of women candidates for the legislatures under Congress auspices, or write articles and editorial notes for "Stri Dharma." And so it turned out. An upstairs flat was vacant; it had all things necessary for relative comfort, and a small room in which a sensitive poet could colloque with Irish Gods and Goddesses and heroes. From May 11 we changed our locale, and Jim became a new person. It was a second holiday. Even the snows were different; for we were considerably lower, and they consequently looked considerably higher; and the jacaranda never failed.

A happy interlude was our discovery of David Macdonald. We had come upon a book entitled "Twenty Years in Tibet" by a writer bearing that braw Scottish name. We had enjoyed it immensely for its disclosure of a remarkable variation of human life. When we heard that the author was the proprietor of the Himalayan Hotel that we had passed on our walks, Jim got the bright idea of inviting him to tea so that we might express our appreciation. He accepted the invitation, but changed the venue. He felt we would like to see some of his Tibetan art-treasures which he would arrange for the purpose. Tea was laid in the garden of the hotel. Tibetan banners hung from the stems and branches of trees; and all sorts of metal images were grouped in his near-by office. Tea was served by two young women whose remarkably attractive faces appeared to be a blend of the Macdonald clan and Tibet. Our host had been schooled with a slant towards the Himalayas. As a young man he had got to Lhasa and made friends with the lamas. Later he became British Commercial Agent at Gyantze, within the Tibetan frontier, and got into the good graces of the traders. By



and by, when the Tashi Lama, the spiritual leader of Tibet, had to fly for his life because of threats from the Dalai Lama, the ruling head, he took refuge in the British trading station, where the agent protected him till he could be smuggled into India, from which he went to a temple in China where he ended his days. The banners and images were gifts from the Tashi Lama. Some he had sold to meet the growing expenses of his family. This opened up possibilities, and he found ways and means of working up a business in what was generally called curios. Jim pricked up his ears, as he was then on the look-out for objects of art for Trivandrum. As we were about to depart an idea flashed across my mind from I know not what level of my consciousness. "Mr. Macdonald," I said, "you have still something to show us, something very special, something that may truly be called sacred." Haltingly, as if I had come on a secret, he admitted that I was right. Apparently I had some special way of knowing things, like the gnan yogis, and he could not hide it from me. He produced something wrapped in a piece of richly embroidered cloth. It was an image about 12 inches high, carved in the most amazing detail out of a single piece of sandalwood. The central figure was a ferocious looking bull ("Saivite idea," Jim said.) It was clasping a most exquisite female figure (Jim said "Shiva and Shakti"). The bull had a number of arms and legs carved with a minute accuracy and delicate strength that gave me a mixture of pain and delight. Each hand held a weapon or implement or symbol. Each foot rested on the head of a small figure, and each figure was a perfectly carved Hindu deity, the Powers that supported the duality in unity of life and form as it worked out the exaltation of the spirit from passion to peace. Above the central bull head rose a second head, humanised, and free to some extent of the passionate intensity of the bull face. A third head was, we speculated, the "moral" of the image—the ultimate calm that is the attainment of Buddhist discipline on this side of Nirvana. Hinduism and the Lamaistic variant of Buddhism had come together in a multiple image of lofty symbolism and astonishing art. The image, we learned, had been used by a succession of Tashi Lamas at special ceremonies somewhat after

the manner of the monstrosity in Catholic ritual. My collaborator will have more to tell of it.

Three days before the end of this vacation I came again upon desirable art-objects. I went on the hunt for a small Chinese bowl to replace one broken at home. I found what I wanted in a poky shop run by a miniature Chinaman. My eyes wandered over his untidy collection of knick-knacks, and rested on a number of long rolls lying at the bottom of an almirah that reminded me of Macdonald's Tibetan banners. I asked to see them. He tried to put me off with the generalisation that ladies were not interested in such things. But I was not as general as he thought, I countered : a lady whose husband was a collector of pictures for a State art-gallery might be able to recommend them to him if she saw them. Thereupon I saw half a dozen apparently recently painted Chinese paintings, all but one on cloth, the one being older, painted on silk that had cracked across in many places. I piloted Jim to the shop next day. He bought the lot and paid cash down without haggling. It was the greatest day in the little slit-eyed shopman's life. Some years back he had gone home on one of his rare visits, home being somewhere in the north east of China. A European visitor who was collecting oriental arts asked him to bring back half a dozen roll pictures, old or new. He brought this lot, but the visitor had departed and left no address, and the roll lay in the almirah till now. He was very happy. So was the Art Adviser. So was his scout.

A stop between trains at Calcutta on our way home became most unexpectedly an event. (Our venerated and scholarly friend, Babu O. C. Gangoly, had arranged an afternoon reception in his artistic home. To it he had invited all available artists. To the amazement and delight of everyone, who should turn up but Abanindranath Tagore, the first artist of the revived school of Indian painting. The great artist, we learned, was under medical orders to remain in his bedroom. But something had stirred him to disobey science in the interest of art. After refreshments an illuminated address, the work of A.P. Banerjea, was presented to each of us, appreciating our service to Indian art, mine especially in music. The climax of a moving occasion was an

impromptu speech by Aban Babu. (He was apprehensive of the ugliness and want of delicacy that were appearing in recent works of Indian painters. He was too old to take up a crusade against such non-Indian and inartistic tendencies. He appealed with intense emotion to Dr. Cousins to stand up for the artistic qualities that the Bengal revival had maintained. Dr. Cousins pledged himself to do all he could to fulfil the artist's passionate desire.

A refreshing interlude, that enabled me to overcome some unpleasant health symptoms, was a six-days stay, as guest of Humayun Mirza, son of Sir Mirza Ismail, at a rest-house beside the lake and reservoir from which water was electrically pumped up a number of miles to Bangalore. This was at Thipagondanahalli (Canarese for the village at the foot of the hill). Humayun, a tall, stately young man who was most friendly to us, had driven us to the rest house, and had called on days for chats on all sorts of subjects. Mornings were so delicious that we sauntered early along the plateau of the rest house overlooking the lake, until the beauty of the undulating country moved Jim to verse, when I left him to himself on a seat, until he had completed a fine poem that he dedicated to our host. The last double verse ran :

In the hour of the passing over from night to day  
I heard one Voice through myriad voices say :  
" Give ear to the silent, as unto that which speaks.  
All life with life a rich communion seeks."

And as this was only saying that life was love,  
A thing I had always known, like a mated dove  
My heart to the heart of nature chanted this lay  
In the hour of the passing over from night to day.

From Thippagondanahalli we made a short tour to the famous temple centres of Belur and Halebid. The exquisite temples, built by a king a thousand years ago to celebrate victories, so delicate in architecture and sculptured ornamentation, gave us two days of artistic joy. We were not admitted to the main temple at Belur, but by an arrangement of reflectors from the sunlight outside we were able to see the beautiful statuary in

front of and above the shrine ; four figures, we learned, of the queen of the Raja who built the temple, and who immortalised his queen as a dancer by having her sculptured in four poses. In a renovated mantapam we heard a performance of vocal and instrumental music. This had drawn a big audience of Hindus of all grades. To our surprise we were asked to address the assembly. We felt it a privilege to do so.

At Halebid, an hour's bus-drive away, we got the thrill of architectural beauty and skill at an amazing height of achievement. Two shrines, single storeyed, with small carved figures of human and animal forms, beading and floral scrolls in lines around each, stood side by side. One was in use for worship and therefore closed to all but Hindus. The other was out of use and open to all. We became quite excited over the sculptured and perforated screens, with beautifully carved pillars between them bearing deific and human figures and touches of nature.

From October 2 to 6 I was up to the eyes in political diversions. At Ellore I presided over a big Gandhi birthday meeting and others. Two days later I presided in Madras over the closing meeting of Hindi week. Next day I was a microscopic item in an awful crush at Madras railway station to welcome Jawaharlal Nehru. On October 6 I moved the vote of thanks at a big women's meeting at which Dr. Muthulakshmi and I were his chief escorts. Then followed a mammoth meeting on the broad yellow sands of Madras beach. I had a good seat near Jawaharlal, and was interested to notice that he was not as fluent and impressive a speaker as I had expected.

Late in October, after a week's enjoyment at the Dasara celebrations at Mysore, where we were State guests, news came to Madanapalle from Madras that three of the women for whom I had worked on a short visit had been elected. This helped to counterbalance the nastiness that seemed to have become chronic in our educational institutions. The ugly spirit found special expression at prayers on the morning when the Principal was being given a great send-off on a long collecting tour for the Endowment Fund. A silver receptacle was given to him by R. Seshagiri Rao for collections at meetings. The Principal,

thinking of famous religious mendicants from the Buddha downwards, not to mention Shiva in one of his aspects, accepted the gift with a sense of responsibility and referred to it as "a consecrated begging-bowl." One of the teachers of the College jumped up and angrily protested against making the College a subject for begging. Seshagiri Rao arose and challenged the teacher. The Principal sat still during the hubbub that arose among the students. When comparative silence came on, he quietly said: "I shall not start on my tour tomorrow." Prayers broke up in confusion. I had never seen Jim so pale—and so calm. Petitions came signed by the staff and groups of students appealing to him not to change his programme and condemning the teacher's bad manners. At the end of the day prayers were repeated. The protesting teacher made a lame attempt at an apology. This gave the Principal occasion to carry out the general wish; and next morning he started amid cheers and spaced-out rows of Scouts as far as they could stretch out along the bus road to Bangalore.

While Jim was out on his collecting tour, as soon as the College was closed for the winter vacation, I went to Ahmedabad for the tenth session of the All-India Women's Conference, of which I was the President elect. I was met at the train at 6.30 a.m. by an enthusiastic crowd of Gujarati girls and a big drum, and escorted to the palatial home of the Sarabhai family. At my installation at the opening meeting on December 23 there was an attendance of 2500. Fifteen women's societies were represented. I was garlanded up to the eyes. My Presidential address was warmly received. In the afternoon the Municipality gave a garden party to the delegates—a very pleasant and significant occasion. The next two days were marred for me by illness. But I was well enough to give the closing Presidential address.

I returned to Adyar by a circuitous route, to look in at a session of the Indian National Congress at Faizpur and have chats with Sarojini Naidu, Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Jawaharlal Nehru and others. The year (1936) ended in listening to one of Krishnamurti's challenging talks.

## RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION

(J. H. C.) During the interval between the first phase of my Travancore era and the second, which latter this chapter will summarise, there was much activity, most of which my partner has recorded. But there were certain events of which I alone can tell, and which are, we judge, worthy of record as indications of the life of India at a time that was much more steeply transitional than even those most closely associated with its transition realised.

I have to go back to a little on this side of the beginnings of the Travancore era to tell of a South Indian Teachers' Conference at Anantapur, a little more than 500 miles from Madanapalle. The Conference drew teacher-delegates from all parts of Madras Province, a constituency of 40 millions, roughly half Telugu, half Tamil. It was held in the local College of the Madras University during a Christmas vacation. I presided over the three days' proceedings, and was much stimulated by the cordial response of the delegates to my educational idealism. There were social and artistic functions which preserved the occasion from being over academical. But the item that lifted it out of the not too happy details of foreign controlled educational circumstances to the level of India's traditional veneration for the *guru* (teacher) was a special meeting, a kind of Convocation, at which the Executive of the Teachers' Association conferred on me the ancient and honourable Sanskrit title of *Kulapati*, which may be translated Teacher of multitudes. So I became one of the small band of *Kulapatis* headed many centuries ago, I was told, by Visvamitra, a sage and bard of the Vedic times.

I was called to Madras for a secret interview with an exalted educational officer, a European. A member of the staff of the Theosophical High School of Madanapalle had come under Governmental suspicion as having been a party to a seditious conspiracy elsewhere in India before he joined the school. My orders, as Correspondent of the school, were to have him

dismissed at once. The accused was a man of high educational attainments and intellectual distinction and a favourite with the students. I was bound to strict secrecy: there must be no mention of Governmental interference; I must myself take the responsibility of the dismissal for some reason that I had to discover or create. The cowardice and meanness of the foreign educational authorities gave me some bad days trying to break the news to the victim without disclosing its source. When I did get to the point of suggesting the desirability of his finding work elsewhere so as to get him away from rumours and suspicions, he rounded on me as his arch-enemy, and threatened to write to a friend of his in the Directorate of Public Instruction, who knew him and would protect him from my plot against him. The irony of the situation was that his supposed friend was the very officer who had ordered me to dismiss him! But this was part of my secret. I contrived reasons for postponing the evil day. I considered it a blessed relief when the officer fell ill and was off duty for some time. But on his recovery he sent for me again for another secret interview, and gave me a definite short interval for the dismissal of the teacher, or the alternative of the withdrawal of the recognition and grant of the Education Department. This would mean the ruination of a first-class school, and I was driven ruthlessly towards an appallingly bad time. But something not less unpleasant, and to some extent more drastic, was round the corner. The said offender had got on the wrong side of teachers on a question of discipline. At a meeting of the Governing Body of the High School a resolution was forced through, against the judgement of Mummy and myself, by the packing of the meeting with pledged teachers, in accordance, it was claimed, with some precedent that I had never heard of. The action on the resolution was of such a nature that we found ourselves off the Governing Body—and the offending person washed his hands of the institution, which took the dismissal out of my hands. Half of my educational responsibilities had fallen from my shoulders. The future was a step nearer.

While these major things were conspiring there were a few incidents that may be recorded for their indications of

circumstances in India that were developing. Rain fell heavily on a Mohurrim festival day, and threatened to spoil the usually large colourful procession of Mohammedan men and children, all dressed in their best clothes, that passed the College on its way to the prayer-ghat. A leader, whom I knew very well, came to ask if they might use Besant Hall for their prayers. I gladly gave leave, as the College made no distinctions between religions. But after a look at the hall he came and expressed his regrets that there were Hindu idols in it. I explained that these had no religious significance, as they were all to some extent injured, and so unusable in worship. We preserved them as examples of ancient Indian sculpture. I offered to have them all covered with cloths. But this would not satisfy, and the procession faced the rain. The spirit behind this was the same spirit as led later to the disruption of India as the price of political freedom.

On one occasion I nearly became famous as a miracle maker. As I was sitting alone in the twilight on our verandah enjoying a short rest, I became aware of something crawling over my arm that was stretched along the side of my chair. It was a small snake. I had no sense of a sting, and no sign of any when I looked at my arm in the lamp-light. But I thought it was well to send to a doctor and ask for some medicine useful in case of suspected snake-bite. Next morning a crowd of students came expecting to see my dead body. They went away disappointed.

Besides Travancore another influence from the future began to show itself shortly after the opening of the Chitralayam in Trivandrum. At the annual international Convention of The Theosophical Society at Adyar at the end of 1935, at which I gave some pre-Convention lectures, one of which suggested the inclusion of art in the Second Object of the Society in addition to religion, philosophy and science, Rukmini Devi, wife of Dr. G. S. Arundale, the President of the Society, gave three dance recitals. The first two, on December 25, 27 showed her in the part of Yashodara, wife of the Buddha, in a stage version of "The Light of Asia." In this she ended a personal era as an artist. She had been attracted to interpretative dance by seeing Pavlova, and had been given some training



## WE TWO TOGETHER

by the world-famous danseuse. It was not until five days afterwards that one knew it had been a historic occasion. The third performance was her first appearance as a performer of the South Indian classical dance, the Bharata natya. I can vividly relive the exquisite excitement that suffused me fourteen years ago (I write in December 1949) as item after item of sheer beauty in human rhythm lifted me out of myself into a new world of aesthetical *ananda* (bliss). The staging was noble and dignified and Indian. The accompanying music had an evocative power that made magic in the imagination with its repetitions as it unfolded the story portrayed by the dancer in Sanskrit or Tamil or some other indigenous language, or as it gave the melody and *talam* (time) of a piece of pure rhythm, a fantasia of movement, expressed by all the limbs from the eyes to the feet. Skill had been carried to such a pitch of perfection that it appeared to be simple and easy as the dancer moved from one mood to another almost imperceptibly and from one posture or gesture to its opposite with lightning rapidity, and from what, in western musical terms, would be called aria and cadenza. But it was the entrances and exits of the dancer that seemed to me to be as the opening and closing of a door to a loftier and lovelier stratum of consciousness. When she came on to the stage it was as if she entered not only in front of the audience but behind and on both sides: the theatre was filled with a presence rather than a personality. I realised what the old Genevoise painter meant when he said to me, at an exhibition of Indian art, "I see in these paintings a spirit of consecration." Here was obviously an artist who had consecrated herself on every level of her being to art in the highest. Here was no pandering to sensation or sentimentality. Here was a call away from the half-gods of mundanity to the celestial realm in which one becomes a partner in the Divinity that shapes not only our ends but the creative beginnings of things. Her patron deity was Shiva as Nataraja, the Chief Dancer, the personification in human form of the Power "whereby the worlds were formed and are ever nourished and sustained." (Art need no longer be the server of religion: art had now become religion. But the art that would

sustain that drastic transformation had need of purity, dignity, selflessness, devotion, and these not only in the various aspects of the art but in every part of the life of the artist. Something of this high purport came through Rukmini Devi on that historical night. I was not alone. A number of scholars and art-lovers from Madras felt the afflatus and revelation of the occasion under the great tree on the Theosophical compound where a commodious stage had been constructed. The press gave news of the beginning of the revival of Bharata natya, that had fallen for a long time into wrong hands, and everyone of the audience of a thousand felt that something had happened. There was at least one exception, the artist herself. She appreciated but did not fully understand the praise that was showered on her at the end of the recital. "I have done my best," she said. That was all, with the satisfaction of the true artist and the humility of the truly great. At the dinner to Delegates by the President in the Bhojanasala (Indian dining room) I had the great luck of squatting beside Rukmini Devi. She was wearing a necklet and pendant studded with diamonds, rubies and emeralds; I was sporting my Travancore bracelet of the same materials. We discussed the idea of a centre of art at Adyar. I urged on her the desirability of creating such an academy, now that she had arrived to head it with the authority of great achievement. A meeting of friends already interested in the work of the Adyar Players was called for a preliminary exchange of ideas. So keen and clear was everybody that the Adyar Academy of the Arts was inaugurated on January 6, 1936, with the blessing of the leaders of the Theosophical Society. The President, Dr. Arundale, was enthusiastic. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa welcomed it as the logical outcome of the Society's development, and wished it a great future. Srimati Rukmini Devi gave some delightful dances. She was now the accepted leader of a revival of the Bharata natya, the sacred dance of South India, in which all parts of the body, the sense of beauty, the mind and the reverence of the artist, were exercised in postures, gestures, movements, and *mudras* (hand signs) that told symbolical stories of divine beings, or gave a purely aesthetical joy in rhythmical motion. Later the academy was called the

Kalakshetra, a Sanskrit word that may be translated, a place dedicated to art.

My duties and increasing anxieties at Madanapalle did not permit my taking as close a part in the development of the Kalakshetra as my temperament desired. But its idea and its possible future were in my imagination, and carried me on towards the future. Other items were moving in that direction too. Four-day visits to Travancore to see the progress on work which I was directing on the restoration of Padmanabhapuram Palace and the rearrangement of the Government Museum in Trivandrum, became extended. Their Highnesses the Maharaja and his mother hinted that at least a month would be more satisfactory.

On one of these visits I broke journey to give a short course of lectures at the Annamalai University. This was near the famous Chidambaram temple. I knew it contained a series of reliefs of the postures of the Bharata natya. I wanted to see these if they were where a non-Hindu could be admitted. I was escorted thither by an Indian Professor. I went in Indian *curtha* (pull-over) and *dhoti* (*skirt*) and the gorgeous rich-red and gold-bordered pandit's shawl that the Maharaja of Travancore had presented to me. I examined the reliefs. Around a corner a group of people were obviously at worship. My escort went to them, and motioned to me to follow. I saw we were in front of the famous shrine of Nataraja. Strangely, way was made for me by the worshippers. Apparently I was not suspected as an outsider. As I was accustomed to Hindu pujas at Madanapalle I comported myself just as the others. When we had resumed our sandals at the outer door I asked my escort if I might be challenged and made responsible for a purification puja, which was a costly affair. No, there was no sign of suspicion that I was other than a Hindu. But why? He thought a moment—and had an idea. I had done everything just as a Hindu. But my complexion? Ah—Oh yes! Many visitors come from the far north of India, as Chidambaram temple is the climax of the pilgrimage route. Yes, they took you to be a Kashmiri Brahmin; some of them are also pale coloured. And so I was rescued from threat.



6. CONFERRING WITH TEACHERS, TRAVANCORE, 1938



On November 12, 1936, His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore, after the Hindu manner of giving gifts instead of receiving them, in acknowledgement of the gift of life, on the annual celebration of one's birthday, proclaimed the opening of the Government controlled temples of the State to all classes of Hindus irrespective of caste or no caste. Gretta and I had gone from Madanapalle to Trivandrum as State guests for His Highness' birthday celebrations, and to develop some of the schemes for the diffusion of art in the State.

At the State Banquet on November 13 my collaborator was dinner-partner to the then Chief Secretary to Government, Dr. Kunjan Pillai. In the course of table talk she put to him the question that we had discussed privately as to whether the Temple Entry Proclamation did not, in two of its words, signify a much wider application than only to the outcaste Hindus to whom it was generally taken to apply. The two crucial words are italicised by me in the following transcript of the Proclamation.

Profoundly convinced of the truth and validity of Our religion, believing that it is based on Divine guidance and on an all-comprehending toleration, knowing that in its practice it has, throughout the centuries, adapted itself to the needs of changing times, solicitous that none of Our Hindu subjects, by reason of birth or caste or community, be denied the consolations and solace of the Hindu faith, We have decided and hereby declare, ordain and command that, subject to such rules and conditions as may be laid down and imposed by Us for preserving their proper atmosphere and maintaining their rituals and observances, there should henceforth be no restriction placed on any Hindu by birth *or religion* on entering or worshipping at the temples controlled by Us and Our Government. (Sign manual).

The distinction between a Hindu by birth or by religion seemed to us to break down, as far as Travancore was concerned, the tradition that, to be a Hindu, one had to be born into the Hindu community. If this were so, it would mean the most drastic reform in the long history of Hinduism, for it would make

it as inclusive as was the philosophy from which it arose, the Vedantic philosophy that thousands of searchers for truth outside India accepted as the most reasonable statement of the nature of the universe and of humanity's relationship with it. The Chief Secretary replied to Gretta that our interpretation was, as far as he knew, in accordance with the idea behind the Proclamation. This was confirmed by the Dewan (head of the administration), then Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. The confirmation, gave us a sense of responsibility to have the universality of the Proclamation demonstrated and not allow it to remain a theoretical possibility.

Nothing, however, could be done until after the rules for Temple entry were published. Meanwhile other matters required attention. (I had to go out collecting for Madanapalle College.) On the way home, freedom from external demands, in the train, and the composure that rhythm induced in me, gave the conditions for the emergence into a clear mind of intimations of destiny. The significance of the Travancore Temple entry Proclamation came on me, and with it a deep desire that its full purport should be made known and demonstrated. I drafted a proposed public statement for places abroad. I sent a copy to the Dewan for his information. In enclosing it to him I told him I had seen a press announcement that Mahatma Gandhi would visit Travancore to celebrate the Proclamation in January, and that I felt impelled to go also and see what could be done to make the celebration complete—if necessary taking the responsibility of doing so on myself.

A stop at Patna allowed me to give a couple of lectures on "Poetry and Life" to the University. The Vice-Chancellor, with the fine philosophical mouthful of a name, Sat-Chit-Ananda Sinha, who presided, rebuked me for having robbed him of a quiet doze in the chair by being interesting and humorous, features in lectures to which they were not accustomed. I had also performed the miracle of getting "pin-drop" silence from an audience of students celebrated for the reverse. Inside myself I attributed this peculiarity to the simple fact that my subjects were not just subjects, but expressions of experience and conviction,

spoken extemporaneously with living eye-contact with the audience.

At Calcutta my thought concerning Temple entry had become a determination. Neither fear of consequences here or hereafter on the Christian side nor hope of consequences on the Hindu side had any place in my decision to qualify for entry into the temples of Travancore. Between Calcutta and Madras my mind evolved a scheme for a new University, that I had heard rumours of in connection with Travancore. Between Madras and Trivandrum I got a song for the Celtic myth-drama that had become the chief interest of my imagination.

On the morning after my arrival in Trivandrum (January 12, 1937) I was called by the Dewan to discuss my Temple entry proposal, and the preliminaries of the organisation of a State University. It happened that two orthodox officials of temples on the east coast were with the Dewan when I called; and he brought us together for a talk on my determination to test the terms of the Proclamation as they appeared to relate to non-Indians. The orthodox eminents had nothing to say as regards the State; but they gave it as their personal opinion that before many years had passed the restrictions that for centuries had prevailed in the temples of South India would have disappeared. They were good prophets. I wired to Gretta, and she replied leaving the matter entirely to my judgement.

When I reported my final decision to the Dewan he said he was so impressed with the uniqueness and historical importance of the occasion that he desired to have it marked by a special ceremonial if I had no objection. I was ready for anything that was thought necessary, if it might help to demonstrate the history-making religious revolution of the Proclamation. Next afternoon (January 13) as the climax of a tour of the State, Mahatma Gandhi presided over a celebration of the Temple entry Proclamation by a vast quiet multitude in the military parade ground (later made a sports stadium) backed by twenty great caparisoned elephants. He squatted on a high platform under a canopy against the sun, and spoke in English that was translated to the multitude in Malayalam by a leader of the formerly excluded million. No



hint fell from him or anyone else of the wider-than-India import of the occasion.

At 8 o'clock next morning (January 14, 1937) a representative of the authorities of the great Sri Padmanabhaswami Temple of Trivandrum called officially to catechise me as to my eligibility for temple entry. Assuming my final willingness to take the step it had been decided that, as I had been known as a "white Brahmin" for many years, the fire ceremony for spiritual purification was not necessary, and that the occasion would have sufficient significance in ceremonial physical purification by Ganges water. At an arranged time I presented myself at the quarters of the chief priest (Nambudhri) of the temple in "temple dress." This was usually a white cotton skirt hanging from the waist with a similar cloth round the body, both having narrow embroidered borders. But as a mark of importance I was asked to change into a special temple dress of white silk with deep borders of gold thread.

To my surprise, when I was conducted into the big ceremonial room, I faced a large congregation, most of them squatting on the floor, some standing round the walls and looking in through doors and windows. Many were familiar to me as leaders of the Hindu community, Government officers, lawyers, teachers. All were, like myself, in temple dress, the majority in the minimum, with the shapely naked bodies whose brown tint eliminates all sense of nakedness. I took my seat, directed by the ceremonialists, on a small wooden plank. Had I been preoccupied or nervous the looks of kindly greeting from many acquaintances would have set me at ease. But frequent participation in Hindu ceremonies in connection with Madanapalle College and School, and elsewhere, had made me familiar with their symbolical simplicity. I was in complete possession of myself, unintimidated by peculiarity, though keenly aware of the historical significance and world-wide importance of the event.

Before the ceremony began I asked permission to make a statement in explanation of what I was doing. (I had been, I said, born into the Wesleyan Methodist sect of Christianity. My naturally reflective mind became dissatisfied with the religious

exclusiveness of my upbringing. Modern science cut me away from all dogma ; but an inborn religious sense and a truth-seeking mind would not allow me to rest in negation. I studied psychical research as it related to the dogma of immortality and the states of heaven and hell. I studied Theosophy, and found in the Three Objects of the Society what appeared to me to be the fullest and most consistent method of approach to realisation of the truth of life. I studied books on the Vedanta, got to know certain of the Upanishads, memorised much of the Bhagavad Gita, and practised some phases of yoga. When I came to India I came to know (of the cosmic and human symbolism of deific figures and Pauranic stories, especially as embodied in sculpture and painting) also of the psychic influences that were gathered round and expressed in consecrated places and images. From these extensions of knowledge and experience I derived a deeper understanding of the universals of Christianity, though my return was at a level on which no believer in its historicity and universal obligation could meet me. I said these things in order to make it clear that my public declaration of belief in Hinduism as a way to union with the Divine Life, the way most in affinity with the devotee, the artist and the philosopher in me, did not imply any denial of the spiritual truth that was to be found in all religions, or any repudiation of their ceremonial and discipline. To me the commonly used term conversion did not mean a turning away from one religion to another : it had for me the meaning of turning from the externals of any religion towards its internal and eternal verity. (If my reception into the religious community of Hinduism was contingent on my denying the validity of other faiths as ways to the spiritual life and light, the proposed ceremony might be dropped ; if otherwise, it might proceed.)

Dewan Bahadur V. S. Subramania Aiyar, ex-Dewan of Travancore, speaking for the temple authorities and the assemblage, said that denial of truth to other religions than Hinduism would be against its spirit and teachings. No one had any doubt as to my fitness for the religious communion of Hinduism. The simple ceremony then proceeded, and at the end the venerable old Nambudhri whispered in my ear the name Jayaram. This I

took to be the name I was thereafter to be known by in Hindu circles in Travancore, and by whoever chose to recognise it elsewhere in India. At the end of the ceremony I was escorted by the temple authorities and a crowd into the temple, and taken from shrine to shrine, where I offered my palm-to-palm salutation to the images of various aspects of the one Universal Being.

In the afternoon I was telephoned to call at the Dewan's at 7.30 and go with him to Koudiar Palace to dine with the Maharaja and the Ruling Family. His Highness welcomed me warmly into the family, by which he meant the Hindu community, of which he was not only the Ruler but the spiritual head in succession from Maharaja Martanda Varma, who had brought a number of pugnacious princelings under one banner, and then laid his sword before the image of Deity and vowed his kingdom and its administration to God, and gave himself the title Sri Padmanabhadasa (follower of Vishnu), 200 years ago.

From the reception room we went to an open space within the palace precinct. By some stage-management that I did not see, I found myself with Her Highness the Maharani mother at the head of the informal procession. This gave her an opportunity to tell me that it was she who had selected my Hindu name. She had, she said, noticed that my chief desire was for "light," not just for knowledge, though I had a great fund of it. The name Rama came from an original that meant spiritual light. To this she prefixed *jaya*, which both wished for and prophesied victory. So Jayaram meant "victory to the light;" and, she added with a tricky little laugh, "It will save you having to change your initial!" Behind us His Highness chatted heartily with the other members of the party as we walked along the corridors. When we neared the exit from the palace to the open ground where the shrine was, Her Highness, with mock severity, asked His Highness to be good. "We'll all be as good as gold when we get there" he said. And when the threshold was crossed, silence fell, and we formed up, regardless of precedence, in a rough semicircle in front of a decorated structure on which stood a small bronze image of Ganesh, the elephant-headed deity. Whereupon, after the recitation of scriptures by the

family priest, on our return procession talk arose between Her Highness and myself as to what outsiders would consider an inconsistency in Sri Padmanabhadasa and his family, confessed Vaishnavites, using for worship the image of a Shaivite deity. Hinduism, she countered, was one religion, however human frailty might misrepresent it. Its numerous deific figures were shadows of one Life.

During the procession from the shrine to the dining hall His Highness asked: "What do you think of the artistic aspect of the temple, Doctor?" I replied: "I was so engrossed, Your Highness, with the proceedings and the part I had to play in them, that art was temporarily in abeyance. But there was one item that somehow got into my consciousness. I was shown the stone on which, I was told, Maharaja Martanda Varma laid his sword when dedicating the State to God; and the corrugated sheeting above it did not seem worthy." "Quite right, Doctor." I knew a mental note had been made. Some time later I was asked to inspect a piece of wood-carving; a well-designed and admirably executed triangle that might have been a survivor from the heyday of local craftsmanship, but was plainly new. It was, I learned, a new cover for the dedication stone instead of corrugated iron. Her Highness had herself made the lovely indigenous design.

The dinner (to which we have been slowly proceeding) was of the kind to rejoice the heart and palate of old Epicurus, if he had taken incarnation in India, and had raised his doctrine, that pleasure was the highest good, to the Upanishadic level on which the hedonism of the senses is transformed into an accessory of the *ananda* (bliss) of the spirit. To the delight of the taste and the healthful nourishment of the body was added the super-sense of satisfaction that no product of animal agony and slaughter had entered into the composition of the feast. The friendliness, the sparkling jests, the philosophical profundities, the solicitude for the people of the State, the practical question as to how to find ways of carrying ideals into all life, were blessedly free from the insensitiveness or the hypocrisy that blinds the inhuman mass of human beings to the tragic debasement of oneself and

others to the level of the carnivorous animals in the habit of flesh-eating. My heart went out in deep reverence to the Maharani mother whose intellectual stature made one forget the petite embodiment of a lofty soul; and to the quick-minded, sagacious young man (His Highness was then in his twenty-sixth year) to whom destiny and an ideal home-training had brought the unique gift of balance and all-inclusiveness and dedication to service that made him a centre of sage stability and progressive continuity among the comings and goings of personality and the zig-zagging of interests and circumstances.

Repercussions to my temple entrance were varied. Travancore accepted the matter without demur. My visits to temples on artistic quests were welcomed and facilitated by those in charge. There were a few criticisms, but they did not get to the point of the matter. An Indian Christian wrote condemning my "base denial" of Christ, and pleaded with me to confess my fault, and acknowledge Him as the only hope of salvation, before I stood before the Judgement seat. Others congratulated me on my "courage" and "nobility." A *sadhu* (holy man) unofficially conferred the highest Sanskrit titles on me. The daily press gave columns to the event. The news had apparently gone abroad, as I received a cable despatched from Ireland four days later asking me to confirm press reports. A relative wrote in complete understanding: another deplored my doing what was likely to prejudice their family reputation and position. The farthest repercussion came from the United States of America, from a lady bearing the same surname as myself and of Belfast parentage. From publications she had thought of me as a "very intelligent gentleman—" but I had "turned my back on God:" a performance that seemed to me one of the impossibles, since God being, according to the Bible, omnipresent, my back and all other backs, physical and metaphysical, whatever their direction, could not avoid being turned to Him. I was asked to think of my soul, and where I would spend eternity. I did not to reply to any of my advisers. I had been reared in the same religious circumstances as closed them in from the realities of life; I had off by heart the unrelated and unconsidered texts that blinded them to

the fundamentals of the religion they thought they were following. I knew, from years of research, more about the facts of "eternity" and hereafter than all the clergy under whom I had sat. The other world was to me no sentimental hope but an open reality. To argue with doped correspondents would have been futile.

That I was incorrigible was shown by my declaring open a temple for Harijans near Madanapalle College shortly after my return from Trivandrum. For a village that was going sodden with country liquor I had been instrumental in getting a small temple built; and received from Mr. and Mrs. D. Appa Rao, two of the nicest Hindu friends who will ever sit on the nether brimstone through all eternity (according to the ferocious imaginations of the libellers of the God of Love), a gift of the images of Rama, Sita, Lakshman and Hanuman. In declaring the little crude temple open, I said to the crowd of villagers squatted under the early stars in the clear sky of the southern Deccan words which were translated into the regional language, Telugu. They had, I reminded them, chosen Sri Rama as the object of their worship; and if they wanted their temple to be a centre of spiritual power and purification they should strive to live day by day in the spirit of Sri Rama, who became the perfect Ruler by first learning to rule himself, to put away all tendencies of self-indulgence, violence and impurity.

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#### CHAPTER LIII

### A ROYAL PILGRIMAGE

(J. H. C.) The three months between Temple entry and the next phase of the Travancore era were as full and variegated as one could wish. Between sallings forth to give lectures here and there, the Celtic deities and heroes slackened the tension of the outer life by making sporadic incursions across the horizon of my imagination, and leaving lines and stanzas that showed what

their bard might do if only he had not been born with the curse of versatility.

At Madanapalle I had, by request, to head a movement against animal sacrifice at religious festivals. Hindus were agitated at intervals by the sacrifice of buffaloes in public places by Mohammedans. But there were Hindu villages where sheep were sacrificed, and attempts had been made to induce the villagers to give up the bad practice. In the end we prevailed on the chief offenders to reduce to two goats and a hen that time, as a step towards giving it up altogether.

Mysore called me to advise in the enlargement of the Chitrasala which I had arranged thirteen years previously. Annual additions had made more room necessary. The small special rooms originally turned into a picture gallery were overcrowded. There was nothing for it but to take over the entire Jagan Mohan Palace and completely rehang the exhibits. While the walls were being cleared and means for hanging set up by the prompt and intelligent workmen of the Palace department, I was taken by car to Mercara, the capital of the little State of Coorg, to preside over the birthday celebration of the famous sage, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa of Bengal. The proceedings began at 2.30. Not less than 3000 people, many of them ladies, assembled in the open-air to hear music and watch physical culture. The speaker of the event, Mr. H. C. Dasappa, who brought me up in his car, was a political rebel, an ex-prisoner and might have to renew the experience; but lived to become a Minister of Mysore Government. He spoke to the great crowd in their own tongue at intervals as the day wore on. I had not only to give my presidential address, but at times to speak as the spirit moved me. And so it went on until 9.30, seven solid hours with no food except a smuggled cup of tea at the back of the platform when all eyes were on an exponent of Surya-namaskars (postures in salutation to the Sun). Next day I got the Chitrasala at Mysore hung. A trip to Travancore to look over the work in progress at Padmanabhapuram brought destiny a little nearer. His Highness definitely suggested that I should make plans at

Madanapalle so that I could go to Trivandrum with Mrs. Cousins for a year as Art Adviser.

The end of the academical year of 1936-37 brought out tremendous political excitement. In a general election over all India the Congress party swept the polls. Gretta had helped at some out-stations. The victory of nationalism made a visit by C. Rajagopalachariar to Madanapalle quite an event. Multitudes attended meetings addressed by him. At one near the College he referred in most appreciative terms to our work for education and to Gretta's service to the cause of India's freedom which was drawing near.

Summer vacation was approached through a series of quarrels in the College, crookedness in examinations, and animosities among the staff. We had a tough job to keep our countenances as pleasant as we didn't feel. We yearned for the happiness and prosperity of the big family committed to our charge. But human nature was almost more than a match for us. Individually we were on the most friendly terms with teachers and students. Save from one person there was no overt animosity to us. The girls were fond of their "Mummy," and adopted me as "Daddy." The boys consulted me on personal problems. They all understood that we were devoted to their good. They responded to my idealism and advice. But waves of ugly emotion swept through them at times, and might have been hardened and exaggerated if I had taken disciplinary measures instead of sympathising and advising and making light of controversies.

It was a relief to get away from the entanglements of personalities to lesser entanglements and ultimately to natural beauty and peace. On April 13 we were settled as paying guests in a beautifully furnished cottage at Ootacamund. Walks among trees and flowers, incursions of lyricism and a return of the Celtic myth, made the days go by with special happiness. But this was given to us for only a fortnight out of a proposed two months. A newspaper paragraph to the effect that the Ruling family of Travancore were going to make a two months tour of Java and Bali caused me to write to the Dewan strongly suggesting that, no matter what routes were mapped for them, they



should insist of seeing the Borobudur, a marvellous Buddhist monument, and a Hindu site at Prambanan with equally marvellous remains of ancient temples. I had not seen them myself, but I had read much of them and knew they should not be missed. To our complete surprise and consternation there came a wire asking me to accompany Their Highnesses as "guide, philosopher and friend." We spent a sleepless night considering the invitation from all points of view. My comrade, with typical selflessness, recalled my occasionally expressed desire to see the Borobudur before the end of this incarnation. For my own sake, as well as for theirs, I should go. I wired asking if she could accompany me. But there was no room: another person had been left out to make room for me in the party. That settled it. A scurry for a passport, a photograph, the finding of alternative activities for Gretta, sent the time flying. She found a room in a Women's Club, where she could have music, congenial activities and nice friendships. As an end-up to our quartered vacation we lunched with Ambalal Sarabhai and his wife and family in a big bungalow where Lord Macaulay had stayed. And on April 27 (1937) I started downhill from Ooty to join the Royal pilgrimage at Madura en route to the sailing-port of Colombo, Ceylon.

From Madura to Dhanuskodi for the steamer across to the Ceylon port of Talaimanar, groups gathered at stations and converged on the saloon of Their Highnesses for the highest Indian satisfaction of the *darshan* (sight) of the young liberator of his people into full religious comradeship; and, in the darkness, to be in the vicinity of one esteemed to be holy.

A kindly, unregulated multitude jammed the platform of Colombo station next morning. I got hopelessly lost. Happily I was recognised by an Indian friend. He took me to the Gall Face Hotel in which the Travancore party was accommodated until sailing-time in the late afternoon.

I had hardly completed a wash-up when I was summoned to accompany Their Highnesses on a sight-seeing and shopping expedition. In a general store they moved from counter to counter buying all sorts of things to be collected on their return,

for purposes that I could only dimly surmise. Something that His Highness desired to buy was only available in another shop across the street. How to cross the street was something like the problem that confronted Moses and his kindred on the edge of the Red Sea. Spasmodic gestures from police were useless. But His Highness fell back on the Mosaic method of leadership and went straight on, smiling, while the ocean of faces parted respectfully on either side of his path. The bravery, faith and risk gave me a touch of anxiety. But there was not a sign of uncertainty on the face of his mother, who went on adding to the cargo of purchases until her son's return. Then followed an unpremeditated tour of the city and roundabout. His Highness desired to see a Buddhist temple. One was found; the last word in temples, and therefore, as I saw it, a long precipitous descent from the artistic taste of the Buddhist past to the vulgarity of the bewildered present. His Highness stopped for a few minutes in front of an image of the Buddha. An old woman, poor, ill-clad, took a flower from a table near-by, laid it at the feet of the statue, and made a gesture of reverence. And the young Ruler, head of the Hindu organisation of his State, followed the poor old woman in recognition of another way of approach from the limitations of time and place to the super-mundane unity from which the limitations emerge and in which they have their explanation and justification: he took a flower from the table and laid it reverently at the feet of the image of the Buddha. At six o'clock the Governor's launch took us to the great Dutch liner, "Marnix Van St. Aldegonde" whose taffrails were fringed by passengers from Europe eager to get a glimpse of the royal young man who had attained a fame incomprehensible to them.

The first day at sea brought a flavourous excitement. Princess Juliana, heiress to the throne of the Netherlands, had been born on that day, April 30, 28 years previously, and the anniversary would be celebrated by every Dutch craft afloat on the world of waters.

The adult celebration of the birthday came off after the children had been sent to bed, on the principle that what is good enough for a child is not bad enough for an adult. His Highness

accepted the Commander's invitation to the dinner, for which a recherche vegetarian menu was provided for the Maharaja and his entourage. After the Dutch royal birthday toast the Commander proposed the health of the Maharaja of Travancore. Her Highness remained in her room, as she was not the best of sailors.

In an interval before lunch next day His Highness invited me to a chat on the deck. We were not, he said, just out for a holiday. They had decided on a tour of Java and Bali so as to get a first-hand idea of the influence of Indian culture in the Far East, and to gather information on agriculture, medicine, and other matters that might be helpful to the people of the State. The establishment of a State University was still in its anticipatory stages. His Highness had, I perceived, a compendious view of it in mind. I emphasised the essential place of the creative impulse, as expressed at its highest in the arts and crafts, in a complete education. At later pre-lunch intervals their Highnesses discussed the matter with me; and Her Highness, half facetiously and whole seriously, constituted us as an unofficial research group of the future Travancore University on field service for arts and crafts and other things, with myself as prowling executive for objects of art, subject to approval.

When we touched at the little Dutch-governed island of Sabang, north-west of Sumatra, Their Highnesses were welcomed by the Assistant Resident and the steamer's agent, who escorted them to cars for a drive round the island. His Highness gave close attention to the structure of wooden houses, on which I was required to make memoranda and rough sketches in a notebook that happily I had in my pocket by intuition and that before long became an institution. At one point Her Highness asked us to pass on and amuse ourselves while she pursued research on her own account. From a distance, behind hedges, we watched the great little mother of kings smile her way into the confidence of a cottage mother who was inserting some substance into the appropriate orifice in the face of a child. At the conclusion of the operation, the Indian Maharani took the Sumatran child in her arms; and after some dandling and cooing rejoined us with

the academical importance of one who was prepared to present a thesis on "The Care of Children in the Netherlands East Indies."

At sunrise next morning we were at the port of Belawen on the mainland of Sumatra, and after breakfast were escorted by officials to the town of Medan, 25 miles distant. Somewhere on the way the woman in the Maharani succumbed to a fruit and vegetable market, and headed a procession in and out through the stalls while she annexed every kind of fleshless eatable to be sent to the ship. "Agricultural research?" I asked. "Doctor, don't you think the cook would like to have some new and fresh things to try?" The said cook was not of the ship. We had brought our own kitchen staff. The bill was passed to the tour officer with commands to pay and follow. Paying was easy; not so following. There were "nine and sixty ways" or less of getting disentangled from the big market, and each way was crammed with humans, animals and equipages. Enquiries in a number of languages failed to discover the route we should take. Unlike Colombo, identity was unsuspected, and a car among other cars was just a car. We found the road to Medan; but when it broke into distributaries, right, left and centre, we decided that we were lost, or else Their Highnesses were, and that we should return to the ship and organise a search party. At ten minutes before sailing-time the lost party returned. Somewhere on the way His Highness had caught sight of a Hindu temple, and desired to offer puja. To their surprise they were recognised and welcomed with great joy. When news of the Temple-entry Proclamation came by cable, the temple was immediately thrown open to all castes and outcastes. And here was the liberator with them: a great day. But his brother the Elayaraja was with us.

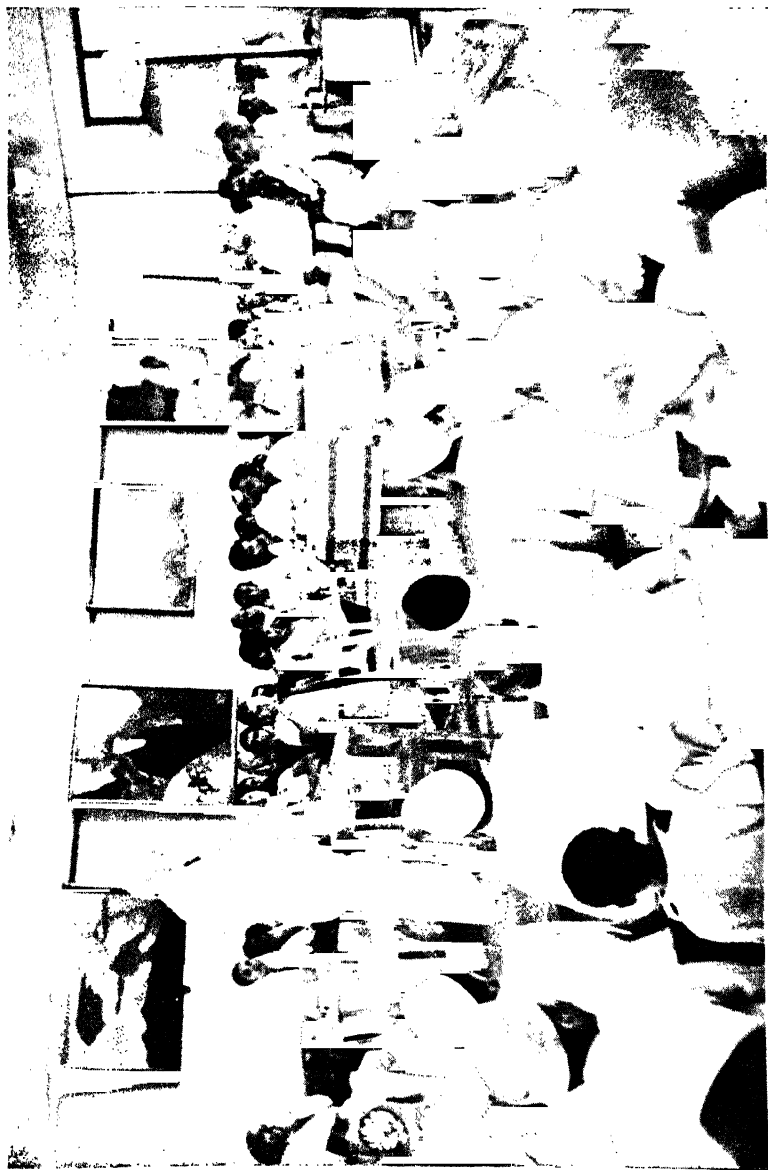
Singapore next day repeated Colombo, but more liturgically. Wireless messages had indicated an elaborate welcome; but His Highness requested friendly simplicity. The local idea of simplicity was many thousands of people along the edges of the docks to a decorated goods shed, where a Sikh Police Band played more or less Indian airs. Deputations came on board, but His Highness asked them to wait until the other passengers had

landed. He was led to the goods shed under three ceremonial umbrellas from a local temple. A group of girls sang Indian songs. Speeches were made that could not be heard through the noise of the vast happy crowd. I was cut off, swallowed up, jostled, solidified and winded. The platform was unattainable to me ; so I squirmed my way back to the entrance, and found the second of three cars, and waited.

Singapore presented the same shopping temptations as Colombo, and these were duly yielded to, and another cargo left for collection on the way back. A call at a Confucian-Buddhist shrine brought us our fortunes, which were all very good, as all fortunes should be. There were also objects more or less of art, and certain of these made the beginnings of a Far Eastern collection for the future University of Travancore. The only rest from noon to 6.30 was in a small refreshment room in a side street, away from crowds, where Their Highnesses enjoyed tea and such suitable etceteras as were available, in the company of the man in the street.

We were alongside the harbour of Batavia at 7 on the morning of May 6. Officials, pressmen and cameras greeted the party ; also two tall Dutchmen who first found me, and introduced themselves as Van Leeuwen and Meertens, whom I had put on the *qui vive* before I knew I would be one of the party. I introduced them, and they offered their suggestions for sight-seeing. Cars were all in order. The local Thomas Cook, Michael, was as rotund as "decline-and-fall" Gibbon, and his chief guide, Johannes, was as tall as his master wasn't. At 9 that night, after conspiratorial whispers, a figurine that I knew entered the car. I was motioned to take the place beside her. "Now Johannes, His Highness and the Prince are asleep. Take us to Chinatown." The car ambled through ultimately narrow streets that we knew from perpendicular signs and high cheek-bones were the ways of Chinatown.

On the advice of Van Leeuwen we made our first place of visitation next morning the new Museum of Archaeology of the Netherlands East Indies, in order to get a synthetical view of Javanese and Balinese art and its relationship to India. To our



7. ART ADVISER WITH ARTISTS, AHMEDABAD



surprise and pleasure we were met by Dr. Stutterheim, the Director of Archaeology, whose book on Indian influences in Balinese art I had read to Their Highnesses during the voyage. Under his guidance a University study in comparative archaeology and art began. Her Highness was the chief student. I made notes. The Maharaja and the Elayaraja made researches of their own, they being enthusiastic photographers.

At the end of two hours Her Highness gravitated to her sons and I to the Archaeologist. He put his hand to his head and said: "In all my life I have never had so many acute questions asked or so much information given me on my own profession as in the past two hours with that little lady." It occurred to me that it would be good for him and pleasant for Their Highnesses if he could visit Travancore. I brought them together on the point. Her Highness remembered that the session of the All-India Oriental Conference would be in Trivandrum in December. He remembered that he would be free to make a tour in that month. All that was wanted was the Governor-General's consent. I was deputed to secure this.

After a well-earned lunch and rest in the big hotel I was told that I would dine out. My bones gave the response of Chinatown, and they were quite right. At 8 Her Highness appeared in certain aspects of her wardrobe that came to be referred to as her "infra digs." This time we went to a common or garden Chinese restaurant, on the upper veranda of which, in a corner overlooking a not too tidy or ornamental space of nocturnal entertainment, there were signs of preparation for guests that suggested a conspiracy between Johannes and John Chinaman.

After a dinner of noodles and squashed beans and all sizes of mushrooms in all kinds of cookery, that reminded me of a day with Greta in Shanghai, "Now, Johanes," said Her Highness, "find a drama. No, not a movie. Not a modern drama, but as indigenous as it can be. The language doesn't matter." Three seats were found in a small crude theatre packed with people. From 9.30 to after 11 Her Highness immersed herself in a Malay social story which Johannes translated for her and I overheard. We got back to the hotel at midnight.



The rhythm of the tour of Java began next morning. Before dawn, baggage, except an overnight valise, was spirited away in a big motor wagon. Domestics followed. At 9.30 Their Highnesses boarded the front car with Johannes as pilot. The Prince and I with the tour officer (P.G.N. Unnithan) in the second car. Certain of the staff followed : the rest were left at Batavia to await a call. We were at the beginning of a series of drives from point to point from Batavia in the west to Soerabaia in the east, 700 miles or thereabouts. I had to travel for quite a number of hours with a royal youth who at 15 was not likely to have opinions on occultism, religion, art, philosophy or science. From my side of the preliminary silence on our first stage I could not abuse my position as a guest with the improving conversation of a schoolmaster. When we cleared the distractions of Batavia, and got on to the relatively quiet road to Buitenzorg, and observed that it might be anywhere in Travancore, the Prince apparently determined to ascertain what he was in for. "Doctor," he said, "have you ever heard the story of . . . ?" Fortunately I had the good sense to tell the truth and own that I hadn't. Fortunately also my mind projected a parallel. "Good!" he exclaimed, "and that reminds me. . . ." And so we went on for the hour-and-a-half's fast drive to the Governmental capital of the island. In the afternoon the Governor-General gave a reception. The formal part of the reception was gone through in a large squarish room that impressed one with the necessity of being very polite. Tea over, the party repaired to another room, where groups broke up and waved about. Shortly I was in conversation with His Excellency, and got in a request for permission for the Director of Archaeology to represent the Dutch East Indies at the Oriental Conference at Trivandrum. I told him I knew His Highness would be delighted to extend the hospitality of the State to the Director, and put him in the way of valuable information concerning the relationships between the Netherlands East Indies and south-west India two centuries previously. His Excellency warmly approved of my suggestion, and promised his sanction when the matter reached him through the Department. And so it came to pass.

An officer of the Forest Research Department had a mutually informing talk with Their Highnesses in the evening on appropriate matters. It happened that the Forest Officer was also a member of the Theosophical Society, and that the local Lodge was going to celebrate the day of the passing of one of its founders, Madame Blavatsky. So I, an Irishman, was graciously permitted by a Indian Maharaja, to give an extemporaneous address in English on the life of a Russian noblewoman to an all-Dutch audience on an island inhabited by Mohammedans. The first Object of the Society ("without distinction of creed . . . etc.") was at work.

Research on the second day in Buitenzorg was strictly scientific. Two admirably explanatory officials took us over the Government Botanical Gardens; and my note-book received many valuable memoranda, such as the botanical name of some herb that would remove the cancer-giving tendency in tobacco. Her Highness remembered that many cases of mouth cancer from tobacco chewing were in the hospitals of the State. She had every grade of the people in her sympathetic mind.

We knew that we were in Java; but if anyone had dropped in at Bandoeng blindfolded and been asked to guess where he was, he would, bandage removed, have said "Amsterdam or Rotterdam," with natives in white jackets and striped lungis (skirts) perhaps connected with an international exhibition and in some mysterious way raising the temperature. The Hotel Preanger was a long straight-lined affair that seemed to have tried to be some kind of modernistic architecture, and had got discouraged when it looked at itself. On the other side of the street there was a row of shops on which a heavy though white superstructure bore down with a determination to squeeze the life out of the vague-eyed creature below it, and after an attempt to be the upper deck of an ocean freighter had conceived the idea of shape-changing what might have become a navigation bridge into an electrical transforming station.

Our central objective next day (May 11) was the complex of volcanoes known as the Tangkoeban Prahoe (overturned boat) a short drive from Bandoeng. On the way the party was shown

over the Observatory. Their Highnesses showed an unexpectedly keen interest in models, slides and diagrams of sun-spots, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Her Highness was not satisfied with the second-hand information that the big telescope could be moved up and down a meridian. She did it. I asked, with intent, how the east to west movement of the heavens was observed. The Director indicated a revolving movement of the dome by the turning of a wheel. Whereupon Her Highness took the "wheel of the world" (Swinburne), and in a few minutes carried us round a segment of space that, if the movement of the dome were produced to somewhere on this side of infinity, would work out at many times the usual thousand miles an hour at which dwellers on and about the equator go round with it without feeling anything the worse.

At 10.30 we were at the end of the motor road on the lower edge of the Prahoe, at 6,000 feet altitude. We got the "here-after" smell of sulphur before we looked down at two gigantic eyes far below us, baleful, watchful, drawn back into infernal memories, glistening with lurid possibilities from which came fumes that at a particular strength were deadly. Within the bounding line of the Prahoe, which rose to 15,000 feet, were other exits for the stupendous energies of the fire-God, Agni, that were somewhere, and not too far, under our feet. And beyond these, in two dimly seen ranges against the cloudless sky, were volcanic peaks, two of which bore names that told of the tidal waves of human history that had moved across the island after their arrival from India—Goentoer (Guntur) Peak and Malabar Peak.

From the car we had to walk some distance to get a full view of the two craters. Escorting officials explained the manners and customs of volcanoes. Happily there was no apparatus for inducing one to erupt even for William James' No. 1 Pragmatist. But it was discovered that there was a path along the ridge between Ratoe and Oepas from which, if one so desired, one could stumble to perdition. Her Highness earnestly desired to see one crater with one eye and the other with the other. She and the Prince were transported on chairs along the broken way.

His Highness walked as briskly as geology permitted, I behind him; and something in the circumstances impelled him to song in a clear, strong baritone, and in his mother-tongue, Malayalam. On our way back Their Highnesses were received with Javanese songs by students of a training school, run, with a number of others elsewhere in the island, by a large educational group of Theosophists, honorarily supervised by Van Leeuwen.

The British Consul's Reception on the Coronation of King George drew Their Highnesses back to Batavia. As young Princes cannot be left strewed about without someone to be of service to them, it became my duty to shed as many years as I could manage, and become companion to the Elayaraj. After breakfast we, which included the tour officer, started out on an impromptu adventure, which took in alluring shops of all sorts and a flying-field. The afternoon went in cards, one of my pet detestations, perhaps because I had had it rubbed into me by my parents that cards had some subtle relationship with the Devil and the "bad place" as an eternal abode for card-players. I succumbed to the royal lad's smiled request, and by the time we had to go to the station to meet Their Highnesses we had played through the Prince's repertoire of various table games, and I had acquired a second reputation (the first being that of a receptacle of jokes) as a performer with cards, balls, horses, snakes and ladders. Games were interspersed with stories (not jokes, they were sacred to the hours between places), and readings from books, and the day was voted by the Prince a success.

Next morning we visited a Technological University (a College of Civil Engineering). My note was of a model of one means of circumventing floods and droughts. From mechanical research the group moved on to a visit to the School of Domestic Science for Javanese and Sundanese Girls. Here the Mother-research department was very busy. The Maharaja and his heir apparent were polite spectators. I came in useful as a note-book. As a wind-up we were treated to a fruit-drink freshly made for the visit. Sometime after our return to Trivandrum I was invited to refreshments at Koudiar Palace. An unannounced

beverage appeared. I was given three guesses as to what it was. I guessed "Bandoeng" first try. I was given a prize of a second glass.

After dinner the Regent (formerly equivalent to Raja) gave a reception to the Travancore party. The Regent, past middle age, in flowing garments and turban, made a patriarchal President of a crowded gathering in the big hall on the upper floor of his mansion. Entertainment included Sundanese music, and dances by Sundanese girls.

In an interval I asked the Manager of the Hotel as to the origin of two plaster casts let into the walls of one of the public rooms, that I recognised as being in affinity with reliefs on the Borobudur of which I had seen photographs in my studies of oriental architecture and sculpture. The casts, I was told, had been made for an exhibition of Javanese art in connection with the Jubilee of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. No other casts had been made; none were obtainable anywhere. But I registered a private vow to do all that a mortal could to get two similar casts for Travancore. And I did, and more.

After dinner there was a demonstration of the Wayang Golek (*wayang*, dance; *golek*, doll) by an expert sent to the hotel by the Regent. The wayang golek is a species of Punch and Judy performance with small dressed figures, jointed at shoulder and elbows, and operated by rods to the hands of the puppet. The reciter in a chant accompanied by a band of zyllophones and gongs puts a puppet in each of his hands through movements approximating to the story. The stories are from the Indian epics, the "Mahabharata" and the "Ramayana." The language is a mixture of transformed Sanskrit and Malay. The puppets had apparently passed through an ultra-Indian genius (Mongolian, Mongoloid, Polynesian, or all together) and been imaginatively recreated in profiles, head-dresses and adornments in which the classical Aryan and Dravidian deities and heroes would not have recognised themselves. Before late dinner Her Highness had become efficient in operating the wayang golek, an accomplishment which I added mentally to memorising Sundanese fruit-drink and turning the earth on its axis.

Our next stage on the pilgrimage was Garoet, 63 kilometres east and 2400 feet up, an elevation and climate that produced great trees, luxurious flowers and brilliant birds. On arrival at the hotel Her Highness asked me if this was not the last place at which the *Wayang Golek* could be seen. This being found to be so, Johannes was sent in a car to scour the country for a troupe that could come immediately to the hotel. After lunch the capacious lounge of the hotel was cleared, and a party from a village eight miles away set out on the floor with all paraphernalia. For two hours they delineated arguments leading to fights between Pauranic heroes who were alleged to have been born and reared in Java, not India. All the residents in the hotel saw the enjoyed the performance. Their Highnesses manipulated Krishna and Arjuna in their Golek incarnations.

Sunday, May 16 (1937) was another volcanic day. At 5,000 feet elevation we came on the crater, Kawa Kamodjan, with its attendant springs of boiling mud and water, and their persistent hint, in the midst of beautiful landscape, of stupendous powers so near and so active that one never knew. For material for a Travancore Research thesis on the action of volcanic springs on walking-sticks, I put one (borrowed) into a seething pool. No sooner had I inserted the stick in the pool of squirming mud, for which the term boiling is much too frigid, than I had to withdraw it and throw it aside to save it and my hand from incineration. On the edge of the volcanic area one of Her Highness' sandals tore the edge of her sari. Johannes was despatched to a cottage some distance away in search of a needle and thread. He returned with the only materials available this side of nothing—a packing-needle and a length of thinnish twine. Johannes threaded the needle, and Her Highness proceeded to stitch the rent. She stood on an elevation with the steam of the volcanic springs as a background. The picture of the Maharani Setu Parvati Bayi of Travancore mending the hem of her sari on the steaming edge of a volcano was too much for me. I shouted for the Prince to come urgently with his camera. He was quick enough to get a snapshot of an event unique in the history of the world; while the Maharaja followed leisurely indulging what

I perceived to have become a habit; singing Malayalam songs to volcanoes.

After lunch I selected pieces of celadon and other kinds of choice porcelain for the University art-collection in the shop attached to the hotel. Afternoon tea with Their Highnesses was followed by conversation that stretched from 4 to 7, and ranged from cosmic ideas and occult happenings to the favourite topic of future education in Travancore. Our next stop was Wonosobo for the Dieng Plateau. The Government placed a special carriage at the disposal of Their Highnesses for rail transit to the intermediate station of Kroja. While we were breakfasting in the train our cars came from Garoet, and took us to Wonosobo at 2,800 feet. Thunder and rain made outdoor adventures impossible. In any event a rest was indicated for all concerned.

Next morning we started in the cars for the Dieng Plateau where, at 6,500 feet, the most remarkable ruins of an ancient Hindu temple centre were in a fair state of preservation. The temples, on one side of what had been a crater-complex, were places of pilgrimage at the beginning of the tenth century, and their origin must have been much earlier in order to have attained such veneration. A large town had to be abandoned because of volcanic action; so had the temples. Gaps had been shaken in the walls of the temples; yet so fine was the craftsmanship of the builders that the temples had preserved their forms through many centuries of seismic shakings. Though the temples gave the name of the Home of the Gods (Dihyang) to the plateau, they were not dedicated to the major Hindu deities, but to the heroic figures of the Pauranic tales, Arjuna and others. The only deific images in the group were those of Vishnu, Shiva and Brahma, in relief, on the north, east and south outer walls of the Subadhra temple. The second in the group remains in my memory with special vividness. It was the most rickety looking of the five, and had been so well shaken that its once elaborately sculptured roof had been toppled to the ground and absorbed into the surrounding swamp. At the word of destiny, "Now, Doctor," I doffed my topee, bent myself in two, and entered the low door. Inside it was all but dark.

After a few minutes our eyes grew accustomed to the semi-light ; and in awe at being in the long-deserted holy place, on the edge of stupendous volcanic history and possibilities, thousands of miles and hundreds of years away from its original inspiration, yet so intimate and authentic in its embodiment of the Hindu idealism in symbol and observance, of which Her Highness was a lineal exponent and His Highness a hereditary guardian and its most heroic and famous contemporary leader, we could only whisper solemnly and reverently our feelings, and the assurance that, though the outer things of religion decayed and perished, the universal life and the spirit remained. From the Dieng group we went, some of the party on ponies that had been rounded up, to the crater, Kawa Sri Kidang, and so to lunch. After tea Their Highnesses felt inclined for repose, and I also did. A recital of poetry was called for. A chair was placed for me ; Her Highness lay out on her cot ; the Maharaja and the Elayaraja squatted on the carpeted floor. I was asked for something by the American poetess Nathalia Crane about whom I had spoken to them in causal conversation. I had to fall back on memory, and was surprised to find how much I remembered, without having remembered that I remembered it. And I had to say some of my own verses.

Next morning I looked in on Their Highnesses for commands for the day. They were at breakfast, but I was called in ; and before long we were in a discussion on the relationship of education to the organisation of humanity. His Highness shared in the mental give-and-take with animation. The play of informed intelligence and practical idealism on his side, and of intellectual dynamism and sagacity on his mother's, was most stimulating. After an hour His Highness withdrew to duties, and Her Highness continued the talk till 11.45, almost four hours of sustained serious mental exercise.

In the afternoon Dr. Stutterheim and Den Heer Meertens arrived from Batavia as guests of His Highness ; a happy outcome of a suggestion I had made with the idea of having two scholars of the renowned and unique Borobudur with the party when it reached the central point in the pilgrimage on the morrow.



We were early astir next morning (May 20) as the day promised much exciting activity between Wonosobo at one end Jockjakarta at the other, with the Borobudur and other places between. Travancore moved leisurely along the receding galleries of the Borobudur, realising both the imagination and skill of the eighth century artificers who created it. Pauses were made to admire and discuss certain of the thirteen hundred panels telling in stone in high relief of the former lives of the Buddha. From the fourth gallery we emerged on the circular crown of the great building. This consists of three concentric storeys carrying hollow perforated bell-like chambers for figures of the Buddha. The first row of chambers numbered 32, the second 24, the third 16, three multiples of 8, the Eightfold Path.

After the Borobudur, came the Chandi Mendut of the late eighth century. Special attention was given to the Buddha figure, seated, not squatting, a majestic embodiment of the Jagatguru (World Teacher).

A three-day visit to Jockjakarta began with shopping and a series of interviews over the programme of the birthday celebration of the Prophet. Dr. Stutterheim and I had to find ways and means of meeting an unanticipated regulation that European occupants of the official seats directly in front of the Sultan (and this in the forenoon) must wear evening dress. Luckily my dress suit was at hand, and, despite disparity in the dimensions of the Nietzschean "big blonde beast" and the shortish and not too stout Irishman, had to do its best to allow Dr. Stutterheim to do his duty as attendant on the Maharaja.

But the day before the celebration there came a three-hours inspection of the Hindu temples of Prambanan and the Buddhist Kalasan. The extraordinary artistic power that went into the creation of the religious monuments of Java is felt with special response in the Prambanan group, not far from the Borobudur. Rulership had passed, in 860 A.D., from a Buddhist to a Hindu dynasty; and with a restored Hinduism, of which Shiva was the central embodiment, came apparently a strong impulse to rear places of worship in the grand manner of the Borobudur. Within

a square enclosure 156 miniature shrines, many now missing, made what must have been a remarkably impressive environment for the central group of great shrines to Shiva, flanked by Brahma and Vishnu. Panels from the "Ramayana" and others from the life of Krishna had been placed around the temples, but many had disappeared. The figure that claimed most attention because of its intimate relationship with Travancore was that of the Rishi Agastya, called in Java Shiva-Guru. The ancient and still continued worship in Travancore of the legendary originator of South Indian culture, placed alongside the widespread cult of Agastya in Java, excited Their Highnesses, not to mention myself, with the indication of the cultural influence of India beyond its own borders for many centuries. I selected two images, of Surya and Shiva, in the hope that plaster casts could be made from them, as well as two from the Borobudur, for inclusion in the Travancore collection in Trivandrum. My hope was duly fulfilled. Extensive restoration of the Prambanan shrines was being done under the direction of Dr. Stutterheim.

From Prambanan we went a short distance westward to Chandi Kalasan, dedicated in A. D. 778 to the feminine Buddhist personage, Tara. Scholars regard it as the oldest Buddhist shrine in Java.

In the afternoon the Travancore party went shopping. We threaded our way in Indian file along side-walks crowded by people in anticipation of the great fair that annually was held in an open space beside the Sultan's palace on the birthday eve. Her Highness' enjoyment of free movement jostling among simple humanity was infectious. She too must go to the fair. Her Highness steered the procession from amidships, Johannes in front, Stutterheim and I, somewhat asymmetrically in height and girth, brought up the rear. We moved as Her Highness was attracted by the curious and varied ways in which men and women and children, all Javanese and all Mohammedan, amused themselves in honour of the birth of the founder of the religion that their ancestors had taken over from their Arab conquerors and had retained through the subsequent Dutch conquest of the island. Booths and their alluring contents were examined.

Children were smiled at and tickled under the chin. Music of a special kind caught Her Highness' ear, and Johannes was steered in its direction. After zig-zags through ever thickening crowds we were more or less carried into an enclosure. "Doctor, do you know where you are?" "Far from home, Your Highness, and, I think, inside a mosque." (Pause) "Doctor, do you know what is happening?" "If I am hearing properly, Your Highness, music is being played, not outside a mosque, which in India would lead to riots, but inside one, and what it leads to is beyond the Celtic imagination." We got as close as we could to the music, and learned it was by the Sultan's own gamelan band. Her Highness, a good player on the vina and well versed in Indian music was much pleased at hearing Javanese music at its finest. On the way back to the hotel she gave me the duty of acquiring the best available gramophone records of the gamelan.

All were astir by daybreak next morning (May 22, 1937) for the celebration of the Prophet's birthday. I had not only to dress myself in the permitted silk suit but to help to insert Stutterheim in my very inadequate dress suit. Happily he yielded sufficiently at all points to give nothing more than the impression that he had been, as the word was in America, slenderising; and we could only pray that no occasion for quick movement or deep breathing would arise. He got off safely with His Highness in a special car for preliminary introductions to the Sultan and the Governor. A second car took Her Highness, escorted by two Dutch ladies. The Prince, escorted by a Dutch aide-de-camp, with the tour officer and myself, followed, and joined the Maharani in the special enclosure.

The Sultan and the Dutch Governor entered the Durbar enclosure arm in arm, to make quite sure that neither would steal a march on the other. The spectacle of the function was provided by the "army" in uniforms that suggested "battles long ago" on the frontiers of Flanders and the coast of the Zuyder Zee. According to the aide-de-camp who stood outside our enclosure, an attempt to throw off Dutch rule some centuries ago had been defeated, and one of the penalties imposed was that, while the subjugated Sultan might have an army for ceremonial

purposes, it would be rendered incapable of harm by having to retain its equipment as it was at the time of the rebellion.

But the item of the procession that struck the Travancore mind was a succession of women carrying objects that seemed to be familiar. "Doctor, do you see anything?" "Unless my eyes deceive me, Your Highness, I see a hamsa (swan) and a Ganapati (Ganesh), and a peacock." "And what is that on the shoulders of two men?" A long pole was carried between them: "The trisula (trident) of Shiva." I asked the aide-de-camp what the objects meant. They were the "sacred family heirlooms" of the Sultan's household. That was all he knew about what to us were relics and evidences of the era of India's cultural influence.

The toasting of the memory of the Prophet ended the celebration. When Dr. Stutterheim and I got back to the hotel, the extraction of him from my saturated dress suit was even more exacting than the insertion.

The research department in arts and crafts had a crowded session from 8.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. on May 23. A batik factory was visited, and the process of designing and dyeing demonstrated. Beautifully artistic fabrics had been raised from former small beginnings to the rank of a national industry. A drive of fifteen miles took the party to the village of Nanggoelan which had been organised as a centre of village arts and crafts. All sorts of hand-made and hand-worked implements were set out and operated in the open. Every stage from the making of plant fibres to the finished product was shown and examined. The co-operative organisation of the villagers, men and women, brought about a spirit of mutuality of work and economic comfort that greatly gratified the visitors and gave them ideas some of which went into my note-book.

In the evening, in honour of the Maharaja's visit, the Sultanate gave a performance of the Wayang Orang (human dance, as distinct from the shadow dance and the doll dance). This was in the hall of Old Javanese and Balinese Arts. The performance of two hours depicted scenes from the Puranas, in

which Yudhisthira, Arjuna and Bhima appeared. It was an evening of aesthetical joy, the dancing and gamelin being of the highest quality.

The Travancore party was at Soerakarta (Solo) in time for lunch next day, May 24. The Sultanate was divided between the Soesoehoenan (sometimes shortened to Sunan, one who is revered) who ruled over three million subjects, and the Mangkoenagoro who ruled over one million. Their Highnesses were received for a short informal Wayang performance at the palace (Mangkoenagaran, *nagar*, city) in the late afternoon. In the Sultanates of Jockja and Solo the ancient classical culture had been preserved as free as possible from extraneous influences. In Solo it was said to have been kept at its purest in the wayang. The Mangkoenagoro was himself well trained and versed in the dance. He was a well set up man of middle age, dignified but brisk and intelligent.

After dinner the party were at the Kraton (palace) of the Soenan. The Sultan, then seventy and forty-five years in his rulership, received Travancore very warmly in the big durbar hall. This, with its carved wooden pillars supporting wide ceilings, and marble floor that reflected elaborate hanging electroliers, was a brilliant spectacle. The Soenan was in ceremonial dress, western jacket and vest, batik sarong (skirt), Javanese turban. The Maharaja and his mother were seated right and left of the Sultan and his consort. Along the sides of the platform rows of ornamental chairs were occupied, on one side by Javanese ladies, on the other by Javanese gentlemen, all dressed in quiet picturesqueness. These were, I was told, members of the numerous family of our host and his wives.

The visitors from India were entertained by performances of the Wayang Wong (also Orang), with everything at the highest level—dance, gamelan and costuming in a flawless collaboration of posture, gesture, movement and design, shaped by the idealistic imagination of India in her immortal epics, yet in both the masculine and *serimpi* (feminine) dancers dressed with etceteras like the curl-up on a Chinese roof. Delicious refreshments were served, and the visitors, including myself, shown over as much of

the kraton as could be seen by outsiders; all clean, tidy and keenly artistic.

Back in the hotel, the Maharaja and the Prince disappeared to their bedrooms in the twinkling of an eye. But Her Highness' mind was too busy after what we had been through for immediate retirement, and I was put on duty to share in coffee and conversation in the lounge until an invisible curtain began to fall. The topics of the additional function (as I find in my note-book) included: monogamy in one palace (Mongkoenagaran) and polygamy in another, and happiness in both; palatial furnishing; the difference in the Wayang and Kathakali presentation of similar themes; the place of dance in education; varieties of instrumental music—and inside my head a private dissertation on the extraordinary vigour of a mind that could move from subject to subject with grasp of details and speculative initiative that would fill half a dozen University chairs: and I perishing for sleep. "Now, Doctor" came at 12.30; not a minute too soon; and I dragged myself to my room while she stepped lightly towards her's as if it was 8 o'clock of a fresh day.

At 9 next morning the Soenan, with fine hospitality, sent his own cars to take the Travancore party to the Summer Palace some miles from Solo. Princes and Princesses accompanied in other cars. The great crater, Merapi, a chronic smoker, felt uncomfortably near. Their Highnesses entered into the friendliness of the occasion; as also did the little Prince, who received, in addition to the respect of station, the cordiality of response to well-mannered, bright-minded, and pleasantly disposed youth. On the way back to the hotel a visit was paid to the Sultan's Museum which contained a collection of every detail of the various phases of the Wayang: between which and the Kathakali of Travancore there was much material for study in similarities and variations, and another (noted) research thesis for the future University of Travancore.

The evening was crowded with aesthetical pleasure. All barriers of precedent had fallen. The Mangkoenagoro devoted himself to the entertainment and information of Their Highnesses with understanding and capacity that amounted to social and artistic

genius. For the evening he had arranged a performance of the Wayang Kulit (shadow play). A full performance begins at sunset and ends at sunrise. But for shorter performances, which do not carry the traditional ritualistic significances of the major performances, incidents are chosen to occupy a certain time. The story is chanted in Sanskrit by a celebrant (*dalaing*), who manipulates figures as in the Wayang Golek. But the kulit figures are cut in hide, punched in spots, lines and designs. These are held by the *dalaing* near a screen, and their shadows are thrown on the screen by a lamp above and behind him. The gamelan players are grouped behind him; and the audience is seated on the floor on the other side of the screen, aware only of the shadow, voice and accompaniment. But the Indian visitors were much too interested in the technique of the play to remain outside. Details behind the scenes had to be examined: my note-book and memory were busy. After the performance the host took the guests, accompanied by his pretty, intelligent and vivacious wife, Ratoe Timoer, over the Palace, and showed them with justified pride the works of oriental art that they had attracted around them, not only for the gratification of the sense of ownership but for the high happiness of sharing beauty with others.

We were back at the Mangkoenagaran at 10 next morning. Day made a change in the ensemble: light was everywhere. The floor of the durbar hall, long and broad and of polished marble, entered the eye with a sense of almost tremendous stability. Long, broad steps, also of polished dark marble, led up to it; the electroliers gazed at themselves in its mirroring surface; the furniture was duplicated in reverse. Excerpts from the repertoire of the Palace dancers were performed on the marble floor. The Maharaja indicated sections of which he wished to take cinema photographs in colour. These were mentally noted by the host, and afterwards repeated in full sunlight, a sweltering performance, but mercifully short.

Photography being finished, objects of art not seen on the previous visit were examined. Hindu and Buddhist images were arranged with respect and taste indoors and outdoors. A set of

figures for the shadow play was much admired. I learned that it could be acquired for a museum, and obtained authority to do so. Months later I installed half of it in the Java-Bali Annexe of Trivandrum Museum; the other half was stored for the study of research scholars in the future Travancore University.

We started after lunch on a six-hours drive to Madioen for a night's stop-over on the way to the next stage. After dinner Her Highness had a drama hunted up; but it was too poor for a full stay. Next morning (May 27) we were off too Poedjon at 4,200 feet, for the ruins of Singosari. Little was left of this, the farthest east extension of Indian influence on the island of Java. The last king of Singosari had been killed about 1290. What time had not done to the temple vandalism had fairly well completed. Their Highnesses visited Lawang Mental Asylum next forenoon. They did not think such a place desirable for a sensitive lad to see; so they left the Prince once more in my care. The alternative was very pleasant. Up the side of Ardjoena (Arjuna) Peak, there was, I knew, the home of a retired Dutchman who was a member of the Theosophical Society, Den Heer Van Thiel. I searched it out. Father, mother and a daughter were at home; and what a lovely home! though completely western in build and furnishing, save for some adaptation to climate and some recognition of indigenous art. A cordial conversation, a cup of tea, a visit to their small Liberal Catholic Church, much friendship to the little Indian Prince, and the drive to and fro through delightful scenery, filled the morning very happily. Their Highnesses returned full of information and ideas concerning an essential though happily not large aspect of the life of Travancore; and with their constant thought for the good of the people of the State, passed on a number of details to my note-book.

Our next stop was at Nongkodjadjar from which we were to ascend to the rim of the crater Bromo (Brahma) at 7,500 feet. I had promised myself a good rest before whatever was in front of or above us. But when we reached the hotel, May 29, Her Highness ordered all necessary arrangements for an immediate excursion to the crater. For this it was necessary to start at



2.45 next morning. The hotel was at the end of the wheel-road at 4,200 feet. I was all ready at 2.30 a.m. with coffee and toast inside. Her Highness, in all sorts of wrappings and chuckling with adventure, and the Prince, in riding suit, came out sharp at 2.45. The Maharaja was asleep: "too much like work on a holiday," he had said. Chairs were ready, with a long bamboo pole on each side, two men to each pole at front and rear, eight in all per passenger. The Prince and Johannes had a pony each.

Half moonlight made everything a dream of suggestive forms and colours as we went up at walk-pace through quiet villages and along forest tracks. At 7 a.m. we dropped through thick forest by a wriggly path, disturbingly steep down some 2,000 feet, the bearers puffing and grunting, the chairs staggering and bumping against stones and fallen branches, to the "Sand Sea." The flat floor was 10 miles long and 2 wide. Its soil was porous and occasional water from its margin of cliffs and surrounding volcanoes drained rapidly away. The flat bed of the Sand Sea made an ecstatic racing-ground for the Prince on his pony. He scampered for miles with Johannes at his tail, while we chaired it across the hard sand for half an hour to the foot of the inaccessible crater Batok, 500 feet higher than the Bromo, where the ashes and lava of former eruptions were like great waves that had fallen asleep after the last eruption six years previously. Some distance round the base of the Batok we came to the foot of 250 steps up the sloping side of Bromo cut in the lava and thoughtfully provided with a railing, to allow the foolhardy to get to the edge of the crater. Her Highness decided that we should see the worst before breakfast; and after considerable expenditure of energy, we were at the lip of Bromo at 8.30, 5½ hours almost constant going, yet only eight miles as the crow flies, if there were crows in the barren and treeless region.

A very short time at the lip of Bromo crater satisfied our infernal curiosity. The gigantic orifice of perpetual subterranean fire was about a quarter of a mile across and the same in depth to the steaming core almost sheer from the top step of the stairs. Sulphur fumes threatened dizziness, and dizziness might end

theology knows where. So a couple of snapshots satisfied the Prince ; and we went down to breakfast in a crude shed at the edge of the Sand Sea.

At breakfast the Maharani became *materfamilias* ; cut and served and joked, and looked a gipsy in sweater and tousled hair. We left Bromo foot at 10 for the hotel. Extra clothing was discarded in the sunshine ; we walked stretches, and were at the hotel at 2.45 p.m., just as rain came on.

A day of letter-writing and another of rest brought us near the end of our tour of Java and the beginning of some days on Bali island. We swapped impressions. We had seen Javanese scenery and Javanese waiters ; but, with the exception of formal entertainments whose p's and q's were strictly guided in correct ways, excepting also the palatial visits at Solo and Jockja, we had not come within megaphone distance of the indigenous Javanese spirit. We had yet to have a frank chat with a Javanese man or woman of the status of Srimati Sarojini Naidu or Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. If there was another class comparable to the teacher and lawyers and merchants of India, we had not yet come in contact with it.

Conversation after tea was as variegated as usual. We talked of music and ways of spreading it in the State ; of a scheme for having children's readers rewritten without subtle evil influences and suggestions ; of the raising of a true standard and understanding of womanhood instead of the general sex-attitude ; of a movement to encourage real pride of country without narrowness, and to instil ethical and moral ideas without being preachy. The re-telling of classical Indian stories in simple English, to be turned into Malayalam, was visualised. Her Highness specially wished for a new version of the "Ramayana" to be made omitting Rama's unworthy attitude to Sita. She condemned the inculcation of "wifely obedience" in the story, a natural attitude for one reared in the tradition of matriarchy. She believed that the original Valmiki version, which was only half of the present masculine elaboration, should be restored.

The symposium was continued next day. Psychic experiences were recounted. If events such as were recalled were foreknown

in some part of nature and the human consciousness, where did free will come in? That the individual will was conditioned by all sorts of things was obvious. All the same, the illusion of free will was necessary in order to stir some people to action. A remark of mine that man is ruthless and woman nearer life and its responsibilities, was challenged by Her Highness as extreme. She gave me a lecture to the effect that man and woman are 50-50; that phrases of differentiation mislead; and that human conditions will remain as nasty as they are until the will-to-motherhood is the free choice of womanhood, which implies all kinds of freedom, economic and otherwise.

On June 2 I was up with the dawn; the air was delicious, the birds were crazy. Their Highnesses and I wandered about for an hour under trees discussing the past and anticipating the future. They were delighted with the Dutch children in the hotel, sent with nurses from the big city of Soerabaya and elsewhere to escape summer heat. Suddenly Her Highness got the idea of giving the children a tea-party that afternoon, and had it all planned in a few minutes, with laughter over the fun of it as it developed in her imagination. An emissary was sent off in a car to a neighbouring town for a load of toys and dainties for prizes and treats.

The children's party went off famously from 4.30 to 6. There were 18 official invitees: a few mothers and a couple of fathers were admitted as possibly useful in an emergency. Sweets, ices, cakes, drinks, were plentiful, carefully graded to the digestive possibilities of the guests. Everybody got a gift at the hands of Her Highness; all Dutch, no Javanese except servants.

Two hours next morning took us to Soerabaya, our last stop in Java. Sea-level was very hot and humid. The finding of objects of art had developed a technique of approach. To enter a shop or collector's house in prosperous garments with an eager look was to bring the sun into a room of thermometers and expect them to stay at the normal level. So I became a mediocre saunterer from window to window; passed on with the look of a Philistine—and returned with the air of one who might be tempted with something quite cheap.

When I submitted my list of artistic possibilities at the hotel, I had to change into my respectables to accompany Her Highness for a view and decision. When we entered a shop the financial temperature got mixed; the thermometers badly wanted to rise, but could not get above the degrees on my list. Thus we managed, by the end of the tour, to send a dozen cases of Javanese, Balinese, Sumatran and Chinese works of art in metal, porcelain, wood and textiles to Trivandrum, to be admired by many thousands of visitors in the Museum Annexe.

The second day in Soerabaya (June 4) was given to general shopping, and an excursion by motor launch to Madeora Island, another of the transplanted names (Madura) that kept India in the front of the imagination. I was not permitted to accompany Their Highnesses on this escapade: indeed I was not aware of it until their somewhat bedraggled return. For reasons best known to themselves I was found to be in need of a day's rest.

I was left alone to my rest cure in my room after dinner. I got sufficiently far away from local excitements to be unaware that the party, excepting the Prince and myself, had gone out on personal nocturnal adventure. After reading, and catching flying ideas and lines for the mythological drama, I fell into a sound sleep. Some time after midnight I was awakened by a door opening and closing with as much stealthiness as a door can simulate at that time of night or morning. Feet also moved stealthily towards the Travancore end of the corridor, and I surmised that they were not the feet of conspirators of the ordinary run of detective stories. I slid out of bed and stood with my head just above the half-door of my room. I made no sign or sound; just stared with winkless, wide-open eyes across the corridor along which someone would pass in a moment if my surmise was correct. They passed, pussy-footed and crouching so as not to disturb the supposed sleeper. Suppressed exclamations and titters indicated that someone had seen something.

There were mutual confessions at breakfast next morning; on one side that all phases of life, well not quite all, should be seen, a principle which had led Their Highnesses, with the tour officer and Johannes to a night club and cabaret, and to

knowledge of the glittering and stuffy and noisy character of one aspect of life ; and on the other side an assurance that no ghost had walked, but only a Celt who could not resist a whimsy even in the small hours of the morning.

Next morning, after a coolish night in a small steamer, landed us at Boeileleng, the chief port of Bali Island on its northern coast. Dutch officials welcomed Their Highnesses. Here a new fleet of cars was in waiting, and the party started immediately for the chief town of Bali, Den Pasar (southern bazaar), by a road as similar to the roads of Travancore as the roads of Java had been. On the way a stop was made to see the cock-fighting that is the chief pastime of the inhabitants of this "earthly paradise." We had heard of good bathing at an ideal beach at Sanoer, four miles from the hotel, to which Their Highnesses commanded a visit with bathing suits for the staff, including those left at Batavia who had been wired for and had joined us on the steamer. While the entourage enjoyed themselves, Their Highnesses and I appreciated nature on the edge of the waters that spread in from the Pacific Ocean from beyond mountainous islands that bounded the horizon. In an interval Johannes came to land for a rest. A black-and-white pariah dog (one of the estimated five million that are said to protect the one million human inhabitants from evil spirits) came and sat beside him. The dog's back was towards me and I could not see his face ; but I knew by the tilt of his head that he was smiling at the Armenian. Out of the palms overhead a big hornbill, almost the size of the dog, made a circle and settled just beside the dog, making a trilogy of life that was unique and touching. I called hastily for the Prince and his ever ready camera, and the juxtaposition of animate nature was recorded.

Our local guide, a young man of princely lineage, got chairs from a house beyond the palms ; and while Their Highnesses reposed by the beach I followed a rumour of objects of art, and found a small museum of local crafts. The owner, a German, Herr Neuwhaus, greeted me, and gave me the information that his mother and brother and he had settled in Bali to be away from the turmoil of Europe. They collected authentic specimens

of indigenous art, and, if desired, sold them to real art-lovers. I apparently passed as such, for I was able to select for Travancore a number of pieces of old wood-carving and some new pieces in the raw material before being painted, blue-bodied Krishna, Vishnu on Garuda, and others, icons of a living faith that had existed on the island for twelve centuries.

I learned from Herr Neuwhaus that an effort they had made to interest local fisher-people and paddy-field workers in painting their own impressions of their life in their own way had been remarkably responded to. But there was no time then to follow this up as a hint that Their Highnesses were specially interested in the dance, and had troupes of their own at home, had caused a summons to be sent to a local group of dancers to give a recital to the eminent visitors.

As we sat on the row of chairs in the first of dusk, figure after figure slipped into a squatted position on the gently sloping sand above the water's edge, some carrying musical instruments. To the accompaniment of the gamelan a dance began, and, much to our surprise, the dancers remained squatted, and "danced" only with body and arms and hands. The spell of the deepening blue of the sky over the darkening mirror of the ocean; the ascending and descending *tinkle tinkle* of the xylophones, the mezzo sounds of the smaller gongs, and the deep *tong* of a large gong at the end of musical sentences; the rhythm of the dancers telling an ancient Indian story of deities and heroes that is fresh to every generation because it embodies realities of the unchanging life of the imagination and its response to the universal life; these solemnising influences of exquisite nature and art in perfect collaboration sent us home thrilling with deep and purifying happiness.

Next forenoon (June 7) in perfect weather the Travancore party made a short but full excursion to the "Elephant Cave" 15 miles from Den Pasar. There was much learned speculation as to what elephants wanted with a cave, when their tastes ran to jungles. Speculation was set at rest in the hush and darkness of the inside of the cave when we dimly saw the sculptured figure of Ganesha, the elephant-headed son of Shiva and Parvati, and

realised once again to what an extent the divinised imagination of India had spread over a cultural empire compared with which the empires of the past were parochial affairs.

We went by way of the Royal Tombs to a "sacred spring" of perpetual pure water that was channelled into various bathing-places. Groups of Balinese Hindus were expunging their sins. The pyramidal top and upturned edges of the Balinese four-storeyed gate appeared to have come along a line from or through the deflected Hindu architectural and sculptural forms of south-east Asia. We were engaged in examining this, when a young Balinese came out of a house on the roadside and desired to know who we were. I told him. He asked me to wait a moment. He returned with the message that the Regent of Gianjar would be happy if Their Highnesses and the Crown Prince would honour him with a call. The result of the short call was an invitation to dine with the Regent at his palace next night, and see a performance of the Topeng, a masked play on a quasi-historical theme.

In the morning (June 8) the Bali Museum was visited. Their Highnesses were shown over the small new collection of local art-objects by the Curator, Mr. Th. Resink, a brisk and informative young Dutchman whose heart was patently in the orient. I complimented him on having been given a lovely old building for the Museum. Whereupon he enlightened us on the subject of age and architecture in Bali. The building had been put up in 1917, a mere twenty years previously, after the Dutch conquest of the island. Its aged appearance was due to the fact that the only building material in Bali was a loose sand-stone that crumbled at the slightest provocation of wind and rain. So a building was old in 20 years. Rebuilding was therefore a constant necessity, a living continuous activity. There was no time to get blase on styles; it had begun so, and kept on being so.

Destiny arranged the afternoon by making the three-months birthday of a Balinese boy coincide with a free period in the Travancore programme, and by arranging that his father should be the driver of the car of Their Highnesses. Hence an invitation to the naming ceremony and an acceptance with the proviso that everything would be the same as usual.

The ceremony took place in a joint family compound surrounded by single-storeyed houses, crammed with relations that shaded off through every degree of affinity in a restricted environment to a fringe of neighbours, and given the touch of sub-humanity in cocks and hens that followed their desires among the feet of the audience without distinction of rank. The priest squatted on a platform with the paraphernalia of the occasion before him—bell, censer, sprinkler, scripture. These were familiar objects in south Indian Hindu ceremonial; but the priest's dress, especially the head-dress, belonged in its elaborateness to some other line of history than that of the white simplicity of India. The ritual (here Her Highness became mentor) was Indian; the language was intended to be Sanskrit. After the baby was named, sketchy refreshments were handed round.

We were at the Regent's palace, 15 miles off, at 7 p. m. all in our best finery, as was the Dutch Resident, without whom no function was complete, for various reasons. The Regent, a spare, middle-aged man, quiet and courteous, was as simply dressed as His Highness. After dinner (vegetarian for the guests), in a large auditorium more like a circus floor than a stage, we sat in a row of chairs along a balustrade, and saw the Topeng. The story was brought out by servants of the chief characters, all dressed as comics and playing up to the incongruity of their parts. The chief persons, Raja, Dewan and Dewan's wife (a male masked like the others) did not speak. A fourth character, a pretending doctor, spoke. An appalling story of human degradation and murder was played all through as a farce, much to the joy of the populace who were admitted to the outskirts of the arena.

After a day of rest (June 10) came an evening "Monkey-dance" at a village 13 miles out. This was based on the story of Hanuman and the monkey army in the "Ramayana." The dance was performed by 150 men lying all but bare-bodied, face up, their feet converging around a central space in which two leaders stood to command the contending armies into which the circle was halved. There was no music, instrumental or vocal. At the proper moment the monkey armies, with a crescendo of



rhythmical whisperings and jibberings and other simian sounds, sat up and made arm and hand signs with perfect unanimity. As the battle-fury arose, the monkey warriors danced to their feet and continued their rhythmical movements and monkey sounds. And so the conflict went from side to side until the army of Rama won the bloodless fight and the ring of dancers subsided back to recumbence and silence: if not the most aesthetical dance that Travancore had seen on tour, the most peculiarly impressive.

The forenoon of June 11, though showery, was given to a roundabout excursion. This included a temple in the compound of which we came upon a stone image that carried the art of India far afield in subject-matter: a Garuda six feet high on a four feet pedestal, worked out with remarkable realism as far as concerned the mythological character of the *vahanam* (vehicle) of Vishnu, and adorned with Balinese elaborateness.

Travancore saw its last Balinese dances at a village near-by next morning. The *legong* was danced by three little girls below eight years, in painted and gilded costumes from neck to feet, with elaborate head-dresses, ear-pieces and collars. The mites went through their parts with solemn concentration and almost mechanical skilfulness. No sign of youthful enjoyment was visible.

Then followed a witch-dance, in which an old woman (played by a man) had haunted the village, but was chased away by a sacred lion (played by two men in a skin that would have made a decent lion run away). The lower part of its mask moved up and down as it was operated by the performer in consonance with his roar, which was no more leonine than the human feet on which the lion danced viv-a-vis the witch. I was able to buy a lion's mask, a witch's mask, a complete outfit of the *legong* dance, to add to the Balinese Hindu priest's ceremonial outfit and paraphernalia, all for Trivandrum Museum Annexe.

On the morning of June 13 Her Highness asked me if I had got all I wanted for Trivandrum. Not all: I felt there were possibilities of Balinese paintings at Sanoer. I was hustled off in a car and got 16 by the paddy-workers and fisher people whom I have already mentioned. One thing Their Highnesses had heard

of but had not seen was a Balinese cremation. It happened in the last three hours of our last day. A person rich enough to have a full ceremonial exit had died. Lesser individuals whose bodies had been preserved near their former homes were by custom allowed to share in the proceedings free of expense. The Travancore cavalcade stopped in a crowded street to see the traditional sham fight between those who wanted to take the corpse, rolled up in a cloth, for cremation, and those who wanted to keep it in its former home. The fight was so enjoyed by the participants that, in the pulling between the rival groups, they scooped up water from the puddles of falling rain in the street, and cheerfully flung it over one another and the corpse. A large crowd had gathered at the burning-ground with much festivity. The chief corpse was inserted in the interior of a fabricated cow that stood on the second storey of a tower of sticks and branches. The minor corpses were in less adorned animals on one-storeyed tumbrils. At the appropriate moment the central fire was lit, and from it the minor fires received their kindlings. In a short time the place was dark and stifling as well as wet. Travancore returned to the hotel for last moment affairs; and left at 4.30 for the steamer at Boeleleng, with everybody smiling and satisfied at the appreciation and generosity of the Maharaja of Travancore.

After two days at Soerabaya gathering loose threads of shopping and information we took the night express from end to end of the island of Java, 700 miles, and were alongside the s. s. "Dempo" at Batavia at 8 a.m. on June 16. We crossed the equator at 1 in the afternoon of June 17. The traditional ceremony of ducking those who were crossing the line for the first time was witnessed from the Captain's bridge after tea with him.

A change of steamer at Singapore and a stop at Penang allowed gaps in shopping to be made up, and sights to be looked at. Colombo on June 23 repeated its crowded interest in the "young liberator." There was a Civic Reception with an address, refreshments and introductions. There was the same great crowd applauding at the station.

At 5.45 a.m. on June 25 (1937) the Royal Pilgrimage ended at Trivandrum Central Station, with red carpets, bowing officials and friends, and a salute of 21 guns to the returned Ruler. "Good morning, doctor," His Highness said: "See you again." There was a kind glance from the Maharani mother. A smile from the Elayaraja seemed to say that there were still some stories to be told. And there were.

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CHAPTER LIV

—AND AFTER

(J. H. C.) The months following the Java-Bali tour took on the aspect of a pendulum and a seesaw; life oscillating between place and place; feeling rising to ideals and falling to futility. House-hunting, revising picture-hanging, putting Gods and Goddesses in their proper places, consultations, inspections, surveys, reports, indicated that I was getting in among the machinery of government, with inspiration above and antagonism below.

In between, poetry came. Monsoon showers made the heat less heavy than usual, and I was able to move about considerably. One sortie in the cause of art led to discovery. A hint had reached the Superintendent (later Director) of Archaeology that a wall-painting would be found in a small unused palace some sixty miles north of Trivandrum, at a palace called Krishnapuram, where Maharaja Marthanda Varma made halts on his consolidation tours before 1750. The mural that we came upon in Krishnapuram Palace was 14 feet across and 11 feet from top to bottom, in excellent preservation, though its bottom line had been smeared by whitewash from crude brushes in the unskilled and insensitive hands of annual "maintenance" workmen. The subject was the "Gojendramoksha," the liberation of a sacred elephant from the grip of a crocodile by Vishnu, who answered the prayer of the elephant by coming on Garuda, his flying vahanam (vehicle), and smiting the attacking reptile with his discus. As the event was

of cosmic significance, a variation of the struggle between good and evil, the Pantheon was depicted looking on, each figure painted with conviction and clarity. The composition was masterly, the colouring most pleasing. The finding of the Gojendramoksha was a good day's work, and we arranged to have a copy made in about two thirds the size of the original to hang in the Sri Chitralayam pending the finding of a large enough wall-space when a full-sized copy would be made.

I began to feel solid ground when I arranged to take the upper flat in a house on the avenue leading to the Koudiar Palace, and began to vitalise it by drafting a three-lecture course that I had been asked to give in the University of Madras under the Miller Foundation, on "Beauty: its nature, expression, and fulfilment." The space between the ceiling of our floor and the roof of our new home was a favourite place for civet cats. This, added to a growing sensitiveness to opposition from individuals connected with the organization of the University, induced sleeplessness. But there was a region inside that did not mind this, and when I reached it after concentration I got the aesthetical rhythm and mental clarity that enabled me to carry on the myth-poem, and I realised once again that there is a phase of the mental life that operates apart from the pre-occupations of the outer mind and its objective concerns.

October 1937 was a month of intensive work on the art institutions. Difference of language, lack of experience on the part of helpers, absence of mental resilience, made it necessary for me to keep on my feet for three hours at a time twice a day personally showing what was required. This made the beginnings of ill-health and the worsening of old-standing complaints; but enthusiasm for the work of establishing centres of beauty carried me on. An inspection of the restoration of Padmanabhapuram Palace, by His Highness and his mother, was memorable. The visit was to be entirely private and on business, not on ceremony. They walked from room to room by corridors, upstairs and downstairs, approved this and modified that; saw the pyramids of layers of coagulated whitewash that had been taken off the

pillars and ceiling of the Navaratri mantapam with steel-hair brushes, and my famous note-book was crammed with commands for carrying on what was felt to be a historic work. All needed restorations were to be made, but entirely in the manner of the original.

A drizzle had set in during the morning inspection, but we were mainly under cover. After lunch and a rest rain was fairly heavy. Their Highnesses remembered my report of finding a wood-carved building outside the Palace compound; this too had to be seen in order to justify my description of it as a masterpiece of indigenous wood-architecture and carving and bring it within the scheme of restoration. On first getting wind of it I had had to flap my way into the little buildings through clouds of borer beetles with a vague premonition that art had been too drastically appreciated by insects. But I was half wrong; the beetles had respected the carvings around doors and on ceilings and pillars, and had only made their multitudinous circular excavations on the flat surfaces between carvings. I had caused these to be cleaned and plugged, and only awaited authority to have them disguised by a uniform colour treatment of the entire buildings. Their Highnesses responded with the understanding and feeling that I had hoped for.

Another item in the compound of Padmanabhapuram Palace that had special attention from Their Highnesses was the Navaratri mantapam. The removal of the whitewash (a two years' job) had revealed numerous carvings in relief and in the round. But the rough surface of the granite caused cross-reflections that obscured definition. How to get details into focus was a problem. On another visit Her Highness had a brain-wave. She remembered the darkening of sculptures in the temples and at once decided to try the effect of this on a part of the mantapam. She got lamp-black and oil and with her own hands and a rough brush coated a portion near the ground. The result was an immediate sharpening of outlines and a clarification of spaces. The small but well-proportioned mantapam became almost audible, and made the sixteenth century contemporaneous in its expression of religion through art.

The result of the restoration of Padmanabhapuram was the drawing of many thousands of visitors, some from other parts of India. Locally it had the effect of stimulating the interest of people who ordinarily took a piece of stone to be a piece of stone. Now they scrutinised such objects in fields, and told the curator of them. Broken and weathered statues were brought to the Palace. As works of art they were not important; but their proportions and postures remained as testimony to the sense of form of the artificers of old. To preserve them a space was cleared by the side of the Navaratri mantapam. Months went into the clearance, selection, and placing on built pilasters of the statues. By and by the number retrieved from oblivion needed more space. Outside the Palace proper there was a building that had formerly been used as a barrack for the bodyguard of the Maharaja. It was now empty, and being outside the actual Palace could make a museum of old art without interfering with the integrity of the Palace. This was authorised. More months went in unmounting the well-set corridor of antiques and moving them towards the barrack. This had required the closing of certain doors and windows and the opening of others more suited to the lighting of immobile figures. White ants and dry rot had necessitated the removal of decayed beams and joists and the substitution of fresh ones. We had no civilized machinery for lowering and transporting and raising enormous heavy stones and pillars. Plain crow-bars, blocks of rounded wood, and man-power were all we could command. But in due time we got the collection into its new place. It was not possible to try an item here or there and judge it and others in their chronological and artistic relationships, and rearrange accordingly. I had to think hard, day and night, mostly in my head, occasionally on paper, and make mental alterations as additional pieces persisted in coming from far and near. At the request of the genius of a curator, T. K. Subramoney Iyer, I sallied forth to a near-by small temple to see whether some stones that lay in ignominious positions for deities in an obscure small piece of ground were eligible for immortality. They turned out to be a most valuable addition, and my latest

subjective plan went to pieces. When all was in order for inspection, we had 38 deific images and 14 of legendary heroes, devotees and door-keepers. The oldest image, that of Bhairava, came from the ninth century A.D. But the largest department of the museum was the collection of 67 inscription stones in Tamil, the language of the southern part of Travancore State, some 8 feet high. Two of these were of the 8th century, none, curiously enough, from the 9th or 10th, and an unbroken series to the 19th. These recorded, in clear-cut lettering, royal grants to temples and individuals; the assignment of lands to help the poor; permission to settle; the withdrawal of privileges of one group for offences against another group; authorising a wayside rest-house. A Maharaja of the 17th century had a large stone receptacle excavated out of a single granite block to hold water for thirsty animals.

Within the Palace were a number of artistic achievements; but these have to be passed over as this book is not an archaeological record. One item however will indicate something of the richness of discovery that brought high excitement into life to counterbalance much that made for asperity and insomnia. When I took an American visitor of wide knowledge of the Orient and its cultural achievements to the mural room at Padmanabhapuram Palace, he looked around and threw his first impressions into the exclamation, "My! This is the most precious thing in your State: this is your Ajanta." The comparison with Ajanta was flattering, but not quite accurate. The mural room, on the top-floor of the Maharaja's "pagoda," was a single chamber, but its impression was large and deep. On over 900 square feet of wall-space, from floor to ceiling, were 41 paintings, large and semi-large. Accepting them as not representational but interpretative and symbolical, they fulfilled the purpose of expressing invisible idea and power by the available means of visible form; and this they did through the expert use of composition and the pleasing use of colours.

The "Gojendramoksha" mural to which I have already referred, and other subsequently seen murals in temples in North Travancore, also some in Cochin, appeared to indicate either a

local difference in style or a movement perhaps from the folkish style of the south to the more consciously aesthetic style of the north. A contribution to the elucidation of such problems of art history may perhaps be found in a further discovery that was made in the little mantapam of the ninth century cave temple at Thirunandikkarai, in South Travancore. Copies were made of fragments on five panels out of seven in the entrance room of the temple, and were hung in the mural gallery of the Sri Chitra-layam, and added invaluable material for future research into the history of art in South India and its possible connection with the Buddhist art of the Ajanta era.

While these absorbing interests were proceeding, and preliminaries of the University were moving from one unpleasantness to another, causing irritated days and agitated nights, the creative side of my mind gave increasing demonstration of its activity when some point of balance between the outer and the inner life was attained. Tiredness did not appear to matter; neither did concentration on work in hand. Some influence would cross the field of consciousness; a delicate flame of feeling, that had nothing to do with nerves or desires, would set up a rhythm in my imagination, and kindle a crystalline light in which past, present and future were one. I was back in mythological Ireland 2,000 and more years ago. At another time mythological Ireland was in contemporaneous Dublin, and I was having extraordinary happiness in giving poetical form to the vision I had had at Anacapri of the three Celtic demigods, Cúchulainn, Laeg and Lugaid, masked, not deliberately but by circumstances, as three out-of-works who would gladly give their services to an employer, but received only derision. ]

My position as a Hindu Levee Officer gave me glimpses of the ceremonial life in high places. My first appearance in State dress and Rajput-style turban with a group of similarly appressed officers was at Pujaparai, on the outskirts of Trivandrum. A life-size silver horse was brought in with all temple honours from a distance to be "worshipped" by the head of the Hindu community, the Maharaja. His Highness drove in a horse chariot through the city between the respectful bows of thousands



of his people. The levee officers stood in two in-facing rows as he walked between them to the object of worship. In front of the horse there was a short ceremony conducted by a pujari (celebrating priest), and that was all.

The plan that I had set on foot in Java for the visit of the Director of Archaeology, Dr. Stutterheim, fulfilled itself in December 1937, when he came as a delegate from Indonesia, and was entertained as a State guest. He contributed a paper to the All-India Oriental Conference and roused some controversy by challenging the too easily accepted logic that because a place in Java had the same name as a place in South India, therefore the place in Java was the offspring of South India. He held a different opinion. (It became my duty to show him over the artistic and archaeological sites within easy reach of Trivandrum, and if he enjoyed himself to the same extent as I learned from him, then he had a good time. Their Highnesses took to him very warmly, and had him (and myself) at the Palace for tea *en famille* the afternoon before his departure.

Certain of my wanderings in Travancore were concerned with the conditions of school education and the possibilities of their improvement, especially with a view to bringing arts and crafts into the schools. My expressed conviction was that no real advance in human conditions would come without the elevation of the taste and skill of the people, beginning with primary education. The problem was to find ways and means of inserting periods for arts and crafts in an already crowded time-table. If art was to enter as fully as it ought, something, and that the least essential to the education of the children of an Indian State, would have to be reduced. The lot fell on English. This was entirely over-weighted. I knew from long experience that in half the time spent on mechanical memorisation of writings a hemisphere away from the life of the students, they could acquire a working knowledge of the language if it was given to them in accordance with their actual needs. This involved the orientation of text-books and of the minds of the teachers of English, as well as the alteration of time-tables. The teaching of drawing and painting, with clay modelling where possible, had to be begun practically from the

beginning. One period per week for drawing in crowded and uncomfortable positions had to be changed to one period per day in a commodious and well-equipped art-room. Method had to be revolutionised. My report with its suggestion that English be reduced and arts and crafts introduced was met by strong opposition, mainly on the ground that such an innovation would disturb time-tables and staff. The needs of the students for a creative outlet and aesthetical sustenance were regarded as up in the air.

A similar fate befell a proposal for the making of a survey of the State to ascertain the localities in which the materials and implements of arts and handicrafts were obtainable and the chief places of sale of manufactured articles for use and ornament, so that supply and demand could be clearly seen, and training of students adapted to their most likely needs for future livelihood. But Travancore had done without such fancy things for centuries, and could go on doing so.

My preliminary work as a leader in arts and crafts did not begin too rosily. Neither did my efforts in the direction of reforming English in the coming University and giving Travancore the distinction of being the first University in India to give the Fine Arts equal status with the other main subjects. I had the dangerous idea of making English the second language, instead of the first as in all other Universities. My idea of having it taught, among the obligatory subjects, as a language, with English literature as an optional like science or history, was scouted as fantastic. My proposal to limit Shakespeare to one drama in each of the four years was taken as an attack on the old-time Professor of English who wanted still more Shakespeare than what had heretofore been taught. Art also came in for bad knocks; but I went on drafting a scheme covering four years, with a diploma at the end of the second year and a degree (B. F. A.) at the end of the fourth year. On November 2, 1937, as a birthday gift to the State, His Highness proclaimed the founding of the University of Travancore. In a preliminary statement a Faculty of Fine Arts was included, and I was rumoured as the first Dean. But the text of the Proclamation

contained a Faculty of Oriental Studies and Fine Arts. Without reference to me, and, as far as I could gather, without specific authority, the officer entrusted with the drafting of the statement had implemented his expressed antipathy to the idea of such a subject as art having anything to do with a University by removing it from the possibility of effective work as a separate authoritative entity.

Some weeks later I was officially announced as Officer in charge of the Government Museum and Sri Chitralayam, and after some time in this office, I was gazetted as Art Adviser to Government, and, to keep the link pending the future, Head of the Department of Fine Arts in the half faculty of the University.

The building of a Convocation hall and adjoining University offices came up. A professional architect was brought from outside to look over what was expected to be the site of a University City, and make a ground plan of it and of the hall and offices. I was called in as Art Adviser to express my opinion on the plan of the building. I opined that if anyone outside India who knew anything of buildings abroad were asked what it was, the answer could be that it might be a combined fifth class railway station and departmental store in America. A second plan was called for. Again I was consulted. It was an unintelligent attempt to make a commonplace set of rooms look Indian by putting an imitation temple gopuram over the main entrance. I asked the question, how the 37 per cent of non-Hindu students would feel on being compelled to enter under a Hindu temple. My point was taken. No further plan was called for.

While referring to buildings and my attempts to divert the official mind of Travancore from nearly a century of subservience to the least commendable of western influences, I may as well anticipate history by mentioning the part I played in saving the capital from the infliction of an eye-sore on its main thoroughfare. During one of my absences from Trivandrum a line of public offices had been put up on the opposite side of the road running past the beautiful Museum building. It had reached roof level and was structurally complete, an appalling dull and mediocre

affair for a Government building. I reported personally to the Dewan. He agreed entirely with my desire to have the Government buildings of Trivandrum in indigenous style, with due regard to actual needs in offices. He himself did not see such details as I did, as his rushings past to the Palace and elsewhere did not allow him to have more than a passing glance, and even then his mind was preoccupied with important matters. He referred me to the Chief Engineer with his agreement to have the building rectified in the most suitable and least complicated manner possible. Happily the Engineer was a scholar in old Indian architecture and received my suggestions gladly. With his many duties he had to leave such details to his Executive Engineer and his Draughtsman. Plans were called for, and on the square tops of the porticoes through which wheeled traffic passed I pencilled in a four-gabled finial in the manner of the characteristic "Malabar gable" which was such an attraction to the eye in the roofs of the Government Museum across the road. In addition to this I suggested that the bald spaces between pillars on the verandahs should have insets like the "Saracenic" window tops in the Museum. These did not involve structural alterations. The work was put in hand, and what threatened to be an infection of ugliness became a radiation of indigenous distinction that gave a peculiar aesthetical pleasure in the perspective groupings of the towers as seen from various points of view.

Another item of rectification was the Durbar Hall, the central chamber of the Secretariat. Instead of the immense auditorium of the Mysore Durbar Hall, that of Trivandrum had only half a dozen windows over the heads of the durbaris, and from most of these the throne was obscured by elaborate glass chandeliers. My critical eye saw the possibility of opening up more windows by removing life-size oil-paintings of previous Rulers which occupied spaces on the upper floor. These should, I suggested, be lowered to the "apses" on the ground floor in which large and quite unnecessary candelabra were set. This was done, and the effect was most interesting, as if the former Rulers had come from the past into the midst of their officers. Several more visitors were accommodated.

Despite the halt to art in the University my work expanded and seemed to indicate continuity. Visits to temples had always artistic ulterior motives, and were always followed by queries in this direction by the authorities. In looking round the Padmanabhaswami temple in Trivandrum, His Highness' special place of worship, I came upon a mantapam behind the main shrine that made me all eyes and eloquence over its miraculous sculptural beauty. It was a smallish hall, but every pillar of it, and it was nearly all pillars, was a work of superb sculptural art that linked deific personifications with nature in faunal and floral symbolism, and produced an amazing duality of silence and song. The plaster casts from Java had come safely and been set in niches made in the walls of the Java-Bali room of the "Museum Library," and been seen by many hundreds, and brought historical and artistic enlightenment to a few. The question was asked, "Why should not the sculptures in the Kulasekhara mantapam be seen by people who cannot go into the temple? Many non-Hindus are interested in Hindu sculpture. Even Hindus need to have their attention drawn to their own art-treasures. They go to the temple for the sake of their souls, and they never see the art that it contains. Why not have plaster casts made of some of the pillars and put in the Government Museum where anyone can see them?" In due time this was done. Other items than those in the mantapam were cast and set up; so were sculptures from elsewhere.

An item of outstanding artistic and historical interest in the indigenous wood-work wing of the Museum was a complete temple car. The open-eyed curator of Padmanabhapuram Palace had seen a derelict car near-by awaiting cremation at the end of a long life, no one knew how long, but it probably ran into centuries. On looking it over we had seen a number of small panels in lines around its three storeys that were well worth preservation. Orders were received to have the car wheeled into the Palace compound, and, after the preservable panels were removed, wheeled back to wherever it was destined to meet its ceremonial end. But before this could be accomplished the re-arrangement of the Trivandrum Museum so as to become a

museum of arts and crafts, with natural history taken elsewhere, was put in hand, under my advice and supervision. Whereupon I was asked, "Has the car at Padmanabhapuram been taken to pieces yet?" "Not yet," I replied. "Well, if it would fit into the new wood-work wing of the Museum, would it not make a special exhibit?" "Wonderful, possibly unique, at any rate in the museums of India." My memory of the length and breadth of the wood-wing and its enormous height gave ample accommodation to the car. The car had to be transported by motor lorry, and this required its being separated into its three sections in addition to its four solid wooden wheels. Work was begun on renewing the carved corner-pieces and panels, all small and wrought in numerous individual and group figures from the Hindu pantheon, with the intention of covering the car with colour as near as possible to its original. To myself it became an object of perpetual artistic joy in the contemplation of its distinctive form; its gently pyramidal shape to its top where it would again carry a canopy over its appropriate deific figure; its suggestion of devotees dragging it around the precincts of the temple to which it belonged while crowds of worshippers made their *namaskarams* (salutations) to it.

While these developments in the effort to restore art to its proper place of appreciation among the people were taking place, the opposite movement towards the ugliness of enmity and strife was proceeding in extent and intensity. The local followers of the Indian National Congress were becoming more and more overt in their activities against the Government. On August 26, 1938, political agitation had become so menacing that subversive organisations were proclaimed as illegal and their leaders arrested. This immediately aroused counter-demonstrations; these were met by lathi charges and more arrests. Each arrest created a centre of anti-Government feeling. This spread and led to shootings outside Trivandrum. Although I kept out of all political activities, I had a touch with the state of feeling in the country when I drove to Attingal, 65 miles north of Trivandrum, to address a meeting under the auspices of the Vegetarian Society of Trivandrum. On the way stones were thrown at the car by children.

When I reached the hall a number of boy students barred the way. A leader said the time was not suitable for any meetings except for politics. I thought quickly and told them I had come to make a speech on politics. But I was announced to speak on vegetarianism. There were, I retorted with a smile, many aspects of politics, including food. Would they not come in and hear my talk? I was the principal of a college (I was still Principal of Madanapalle though on leave), and much interested in the welfare of students. They did not accept my invitation, though they made way for me to go into the hall, where quite a good gathering of elders was awaiting me. I began by referring to the growing desire for political change all over India including Travancore. Such agitation would be impossible without human beings to carry it on and implement its results. But ultimate success depended largely on the physical quality of the men and women of the future. And quality depended very largely on the proper quantity and kind of food. Hence—and so on. Some days after this the threat of war in Europe, with its dire and world-wide possibilities, toned down the local agitation. A fortnight later a peace pact eased the minds of the world. Agitation in Travancore revived mainly along the line of nuisance. At a lecture by me in the Jubilee Town Hall on "Principles of dramatic art," a body of students entered the back of the hall, shuffled chairs and jeered. After a while they left, overturning the chairs as noisily as possible while doing so.

Calls elsewhere in the cause of art kept my boundaries from becoming narrow. Mysore still asked my help in the expansion of the gallery I had created fifteen years previously. On the way I looked in at Bangalore, and was fortunate in finding the Dewan, Sir Mirza Ismail, just starting on a trip to Mysore City, 80 miles, with stops on the way. He gave me a seat and a delightful close-up view of paternalism in government at work. At cross-roads groups of villagers put forward their needs through a leader. These were discussed, in Canarese, and the most essential things noted by the secretary for immediate attention; all with geniality, sympathy, politeness and mutual understanding.

A rest-bungalow was opened, with refreshments and speeches. A small temple wished to have the Dewan, though a Mohammedan, for a few minutes while they did temple honours to him; and an Indian Christian journalist and I, outside Hinduism in Mysore State, shared in the blessing. A model village specially appealed to the humanity of the Dewan. The simple people were delighted to have among them the great man who had brought prosperity to them through the development of ways of livelihood and encouraging them to have better ways of living. Baskets of plantains had been got for the occasion, ordered and paid for by the Dewan; and he moved along the double line of happy village children giving one to each, a beautiful and moving sight.

My work on the Chitrasala was to rearrange it so that its largest room on the upper floor might show the finest of the paintings of the Bengal school and its followers elsewhere. This took three days of intense physical and mental activity; but the outcome was well worth it, a chamber of pictorial imagery to which could invite one's most discriminating friends in the certainty that it would do them good. (An extension of my art-work in Mysore was the arranging of the presentation caskets to the Maharaja in a room just off the visitors' gallery in the Dasara durbars, where they could spend intervals admiring beautiful and ingenious craftsmanship in gold, silver and sandal-wood.)

Shortly afterwards, in January 1939, I was called to Hyderabad (Deccan) to hang an exhibition of the paintings of Nicholas Roerich and his son Svetoslav in the big Town Hall. I was put up as a State guest, with every comfort and facility and unstinted and intelligent help in the work. The only drawback was the enthusiasm of my helpers as painting after painting, each more wonderful than the others, was taken out of the cases, and just had to be admired and talked about. Sir Akbar Hydari, then chief of the Nizam's administration, was most kind and supporting. He called at my abode to see personally what I required for the work. The effect of the collection was one of great dignity and austere beauty in the work of the father, and fine craftsmanship and



clear characterisation by the son. Sir Akbar gave a reception, attended by a large company of officers and guests, for the simultaneous opening of the exhibition and my first lecture, "Nicholas Roerich, the man and his message." After the lecture he took me to his official residence to discuss possibilities for installing some of the paintings that he fancied. A second lecture was on "Nicholas Roerich, the artist and his art," with a superb illustrative background. A third was on "The problem of nationality and internationality in art."

During these participations in the cultural life of India, my own life, the life of contemplation, inner experience and creation in verse, was obscured. Yet "the Muse" was never far away. The Celtic Gods were still in their heaven, which was not beyond the stars, even if nothing was quite right with the world for the purposes of a sensitive poet who was afflicted with versatility and an almost Shelleyan "passion for reforming the world." Sometimes, when the world was past reforming, as when I had a long train journey before me, or when I got to the point beyond hope of getting the world to turn to my way of thinking and acting, I would have the experience of the individual who said to Dr. Johnson, "You are a philosopher. I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher. But I don't know how. Cheerfulness was always breaking in." (My version was, "I have tried in my time to be a reformer. But I don't know how. Poetry was always (but not quite always) breaking in." And poetry, as the wise man said to the policeman in the myth-drama, was rank sedition; for if people lived poetry there would be no work for peelers or magistrates or laws. On the three days train journey from Hyderabad to Trivandrum, poetry broke in; the action of the middle part of the work took possession of my imagination. I can still recall the enthusiasm with which I placed my verbal and psychological equipment at the disposal of the whimsical characters that were uttering profound ideas, to "unfold themselves into light," as Plotinus put it. When I got to Trivandrum, and the atmosphere of frustration and insecurity, I had added 170 lines that needed no cold-blooded polishing afterwards.

Nature, too, was an incitement to verse. There was something intellectually and emotionally touching in watching a family of "seven sisters" looking at twilight for a place for the night, and finally setting on the arm of an electric pole at the door of our cottage to which we had removed from the noisy flat on a main road. Without confusion or jockeying for places the little group roosted side by side and at an unheard signal tucked their heads under their wings and went to the birds' dreamland. Bird life was, indeed, a constant delight to us. We installed a bird-bath in the small garden in front of the cottage, and got to know the routine of bathing, which we watched from behind a screen of creepers on the verandah, chuckling at the antics of sisters and mynahs, and little birds that only came once in a year and said *tee'ta tee'ta* in the darkness as if they were trying to be night-ingles. And in the tall trees "the golden questions of the oriole" brought a wonderful note into the atmosphere, and their shy black-and-gold occasionally flashed from branch to branch.

Towards the end of the first part of my career as art Adviser to the Government of Travancore I was asked to preside over a festival at the ancient temple of Aranimalai, which had a special sanctity in being near the place at which, according to legend, Sri Rama had crossed the Pampa river on his way to Lanka (Ceylon) to rescue his wife, Sita, from the demon Ravana. On my arrival from Trivandrum by car I was met with temple honours, umbrellas, fly-whisks, oboe music, and thus conducted at the head of a procession, through dust and humid heat, to a satram (resting place) by the side of the river. To get to the place of assembly I was put into a shallow boat which was pushed across the river by men wading up to their thighs, headed by my ever helpful friend, G. Padmanabha Pillai. A multitude of worshippers were squatted on the bare ground, partly covered by a cadjan (woven coconut fibre) ceiling. My short address in English, which about one in a thousand understood, was put into Malayalam by a friend. He seemed to take my short talk as a text for a dissertation of his own, and by some type of humour that I did not understand, had them as happy as children, and probably crediting me with jests of which I was not guilty.

It was queer to see myself the one and only westerner in such a great dusky crowd, and yet to feel the sense of human community of aspiration and a friendliness devoid of all self-seeking or ulterior motive.

Two problems asserted themselves as we anticipated a two-months summer vacation to escape from the soul-searing heat and humidity of Trivandrum; the problem of my relationship with the State and the problem of my health. Discussions with the Dewan ended in an arrangement to terminate the first vague appointment which had been tattered by the transfer from the authority of Government to the autonomy of the University, the first being sympathetic with art in education, the second being antipathetic to art in the University. Instead I was placed on a definite footing, but only on a year's contract, which left me still casual in my relationships, but verbally assured of continuity and of support in my ideal of getting art into the schools with the intention of raising the taste of the young and so influencing the future. The second problem, that of my health, became acute when I went to say goodbye to Their Highnesses and the Dewan at Peermade, a semi-hill-station in the extreme heat. On the second morning of my call, when I went to see the Dewan at his official house, my arrival was almost simultaneous with an unannounced call from Their Highnesses to see the flower-garden which was then at its best. I had to be helped up and down the steps at the entrance in agony from rheumatism, and I had gone thin-faced with sleeplessness. Thereupon it was suggested that, as the State needed my special services for the rest of my life, but also wanted me to retain good health, I should look for a place to live at where it was cool and dry, and carry on as I had done before in visits to overlook work in hand and plan work for the future, and utilise the time between in correspondence and writing for the extension of the art-institutions. And with this in mind my collaborator and I started off for a holiday at the foot of the middle Himalayas on April 30, 1939.

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## CHAPTER LV

## HEIGHTS AND HOLLOWS : III

(M. E. C.) I was back to work at Madanapalle on January 4, 1937, before Jim returned from his Temple-entry adventure at Trivandrum. Routine was kept from being too routinary by quarrels over such metaphysical problems as potato chips in the hostel and continued tension between personalities. The animal sacrifice that the Principal got stopped, though not quite fully, led to a jury trial of a student who had thrown a live hen into the minor goat sacrifice fire. The jury sentenced him to have his concession stopped.

Politics called me to an electioneering campaign for a woman candidate in a south Indian constituency. I helped with organisation and talks (translated into Tamil) at huge meetings in various villages. On the polling day (February 20) I was on the move, in a car, from 11.30 a.m. to 10 p.m., round 11 polling stations, 200 miles. We were mobbed by crowds of enthusiastic supporters. The villagers were intoxicated with the assurance of success. A week later the country was up in the air with joy over the triumph of the Congress candidates at the General Election. An alluring but taxing sequel was crusades of congratulation (and warning) over distances that would cover the map of Europe with a spider's web of railway lines. I was as keyed up as anyone with the success; but I knew that one election did not make a nation-wide summer of peace and prosperity, seeing that human beings had a habit of being persistently human. I was (alas!) a good judge.

Madanapalle had its share of the excitement. C. Rajagopalachariar came on a day and night visit. He had lunch in the College hostel on the floor with the students and staff and ourselves. In the afternoon he talked to the students in Besant Hall, and later addressed an immense public meeting near the town. He was most appreciative of our work for India's freedom and culture. We saw him off early next morning. His visit had a dignifying influence on the students.

Next afternoon I was off to Delhi to attend a session of the All-India Women's Conference and perhaps collect something for the College. At Delhi I was put up in aristocratic comfort in the home of Mrs. Sultan Singh, and from this traditionally hospitable centre sallied forth in an ever ready car to various meetings, one in the immense official home of the Viceroy.

Music helped to fill the days between the women's meetings and a session of the Indian National Congress. I had been invited to give a piano broadcast, and preparing and rehearsing for this took me to and fro, acquiring and fighting off a cold in the head. A delightful renewal of friendship was with John Foulds, who was Director of the Western section of the All-India Radio. We had great talks. He remained an optimist on the orchestrating of Indian melodies. He played his fascinating Gandharva music, the Gandharvas being semi-celestial musicians whom he said he had heard psychically. He also played the opening chorus of his "Requiem" which had been performed in the Albert Hall, London; a masterly piece of music that had in it the prophecy of a classic. It was real aesthetical nourishment.

On March 19 I spent six hours at the National Congress. I had an inspiring spiritual conversation with Sir Pattani Prabhshankar, whom Jim and I had met at Geneva; a truly wise man of the East. A pleasant job was transcribing Sarojini Devi's speech for a reception. Her hand-writing was at the traditional state of illegibility of genius, and took some concentration and intuition to decipher. Attendance at various meetings made a cold worse, and I was glad to start the long trek home. A great crowd gave a tremendous send-off to Mahatmaji and Rajaji. The two days in the train brought many friends to my compartment, including Rajaji for a good chat on the future of India.

We started on April 11 *via* Mysore and the wonderful uphill bus-drive to Ootacamund. We settled in rooms in a comfortable house, and revelled in the beauties of nature. My collaborator has told of the unexpected break of our plans by an invitation to go with the Maharaja and Elayaraja of Trivandrum and their mother to Java and Bali. I shrank from the threatened separation at a time when we much needed each other. But I felt that the

trip to Java and Bali would be an event in his life and have repercussions in my own. That this was so will already have been realised from his account, brief though it has to be, of what must have been a rare occurrence in the conjunction of personalities and history and culture.

After much fussing over preparations I was left alone at 7,500 feet high, not feeling a bit elevated. My only amendment to his account of the "Royal pilgrimage" is that he has omitted to say that every day he snatched time to write to me, and that he was the best corresponding lover any girl (at sixty) could desire.

After a fortnight of visits between monsoon deluges, piano recitals on various instruments under various stages of the weather, a preliminary women's meeting, and friendship, I shifted into the Women's Club to escape from the grass widowhood that jarted on my gregarious nature. Then followed weeks of much the same with variations. I had much happiness in renewed contacts with my spiritual daughter, Kamaladevi. I played for the Turkish Princess Niloufer of Hyderabad: what an embodiment of beauty and mind and soul! We registered 27 new members of the All-India Women's Conference. I gave a recital for women's work: everyone was present: Rs. 320 were collected and promises received for another Rs. 300. I was so elated that I forgot to play "God save the King," which was almost sedition to the Europeans present. But I survived it, and ended my solus holiday on the Nilgiris by getting saturated and electrified in a fierce thunderstorm on my way home on foot from a good-bye call.

On July 7, I was back at Madanapalle, with about Rs. 1,000 for women's work. Rain accompanied me and gave four inches in one night. A different kind of storm, with eye-rain of vexation, was over a projected child-marriage by one of our most intelligent friends, who was interested in our ideas but hadn't the spunk to deflate the hideous balloon of sub-human custom.

On my way back through Madras from a short tour on women's work I got into the excitement of the swearing in of the Congress Members of the Madras Legislatures. But what appeared to me to be the most significant event towards the

future was the appearance of women Members. A reception was given to them in Ammu Swaminathan's home, and I wished that Anna Kingsford and the Pethick-Lawrences could look in to see a beginning of the fulfilment of their dreams.

A period after Jim's return from his Java-Bali tour saw me at a number of places on women's service, particularly at Phaltan, at a session of the Women's Conference Committee, at which good work was done in forwarding the educational ideals of the Conference.

At Madanapalle, during an unusually wet rainy season, I had to take up my abode with the girls in the Vihara. The Matron had left us; and I had to slop about in bare feet at 4 a.m. with an inadequate glimmer of light from a kerosene lantern, seeing that a fire was lit to boil water for bathing. I had to wade between the Vihara and Krishna Cottage, where visitors were staying, and where I had to preside over tea when Mr. B. Gopal Reddi, a Minister of Madras Government, called. A ceremonial opening of a Sughali school was a "wash out." On getting a new Matron and returning to my own quarters, I expressed my relief by taking myself for a solus cycle ride around the base of Basanikonda : I even enjoyed a stop at the Christian graveyard.

Early morning starts to catch buses north or south to attend meetings, try to collect money for the Endowment Fund of the College, to speed departing guests such as Mr. V. V. Giri, a vital man who had the signs of going far, to scurry downstairs at sunrise on my birthday when students appropriately sang

Awake, my soul, and with the sun

Thy daily course of duty run,

carried me on to a trip to Travancore during the winter vacation to be with my comrade for a while. From the middle of December 1937 to the middle of January I was in and out with as much variety as anyone could wish, a mere summary of which will give not just what I did but what my doings indicate of the varied interactions of life in an Indian State. I shuttled between royal Palace and Harijan hostel and was at home at both; played the piano to individuals and groups; shared in the entertainment of the Director of Archaeology of the Netherlands East Indies;

listened to an All-India Oriental Conference ; carried on social evenings with music, charades, refreshments and chats, from 8.30 to 1 a.m. ; drove to Ponmudi at 3,500 feet for a long week-end gazing at a sea of mountains and watching a sensitive and aspiring poet thrilling to the loveliness of mountain trees and wild flowers and putting them into equally lovely verse ; showing a quick-minded Maharani over a picture gallery and responding to her desire to have beauty brought into the lives of the people of every grade ; hearing the same Maharani playing the vina with exquisite touch ; fitting new frocks ; tending a husband who was mentally in a knot and physically off colour ; helping him to change like a chameleon from Indian levee dress to a silk suit to join an official welcome to a new-born prince in the direct succession to the State *gadi* (throne).

We got back to Madanapalle on January 15, 1938, and in a few days he went to Mysore, ill, with the future uncertain as to income, home and status, though he had taken steps to retire from the College to join Travancore and try to overcome inartistic prejudices by the positive display of real beauty.

No sooner was I alone than I had to try and stop the marriage of a 12½ years old girl to an adult. Such outrages against womanhood, so far down in the scale of humanity compared with the equivalence in age and education in marriages in the early Hindu era, made me wild. But I could do nothing in face of the monster, custom. Happily opinion that could not be set aside as foreign prejudice raised the age of marriage and brought equality between the sexes a shade nearer. At this time a feminist expedition to a number of small towns took me into queer places, one being over-night in a small dingy room off a police court, with a drunken woman in custody near me.

From Trivandrum Jim's formal notice of retirement from the Principalship of Madanapalle College came, and brought an immediate cleavage over his locum tenens for 1938-39 and his successor afterwards. But with the notice I got word of his suffering from insomnia, and went to Trivandrum to see what could be done about it. I found him (March 21, 1938) very much down in tone through worrying over frustrations to schemes for



the new University. I could do nothing about this ; but living over an office at the corner of a main road, with every kind of noise and interruption, could be got over to some extent by finding another home. So we prowled about house-hunting, and eventually found a small bungalow in a kind of cul-de-sac. The nearest noises were softened by distance, and were more natural than the hootings and grindings of mechanical civilisation—they were the cries of queer birds, barkings of animals, roaring of lions, growling of tigers, from the neighbouring zoo. We settled on this, and after five days I left to see to packing up at Madanapalle.

As usual, when I went anywhere, someone *en route* got wind of the event. This time it was the Library Association of Madras, to which, in the banquetting hall of Government House, I had to give a lecture on "Reading as Recreation." For various reasons I saw a meeting of the legislative Assembly which was discussing a Bill on immoral traffic. Fifty ladies in the gallery helped the deletion of an objectionable clause by their mere presence.

After that, a month of wrangles among the College staff, and sadness over the discovery of leprosy on the wife of our valued house-boy, some little consolation came in hearing of quarrels in other schools. Feeling was so high that we were outvoted at a packed meeting of the High School Management ; and a teacher for whom we had much affection accused me, of all people, of "foreign prejudice" because I stood up for a European member of the staff on plain principle.

It was an immense relief to get away for the summer vacation on April 30. Jim had oscillated between Madanapalle and Trivandrum, with anxieties at each end. We met at Kodaikanal Road station and intensely enjoyed the 50 miles bus drive to Kodaikanal, at 7,000 feet. We had found a flat in a large house on a small but superbly wooded estate for a month's relaxation. The lovely view, the spaciousness, the quietness, the flowers, lifted life at least an octave, and gave the imagination a chance to soar and the spirit to descend. Nothing would satisfy us but a complete reading of AE's "House of the Titans," 850 resonant blank verse lines expressing cosmic vision ; in Jim's opinion the greatest poem in English since Keats' "Hyperion." Poems by

Meredith and Hardy kept us high. My lucidity returned, and I received clairaudient illuminations on spiritual themes. Jim got the touch of the Celtic divinities, and in a short time added 86 lines to the "Exile." I scented out a piano and had good practices. Groups came for tea among foxgloves and long grass under great trees.

At times the world infiltrated through nature and art. I was commissioned to review "My Part in a Changing World" by Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence. This I did with zest, as I had shared her noble life in the women's suffrage struggle in England. I drafted a resolution to the International Labour Office on the economic status of housewives and mothers working in homes, and was much tuned up to the bigness of what I was trying to put in motion. A red-letter evening came two days before the end of our month. (Jim had been discovered as one of the poets of the Irish Revival.) I had tried, and sometimes been tried by, most of the pianos on the hill-station. We were prevailed on to give a joint poetry and piano recital. In spite of threatening rain 100 turned up. I had spent the morning decorating the hall with red pokers, foliage, foxgloves, Californian poppies and white lilies, and it looked lovely. Two specially appreciative members of the audience were the Maharaja of Nabha (in exile) and the Maharani, two exceedingly bright egos. They came next day to our flat, and instead of talking music or poetry talked Vedantic philosophy, especially as it related to Rishis or Masters.

We returned to Trivandrum on June 2, to begin life again in a home of our own—but for how long we could not prophesy, as forces were at work that threatened the future.

Days went in picture-hanging, sewing, gardening, paying calls. From an interview at the Palace I went to poor homes to shepherd children to a Baby Welcome for a bath, medication and sweets. One of Jim's lectures as Head of the Department of Fine Arts in the University was a mixture of art and political agitation. On our way to the lecture room in the Science College we had to pass through rows of police and cavalry who, we were told, were protecting the legislators against threatened assault

as they came out of the hall that was then used as a meeting-place of the two Parliaments. At the entrance to the College we stood to see what would happen. Street boys and school boys had got into the College compound. Some were throwing stones across the railings at the horses and setting them rearing and backing. Others began to stone the police at the entrance to the legislative hall. Suddenly the gate at the end of the College compound facing the Jubilee Town Hall where the legislators were was thrown open, and the police began to clear the compound of the trespassing and stone-throwing boys. This they did with *lathis* (short rods). Of the mob of boys that ran out of the compound two received slight head-wounds. Protests were stimulated by Congress and students' organisations in many parts of India. Mahatma Gandhi, even he, was deceived into treating the incident as something terrible; but he changed his attitude when he heard both sides.

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur and Kamaladevi came on a visit. Rajkumari was a faithful disciple of Mahatmaji; Kamaladevi followed what she regarded as principles, not personalities. Rujkumari was forgiven much for some reason. Kamaladevi for some other reason was unpardonable; so she was interned in the railway rest-room, and deported. The immediate result was an outbreak of violence against the Government. Hence more repression.

The misery of agitation and repression was softened somewhat by surveys of craft-industries in the country. A day at Kottaram, three miles before Cape Comorin, was very encouraging. A visit by a group of women had been announced, and 70 spinners were seated on the ground in rows showing us specimens of their work. There were 7,000 spinners in the village, and 4,000 *charkas* (spinning wheels) in service. We were welcomed as friends in a number of the cottages. A result of the visit was a movement for the stabilising and development of the industry.

We two together went by car to a small town, Cheruturuthi, near the cultural capital of Cochin, Trichur. Out of the movement for the restoration of the Malabar dance-drama

(Kathakali) that Jim had pleaded for years before there had arisen the Kalamandalam (place of art). The sixtieth birthday of the head of the movement, the poet Vallathol Menon, was celebrated by a festival of dance, drama and music, over which Dr. Cousins was appropriately called to preside. The dramas showed ambition, but little taste. There was a very crude play of Jesus and Mary Magdalene; and the actor of the part of Christ changed immediately after it into a puerile farce. But the Indian dances took the bad taste out of one's mouth.

From thence I went to Madras for a piano broadcast and collections for Madanapalle College; for whatever swirls of emotion reached it from the general upset in the student mind all over India, our loyalty to the ideal of the founder, Mrs. Besant, and our deep affection for the students and hopes of a brighter future for them, never wavered. There was quite a flutter among the musical people when it became known that the publishers of my book, "The Music of Orient and Occident," had received an order for a copy of it from the Leningrad Conservatory.

I enjoyed every minute of a five days call at Madanapalle to deliver my collection at Madras, and touch the life that Jim and I loved apart from human frailties. But some animosity was still in the air. I invited all the residential College students to an after-dinner chat and songs. Only 10 came; the rest boycotted me, for some reason that I could not ascertain.

At Christmas I was again in Delhi, for the annual session of the All-India Women's Conference. The move from the perspiration of Trivandrum to a hot-water bottle in Delhi tried to give me a cold, but didn't quite succeed. The session was as virile and happy and full of good resolutions as usual. I began 1939 was a piano broadcast from Delhi under the auspices of John Foulds. We walked in bewitching moonlight through the oriental beauty of old Delhi to the Conference camp talking starry aesthetical philosophy. I made a piano record to be incorporated in a film; and got off on the 70 hours train journey to Trivandrum, reading and darning stockings.

I found the Art Adviser up to the eyes in preparations for a visit by the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, the Vicerienc, and two

daughters, all giants. For three days the Adviser showed them over the art galleries; and in their company saw a superb performance of Kathakali. I was one of the hostesses when Her Excellency and daughters visited the Baby Welcome, and when the Ladies' Club was formally opened by a tennis match between two Indian and two British ladies. And there was a banquet and a Palace garden party in which Maharani Setu Parvati Bayi was the directing genius.

The departure of the august visitors ended a period of rearrangement in the State Museum and Gallery. Jim celebrated the occasion by a tea-party on the little lawn at our bungalow to the officers, staffs and servants of the art-institutions. He improved the unusual and happy occasion by talking on the work they were sharers in. Each one, no matter how humble officially, should consider himself an essential contributor to the total result. To illustrate this he called for some rough bricks that were in the garden, a coloured piece of cloth, and a small earthenware teapot. Each was useful but not separately artistic. But when he built a pedestal of the bricks, draped the cloth over it, and set the teapot on top, lo and behold! an exhibition piece.

An effervescent occasion was a dinner party given by His Highness in honour of the retiring British Resident, Mr. C. F. Skrine. He and his wife were originals, and much in affinity with Jim and myself as miracle hunters. The dinner came off in the hill-top banquetting hall called Kanakakunnu Palace. Formality was left outside. We were all friends, the Ruling Family being the most friendly of the lot. An unforgettable item was a "treasure hunt." The game is usually played indoors, the clues guiding or deluding the hunters from room to room. But this was different. The company were given fancy names and paired by lot. Some literary imp enjoyed itself by giving me the Scottish name of Flora Macdonald, and giving Mr. Skrine, a Scotsman, the name of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and completed the whimsy by bracketting our names for the hunt. The trail soon took us beyond Kanakakunnu, and we were scampering in our cars along the avenue to Koudiar Palace, half a mile away, and after zig-zags through the illuminated gardens scampered back

again—Flora and Charlie first in ; Jim and his flapper partner lower down the list ; but none too low not to carry away a prize as a memento of a jolly occasion.

Some time later I came across the nearest thing to a tangible superman. Jim had met him on his arrival at Trivandrum railway station, where high-ranking officers of Government were lined up for introduction. My first seeing and hearing of him was when he laid the foundation stone of the pedestal for a statue of His Highness in commemoration of his Temple-entry Proclamation. The superman was the Maharaja of Bikaner—tall, straight, strong, elderly, a typical Rajput king, speaking in a voice like the 'cello tones of an orchestra, and uttering fine things in perfect English both in syntax and accent. Jim was told off, as Art Adviser, to show the guest and his entourage over the art-institutions. The times in the official programme left no interval between one item and the next for the Art Adviser to say good-bye at one and welcome at the next. Yet he managed to do so by the simple expedient of rushing out of a back door and running by short cuts while the cars were slowly wending their way by main roads. I am told that at the third stop His Highness smiled and said: "I'm afraid you will think me rather a nuisance, Dr. Cousins." "On the contrary an honour and pleasure ; but I fear Your Highness will think me rather monotonous." "Not at all. Each place shows a different aspect of your work." I was given the duty of showing the visiting ladies, all in purdah, over the gallery and museum.

On the last day of the Bikaner visit, after a number of events which I need not record, Jim and I had an unexpected invitation to lunch with the Maharaja of Bikaner at the State Guest House. The Art Adviser was asked to bring the special sandalwood carving that had belonged to the Tashi Lama of Tibet for inspection. On the visit to where this was exhibited, His Highness had not looked particularly at this item. But hints had reached him that it was not respectable in the eyes of some of the Europeans of his party. He wanted to see for himself how far this was a fact or a conventional prejudice. After lunch he had a good look over the image. At once he saw

the cosmic symbolism of it, and dismissed the derogatory suggestion.

Some days later another superman arrived—Dr. T. H. Somervell, head of the London Mission Hospital, 30 miles south of Trivandrum. He had taken a place in history as one of the two men who had reached the highest point on Mount Everest. Two others had gone ahead of them, but had not returned. He was also a Himalayan Christian. He had no use for mere “professing” Christians who looked towards the peak but made no real effort to climb it. He was a first rank surgeon. But he was also an artist of extraordinary ability. He held us fascinated when he played brilliant extemporizations of Himalayan folk songs on our piano. This, and deep philosophical discussions in which every word he said was weighted with meaning, filled two exalted hours. Later we visited his home at Neyoor, and found another side of his genius: he was a remarkably good painter. His rooms were hung with scenes enlarged from sketches he had made on the Himalayan expedition. The pictures struck us as being cold, which was climatically correct, but not pictorially right. When he discovered in the Chitralayam at Trivandrum the Roerich way of giving light and life to similar scenes, he began a new phase in his art.

I spent hours in the legislative hall of Travancore one day listening to a debate on a Child Marriage Bill. Speaker after speaker kept up long-winded obstructionist speeches, and ultimately talked it out—a sad demonstration of the tenacity of the male of the species to the position of sexual domination, and a sharp challenge to the free-minded women of the State.

We got away for vacation on April 30, and after 96 hours in trains got to Andretta in the Kangra Valley, where Norah Richards was developing the drama centre that Jim had seen the beginnings of six years before. In the circumstances under which she worked she had had to put up mud buildings without etceteras of any kind for comfortable ablution or sanitation. The heat was extreme, so we slept in the open air under mosquito nets. Work for either of us was impossible. At dawn, in relative coolness, we wandered about in our dressing gowns, and were

occasionally greeted by wild roses, some pink, some white, which gave a touch of beauty to our drab cubicles.

At a sag in ill-health and discomfort we were saved by a four days excursion. Jim and I walked the five miles to Norah's house at Banuri where he had stayed on his previous visit. Norah, as usual, rode a pony. We were held up on the way by the sight of two great herons and a young one doing a ritual dance, with much bowing and posturing, after which they flapped heavily into the air and disappeared. Next morning a friend's car drove the three of us via Palampur to Dharmsala, the centre of a tremendous earthquake at the opening of the century. This was at 6,000 feet and delightfully cool. A stop-over in rich surroundings with *recherche* meals was a pleasant change.

As a finale to the Kangra Valley interlude I took a day off. I got a 6 a.m. train to Kangra City to see if anything was left from the famous Kangra school that created an immense number of small paintings, mainly on Hindu religious subjects, between the middle of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. I was helped by kind young men to see over the old desolated city and fort. To satisfy my curiosity as to whether any fragments of the Kangra *kalm* (style) remained, they took me to the home of an old *pujari* (priest), where I was so enraptured by fifteen typical Kangras that were kept as an heirloom that they made me a present of one. I returned to Andretta at night in triumph. A couple of days later I got an urgent letter from a lawyer saying that if I did not send thirty rupees for the picture that I had taken without authority, proceedings would be instituted against me immediately. Jim was so happy at my capturing Bhuvaneswari that he handed over the amount with pleasure, and chuckled at the innocence of those concerned regarding market values of true Kangras, especially one straight from the city.

Poor Jim hadn't a single line to show for our three weeks in the Kangra Valley, to which he had looked forward with poetical dreams. He will take up the next stage of the story.

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## HIMALAYAN HUMANITY

(J. H. C.) on the morning of May 29, 1939, we left the Kangra Valley for farther East in search of an artist. All but half an hour on the end of the Valley railway was by motor 'bus on a twisty unprotected road through epic scenery—hills, forests, river, with nerve-pulling intervals that alert driving ultimately made us ignore. In the afternoon we were at Mandi, the capital of a small Hill-State. News of our coming had preceded us, and His Highness the Maharaja had left orders that we were his guests, though he had duties elsewhere.

Prior to the sixteenth century Mandi State had been under Muslim rule. But a change in circumstances led to its transfer to Hindu rulership, and the capital was founded in 1,527. Traditional Hindu artificers were far away; and since temples had to be built as soon as possible, an offer of Muslim craftsmen to work under direction led to a blend of Hindu and Saracenic shapes that seemed to us to suggest a future all-Indian architectural type.

From 6 to 8 we were out next morning with pads and pencils, and got quite a collection of sketches of details showing elaborate Hindu pillars surmounted by chaste Mohammedan arches crowned by the typical dome but finished by Pathan drip-stones. During the day we had an exciting view of His Highness' collection of Kangra and other northern paintings. A good deal of the second day went into fulfilling a request for a memorandum on the preservation and arrangement of the art-treasures of the city. At sunset on the second day we addressed a group of 150 adults in the compound of a Boys' School, and enjoyed much good feeling and response to personal and educational idealism.

From 7 to 11 next morning the 'bus sped along a one-way road between the surging Beas River and steep, sometimes overhanging, cliffs. We saw why Alexander the Great thought it best to make this the margin of his oriental expedition. Half way, at a widening of the road, we crossed the reverse 'bus, and in a short pause tasted the air and foothold of the country. At

2 in the afternoon we were at Katrain, two miles below our destination. Here we were given the choice of ponies or chairs for the ascent to Naggar at 5,800 feet. We chose the lazy chairs so as to be free to revel in new views of nature and humanity. In an hour, after many enthusiastic pauses and exclamations at beauty, we were at Urusvati Institute, welcomed heartily not only by Nicholas Roerich himself, but by Madame Helena, who, though unwell, mounted the 200 steps from their home to the flat assigned to us over the botanical museum in which their Himalayan researches in medicinal herbs were preserved. Their son, Svetoslav, following his father as a painter, was also present. Dr. George, their scholar-son, was up-hill by pony on a research problem as to how flowing water managed to cease to flow.

The tea all together in our neat living room was breathless with exchange of reminiscences, convictions, aspirations, psychic experiences, ideas, the verbal paraphernalia of the approach of kindred spirits to a sympathetic unity enriched by racial and temperamental diversity. Ablutions, a rest, and rummaging for heavy clothes against low temperature, kept us indoors to the edge of night. But we snatched time to get a glimpse of great deodars above and below us, and far-off snow-ranges on three sides of our small plateau, and to catch the hurrying sound of mountain streams.

Sunrise was early in the latitude of Naggar, and we were up at 5.30 for our first day in a natural and artistic paradise. We tried to read and write; but one eye on work and another on white ranges did not collaborate, and we succumbed to the Snows. At noon we were escorted downhill, by a path shaded by blossoming apple-trees, to the Roerich home, for lunch with the family. George had descended from the secret of drought, completing the triumvirate of Russian beards; and there was a Russo-Turkish doctor whom the Bolshevik revolution had driven from his dispensary to roam Asia until he subsided at Naggar as family physician and medical godfather to the scattered inhabitants of the district. In the background were two well-favoured Cossack girls who had been discovered by Madame Roerich

when she accompanied her famous husband on one of his expeditions in China, and added to the Naggar household as helps.

Then began a daily routine of lunch with the family. The spacious dining-room, being somewhat removed from external light, was illuminated by a row of candles on the long dinner-table. This gave the act of eating a "dim religious" atmosphere, which, however, was broadened by the collection of Tibetan banners that filled all available wall-space. But neither candles nor banners intimidated conversation or put a long-drawn face on it.

The major portion of our chats at luncheon and at other festivities was concerned with super-normal experiences and their implications, and with the essential place of art in life as a means of elevating and refining human quality. Time in getting together, of attaining mental and emotional community, was saved by the affinities of conviction that we had reached along our own and very different ways, the way of the almost complete Celt meeting the way of the Russian of Swedish origin on the paternal side, with a hint of eastern Asia in his almost almond-shaped eyelids. Biographical details were gathered outside lunch-time from Svetoslav. These, added to our former contacts (a visit to Adyar in 1925, when the painter himself brought "The Messenger" as a gift in memory of his fellow-countrywoman, Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky; and a year's residence in an apartment above the Roerich Museum in New York, which housed 1,000 of his masterpieces) helped us to build up the Himalayan achievement that stood invisibly behind and above the simplicity of natural and all-round greatness. Rarely, and only in illustration of something under discussion, did Roerich senior's association with world-renowned writers and musicians (Maeterlinck, Rimsky-Korsakov, Stravinsky, and others) arise. Impersonality and universality were the constants of conversation. The occasional mention of local and personal details was by way of illustration and ratification. Gossip, being a shallow thing, was rare; the Roerich attitude to life was normally serious.

The contributions of Madame Roerich to conversation were seldom speculative. One knew she knew things, but knowledge

is not always conducive to the play of speculation: forgetting is an essential preliminary to the pleasure that comes from the revelation of remembering. We were acquainted with the unsigned books that had, we knew, come through her mind and hand from superconscious sources, each a collection of related aphorisms that, like those of Patanjali, yielded up their souls only to much contemplation. The original record was in Russian, and was turned into English by a collaboration of the family in which the international voice of the younger generation (Svetoslav from America, George from France) was of special service.

A diversion arose when the painter's eye of Svetoslav spotted me in what he recognised as a pictorial attitude when he came to announce lunch. I had been reading, in the pre-lunch interval, on the upper verandah on which Svetoslav usually painted, while Mrs. Cousins talked occultism with Madame Roerich in her boudoir. I had laid the book on the arm of my chair, and held my pince nez in my left hand while I looked along the side of the hills to a distinctive little temple a mile away that I had registered a vow to visit. What the artist saw, when he came to call me to lunch, was a figure with a pinkish face and white hair, in a dark blue suit, in profile against a background of ascending fields then in various colours of ripeness, and, on the opposite side of the valley, a long ascent to a range of mountains whose ultimate whiteness had thinned in the warmth of summer and awaited renewal by a night of snow. The studio touch was given by a screen of wistaria at the back of the figure. "Don't move! Don't breathe!" the artist exclaimed. He wheeled an easel into position, and made a series of spasmodic strokes that, I felt, were plotting a charcoal outline. "Every day an hour before lunch till it is finished: not a portrait with a Himalayan scene as background, but a Himalayan scene with a figure as foreground." After the sixteenth solus sitting, a daily discipline to a volatile temperament, but little compared to the ninety sittings that Gertrude Stein gave to the young Picasso in Paris, the others were admitted as critics. I was shut out from that cheerful category; and even if I had been admitted, I hadn't an

idea of how I looked sideways, and the celebrated space-time-continuum debarred me from fulfilling Burns' wish of seeing myself as others saw me. Opinion was unanimous that it was a masterpiece. When I was permitted to view it, I had to reserve judgement on the likeness, though there was no doubt as to the blue cloth, the butterfly tie and the pince nez.

Music and poetry had their place in our programme. The location of these was in our museum flat up the ascent of 200 steps that didn't stop ascending till it counted 20,000 feet. A piano that had seen better days was in our sitting-room patiently waiting for whatever might turn up to give it voice. Meantime wires had gone on the loose and keys had struck. In her young womanhood, Helena Ivanovna Shaposhnikov—lineal descendant of the first Prince of Smolensk, who had sent Napoleon home in snow from the vicinity of Moscow—was looking towards a career as a pianist; but love and a philosopher-artist intervened, and she veered to a life-partnership of aesthetical and idealistic aspiration and achievement. Young Roerich (27 to her 22) was already famous as a painter and archaeologist. Besides, his ideas on the deeper matters of life, and her intimations of developing inner powers, produced an absorbing collaboration of spirit; and the responsibility of releasing the obvious high qualities of their two sons, closed the piano as a profession. At Naggar music remained an interest in life, but not to her an essential instrument of expression. So, when Margaret Cousins, B. Mus., turned up with a reputation as a pianist, the rickety instrument above the Urusvati Museum, one fourth of the way up the Himalayas, attained unwonted prominence, and was restored by Svetoslav to being able to stand some of the visitor's classical repertoire less exacting than a Hungarian Rhapsody or a Waldstein Sonata. At afternoon gatherings the family rose to our level, and the lesser classics of the piano alternated with talks on poetry, recitals of some of my own, and tea. On one such occasion father read some of his Russian poems and one of the sons put them into English; very much in the grand manner.

Walks in the neighbourhood of Urusvati to villages gave us shifting views of the Himalayan background of the Himalayan

humans, with a foreground of valleys, rivers and deodars. The travellers' bungalow at Naggar, a short distance from the Roerich home, had in times past been the palace of a local chief, and for strategic purposes had been built on the end of a spur that gave a view of the country-side for miles up towards Little Tibet and down the valley, a view that enabled the chief to prepare an appropriate reception for coming visitors. The palace and a number of houses here and there showed the adaptation of building methods to local conditions. In an earthquake that 40 years previously had shaken down modern houses over a wide area—and incidentally had ended the Kangra era of painting by ruining the town—houses built on the old plan remained intact. The plan consisted of alternate horizontal rows of stone and wooden beams, the beams being clamped at the corners of the walls. This gave both solidity and resilience to the buildings as well as a pleasing stratified appearance.

The Roerich Hall (as it was locally called) was built on faith, not on precaution, and we occasionally wondered, on our top floor of the Museum, where and in what attitude we would alight if the earth took it into its head to wrinkle its forehead. But nothing seismic happened; and the two naked candles north-east and north-west of my writing pad on the combustible verandah wavered and guttered from sunset to bed-time in confidence as I added paragraphs to various writings I had in hand, while my collaborator played from memory on the resuscitated piano in the sitting-room in the dim light of a paraffin lamp that had to have its smoking proclivities curbed at intervals.

The impulse to poetry awoke by the end of the three weeks that my mind then required in order to free itself from the diversions of new circumstances and personalities and the allurements of new aspects of nature. Birds, insects, falling leaves, soaring trees, running streams, stay-at-home mountains, performed the operation of turning me outside in with admiration and wonder and high happiness. Then was the gathering of the stuff of poetry; not merely the contours and colours of vast mountains, but the energy of ascent; the fruition of trees, not only their fruit. When the impulse came, and the mind and emotions had

engendered a rhythm through which all life was seen and felt, imagination was turned inside out, and the process of poetry began. But the out-turning had no relationship with environment. (For seven years I had been working on a verse rendering of ancient Irish myths that had gathered round the semi-divine "saviour-hero", Cuchulainn. This had formed a tensile complex in my mind that only awaited some combination of outer and inner circumstances to move into my imagination and fulfil itself in verbal creation. Without external intention; rather, through projection outwards from a region behind my executive mind, a region which I had long come to realise as having ideas and volition peculiarly its own; the story developed itself. At one of our afternoon chats I read the draft of a section of the poem-drama that had been taking shape. The Roerich family responded cordially; and their intelligent response roused my imagination to give expression to further and deeper implications at intervals under the deodars by the side of the Museum.

The work of the two painters had a special session half way through our month's visit. From 10.15 to 1.30 one day father and son showed us a set of their recent paintings, one after another, not as in the pictorial slum of an exhibition. These were set up on an easel in a well-lighted room facing one of the snow-ranges. Each painting was a masterpiece of colour, arrangement, technique and import; a feast of high art that was an immense privilege and an exalted joy. The series indicated the similarities and differences in the art of two generations. Both showed earnestness and idealism, not deliberately, but in the temperamental omission of triviality and vulgarity. Portraits of women by the son had no hint of physical exploitation; instead, they were luminous with character. Such technical diversion as they showed had no relationship with the irresponsible quips and cranks of modernistic painting. The work of the father was impersonal. Figures were subservient to landscape, and landscape to idea. Nothing was painted for itself, but, in Upanishadic phrase, for the sake of the Self, for the sake of something deeper than what the outer eye saw. Yet, for all its subjectivity, Roerich's art was extraordinarily objective. Height and depth, the

liquidity of water, the colossal solidity of great mountains, the transparency and iridescence of atmosphere, are rendered with radiant conviction. Beauty is ever present, even where least associated with pleasant sentiment : behind the human distress in " Armageddon " there is the terrible beauty of flame : beauty to Roerich was obviously no cheap sensuous allurements, but a solemn satisfaction of the spirit. We had a second, but smaller, view of paintings by the two Roerichs during a three-days visit by Ravishankar Rawal of Ahmedabad, an artist of the Indian renaissance. This time we made a selection of items for possible exhibition in South India, a speculation which was duly fulfilled.

During their excursions into the surrounding districts the Roerichs had retrieved a number of old sculptures, and had set them up around their home in the garden. These had attracted the attention of the priest of a local temple to the Goddess Tripura Sundari. He got into a routine of coming on special mornings to " worship " them. On one such occasion we were called to see the procedure, with the sprinkling of water (for purity), the presenting of flowers (for beauty), and the chanting of holy verses (mantrams) which expressed devotion to the powers behind life ; a simple but significant little ritual, in which the three aspects of life, sub-human, human and super-human were engaged.

Dr. George Roerich took Mrs. Margaret Cousins for a drive to the end of the motor road at Manali, where the track to Little Tibet began at 6,000 feet up. At the end of the road was the home of the British Colonel Mahon who had retired to cool quietness after a busy army life. He and his wife had lunch with us one day, and had all the feeling of " miracle hunters " like ourselves about them. On the occasion of their visit we were interested to see the profound respect that Colonel Mahon paid to our host. He addressed him as " Your Excellency," and in every way deferred to him as a superior person. Discreet enquiry elicited the fact that Professor Roerich had been a real Professor, not a lion-tamer or tight-rope walker who permitted politeness to title him for placard purposes ; and, once a Professor always a Professor. During his time as head of the State Art



movement in his young manhood in Russia he had been admitted to the inner circle of the Czar's court advisers, and as such had acquired the prefix "His Excellency:" and it stuck. The excursionists to Malani returned wet but happy. Rain, they agreed, had made driving on an unfrequented road a feat. Their host and hostess had been more than just hospitable; they were cordial. According to the truth-telling Irish-woman, two servants were sent up to the summer snow-line to bring real Himalayan snow to garnish tea-time.

When we arrived at Naggar the apple-trees were in full blossom. When we left, the branches were touching the ground on each side of our path with the weight of the famous Kulu fruitage. For our departure we were escorted by all the Roerich family save Madame to Katrain where the Roerich car awaited us to take us over the same riverside way to the Kangra Valley railway station. Rain had softened the single-tracked road at places and made driving occasionally a terror and being driven a horror. But the expert carefulness of Gani, the loyal man of all works of the household, got us through without damage; to find that, owing to a change in the railway time-table we were late for the train we had counted on, and had to stay overnight in the special inadequacy and discomfort that a small out-of-the-way station in India can achieve.

On a short stop at Kulu town we looked into a shop where, it had been hinted, we might see some bronzes and miniatures. Two bronzes (the entire stock) had been broken and worn into unrecognizable lumps. Of the stock of two miniatures, one might have been anything between the Hindu demons and deities. The other, under dirt and breaks, suggested a divine duality, probably Rama and Sita. Some time later I asked the Head of the School of Arts in Trivandrum to try to clean the miniature. His irrelevant reply, after a scrutiny of the miniature, contained the whole tragedy of the loss of Indian artistic skill and taste: "*We can't do anything like that now.*" Weeks after, when he had finished his reverent renovation, reduced stains to a minimum and made a long cut across the picture almost invisible, he handed me a work of miraculous art

in its incredibly fine lines, and of ornamentation that escapes the charge of over-elaborateness by being exquisitely lovely and exactly suited to the beautiful and gentle faces of the two figures, that show all the tenderness of Indian art both in personality and artistic technique.

## CHAPTER LVII

## AN INDIAN ARARAT

(M. E. C.) Our journey homewards (July 3-8, 1939), from our unforgettable month with what Jim called "Himalayan humanity" was a descent from a semi-Paradise to an almost complete Inferno in temperature. At Madras we splayed off, he to Trivandrum on duty, I to Kotagiri to scout for a place where we could settle in coolness and dryness for most of the year. A cheerful Tamilian greeted me as a friend, though I had never seen him before, and placed himself and his car at my disposal for the search I told him off. He was Destiny incognito. Twists and turns from one impossibility to another ended at a single-storeyed cottage on a hill side with a wonderful view over hills and valleys to the blessedly far-off sweltering plains, just what we needed in size, with a leafy bower for a poet, and a shaded lily-pool fifty feet downhill with a terraced garden between. "Ghat View" had no electric light or running water; but Madanapalle had accustomed us to the simple life. So our new home at 6,200 feet was settled on, as we hoped, for the remainder of this incarnation, with periodical shuttlings by my partner to Travancore, 500 miles away, to keep the larder furnished and pay the rent and the hire of a piano that I had heard a rumour of.

The garden, that fell steeply from the path in front of the cottage to the 'bus road, promised to be a perennial delight when I had coaxed it out of the dullness of long neglect into the beautiful response that everything, including gardens, gives to intelligent kindness. At each end of the path a hibiscus tree had

been planted. One of them had grown to 20 feet or more ; the other had stopped at 5. Their long-tongued bright-red flowers were plentiful but not as vital as I felt they should be. So I put them on a full diet of fresh earth and rotted leaves, with plenty of water carried up from the well at the bottom of the garden. Subsequently it was discovered by a dowser (a clergyman who would have been burnt at the stake 200 years ago for witchcraft) that the tall hibiscus had been planted over an underground stream, while the short one was on dry ground. They both became splendid notes in the orchestra of the landscape, from which grace-notes of extraordinarily brilliant roundness were sent out by a thrush in future spring-times.

August 8 was a gala day. A man came with four pots of lovely orchids—and my comrade got off the 'bus from Mettupalayam at the corner of our avenue to the road. I semaphored with my arms to him from the door, and then leaped down like a deer to greet him on entering the new era. I had plucked flowers (by permission) from a neighbouring garden, and the rooms were pictures in natural colours. Jim was delighted. We were "two together" again ; and in front of a cheery wood-fire after dark we read AE and Vedanta and Theosophy, and talked high and broad, and I suppld my fingers and strengthened my memory on the piano with Bach's fugues and Beethoven's sonatas and many other classics, and Jim worked up old songs in anticipation of sing-songs as of old.

We may let the garden follow its own sweet will, and look through old diaries and letters for indications of social life as we found it. This was bound to be multi-coloured, since Kotagiri was the vacation centre of all the Christian missionary sects who, in addition to their shades of difference in organisation and observances, came from England, Holland, Denmark, Germany and America. The social era began some days after Jim's arrival, when we were invited by the Kotagiri Missionary Union to give a piano-and-poetry recital.

Fission showed itself soon after, following a lovely gispy tea with Jim in the Longwood Shola. The road from the shola passed the foot of the garden of the bungalow where we had spent two.

vacations, and as I had learned that the owner had returned after a long absence, I felt it my duty to call on her and express our appreciation of the favour, though we had paid a fairly stiff rent for it. When I announced my name she came to the door and rated me as a dangerous woman, a wicked Theosophist: if she had known then who I was she would never have allowed her house to fall into the hands of such a person. There was nothing for me to say, and I withdrew as politely as I could. The dear lady was to cross my path again. This was led up to by many pleasant evenings in our bungalow, with music, stories, poetry, and refreshments admirably prepared by our cook, Dorai Raj. Our Theosophical way of life and Jim's affiliation with Hinduism in Travancore were well-known.] Friendliness and cultural pleasures made a neutral meeting-place. What they thought and did in their own circles did not concern us. Some of them, we heard, in the kindness of their hearts, and in view of post mortem possibilities, prayed for us. We were glad of this, for we knew that prayer was good for the person who prayed, apart from its effect on the subject of the prayer. My piano-playing, which I kept up by daily practice, and Jim's light baritone singing and his original verse, brought us invitations to tea and dinner parties. I had been admitted to the tennis club of the Missionary Union; this had led to musically inclined groups and ultimately a chorus that I trained. A big concert was arranged and promised well. The evening arrived, and we were dressed for the event and awaiting a friend's car when another car turned up bringing the Archdeacon; quite an honour, we felt. But it was otherwise. He had come to ask me not to attend the concert. Why? Mrs. So-and-so had returned to Kotagiri after an absence. She had read in the press that Mrs. Cousins had been in a Hindu temple just outside Kotagiri. She had also found that she was a Theosophist. She had got up a statement, headed by a Bishop, against Mrs. Cousins being associated with the Missionary Union and she threatened to lead a demonstration if Mrs. Cousins was allowed to attend the concert that had been announced. (J) Is she a member of the Union? (A) No. (J) Have you ever been in a Hindu temple? (A) Many a time. (J) Then of course you will face such

hypocritical zealotry. (G) I am quite ready to fulfil my engagement. (A) Well, we do not want to disturb the peace of our community by any strong action.

I saw, notwithstanding my indignation, that it was impossible to override the obviously fixed intention of the local head of one of the groups in the Union. Like the objector, I was not a member and could not assert any rights. So I took off my evening wrap and submitted. The Archdeacon said, with probably more truth than he intended, that I was the best Christian of the lot. The concert, I was told next morning, went off so-so. Letters of sympathy came in. I sent round word that the invitation I had already given for an evening party still stood: members of the chorus could bring friends. The result was a crush in our little drawing-room plus Jim's study and the glassed veranda, with refreshments and songs and piano and poetry and jolly good fellowship that would have remained unexpressed but for the occasion that drew it out.

The collision with the zealous lady did not reduce my visiting list. Our missionary friends graciously left us either to our doom or to the Will of God. The planters did not seem to mind where we would spend eternity, and were apparently not quite sure of their own destination, but had a suspicion that the Judge's cap was not as black as it was dyed. Curious ways of adding to our acquaintances came about. From time immemorial it had been my habit to take quick cuts on solus walks, which sometimes showed that the shortest way round was the longest way home. A steep climb took me up and up through what was obviously a tea estate to a road. As I emerged from among the stubby plants, hot and panting, a car drew up and a genial Englishman asked if he could help. "I don't know," I gasped. "I am afraid I have been trespassing, but I have done as little harm as possible trying to overtake my husband who has gone ahead while I admired the view." "Never mind about the harm, Mrs. Cousins," he said with a smile. "May I give you a lift?" He took me home. We had a jolly chat when I recovered my breath. He owned the place, and gave me its freedom for long or short cuts, and a nice invitation to tea.

Occasional visitors from beyond India expanded our social contacts. Our friend Emilie Van Kerckhoff from Capri put up with us for a while, and brought the Mediterranean Sea with her, and vineyards and olive groves and the midday bell on the tower of Axel Munthe's home. She arrived far from well on the day on which Britain and France declared war on Germany after the latter's invasion of Poland at the end of August 1939. All prayers for peace had been answered in the negative. Our guest had to leave as soon as possible so as to get back to her home and her aged companion before sea-travel to Italy might be cut off.

Work for women kept calling me. When the Art Adviser was on duty periodically at Trivandrum I scurried around a number of towns fanning up interest in women for their own welfare and the realisation of the duties of citizenship when it came to them. I made a detour through several towns to Trivandrum to be present at the Birthday celebrations of the Maharaja. The customary activities of an always picturesque occasion need not be retold.

On my way back I made a call at Madanapalle this time as a visitor. Its atmosphere and the love and service we had put into it overcame all nastiness. I took a circuitous route in order to advance women's work at the big manufacturing and commercial and agricultural centre of Coimbatore. Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi came for a public meeting. It was not a numerical success; but 25 delegates from sub-centres of the Women's Conference in addition to local members meant an enormous stride in the interest of women in their own and national affairs compared with the complete ignorance and apathy of 20 years before. Special dignity was given to the event by the presentation of a Civic address to Dr. Reddi and me. There was also a cosmopolitan dinner, indicating the extent to which the age-long caste ban on inter-dining had been broken down. But the function that lifted me sky-high was a mass meeting of women mill-workers whose reactions to the translation of my speech were electric.

I got back to Kotagiri and an artistic home and beautiful garden and vast outlook a day before my partner. He came back

from Travancore looking thin and pale ; but in a dozen days of creative mental and emotional unity, with music, poetry, illuminations, and revellings in nature, he was his cheery self again, and we went together to Adyar for the annual International Convention of The Theosophical Society, where one was sure to find unstained friendships, free spiritual aspiration, artistic fellowship, the dynamism and encouragement of the President, Dr. Arundale, and the genius, idealism and loveliness of his partner, Rukmini. A pre-Convention experience was a talk by Dr. Maria Montessori to 300 teachers in training, who had come from all parts of India to attend a course in a specially built cadjan hall ; an artistic exposition of the initiation of a teacher by a child, through patience, faith, and observation of its growth. I heard Rukmini Devi give a class in drama and gesture, and marvelled at her ability as a teacher. She also gave a public performance of Bharata natya solus, a perfect collaboration of rhythm, gesture, posture and hand-signs, sometimes as a pure fantasia and cadenza, sometimes in telling a story out of the ancient Indian scriptures. I realised that she had become a finished artist at the very highest level, and not an artist only but a creator of beauty untainted by personal exploitation. The event of the Convention of 1939 was Rukmini Devi's public lecture. I have no note or memory of what the subject was ; but its light and aroma come around me as I recall it ; and lest I might be thought to exaggerate about it in retrospect I shall transcribe what I wrote at the time in my diary : " It expanded and renewed me, and set me on a higher rung of the ladder of womanhood and humanity. She has incredibly advanced—mistress of vision, thought, compassion and expression."

The peace, beauty and coolness of our Ararat was good for the body, but particularly for the mind. Inwardly it brought inspiration to both of us. But the work that was to absorb our joint interest and time was what for short we called our duo-graphy. Our travels in many countries, our contacts with eminent persons and important organisations, and our pioneering in activities that had taken their place in history, had naturally come out in the reminiscent moments that human beings indulge in with friends and had brought suggestions that we should put

our experiences in a book. Settling up our accumulation of old papers in our new home, we came across notes of persons and places and a number of diaries. I took on the job of arranging these chronologically. We discussed the matter from every point of view. Why should we think our lives worth recording? Jim recalled Benvenuto Cellini's saying, in justification of his autobiography, that anyone who had reached forty and had done anything worth while should write it down. What had we done that was worth while? We had pioneered for the liberation and elevation of womanhood and for culture and beauty in education and life. But to what effect? Much had been accomplished; or it seemed much when you had your eyes on it. But when you raised them and looked at the vast area of necessity, what had been done seemed as nothing. Anyhow, we had been so close to movements that had made history that we could record them with an intimacy that few possessed.

The way of telling the story had its problems. Those who have read it thus far will have seen our solution, and may or may not approve of it. Our eminent friends the Pethick-Lawrences told their story in separate books. We could not get away from the realisation that our story was one story, even when its shanachies were as far apart as Madras and Tokyo or Los Angeles, or as apparently separate in conditions as Vellore Women's Gaol and Capri Island. Plans laid, work became steady; almost too absorbing on the part of my collaborator, with the Celtic poem-drama still unfinished. But I knew that it, in the course of time, would become the only thing worth thinking about. It amused and illuminated us to get a more or less objective view of ourselves. We discovered that both separately and together we rarely went anywhere or did anything that was not worth while. I do not think there was any smugness or superiority in this, or that what might be regarded as our seriousness reduced our sense of humour. I began the writing of my share of the duography on St. Patrick's Day, 1940.

My interest in spinning became infectious. People came to my home from all round for private instruction. I got a number of charkas (spinning-wheels) and opened a class under the



auspices of a village temple, and formed spinning groups in other villages.

The general insanitary state of the homes of the people stirred me to do something to rectify it. A group of good-spirited women, Hindu and Christian, joined me in this. We could do nothing financially. To give one square meal to the hungry of our neighbourhood would take a big sum of money, and would make no difference next day. We had not enough helpers to carry friendliness to all the crowded and dingy homes that needed it. My experience in the Baby Welcomes in Madras came to my aid; and with warm-hearted help we organised a Child Welfare and Maternity Centre convenient to the thickest residential part of the town, in a commodious building equipped with the personalia and materials for helping babies into an overcrowded world, and for giving toddlers and their seniors a warm bath, simple medicines, and a sweet as inducement to come again.

To carry on the Centre was no occasional amusement. A record of each child had to be kept, supplies and staff maintained, a rotation of voluntary inspecting visitors kept up. The latter was no easy job, as absences were frequent and unanticipated, and needed scurrying about for duplicates over long distances on foot, up hills and down, with no lien on transport, at a height (6,500 feet) that pulled on the heart and circulation, and induced perspiration at a temperature that encouraged chills. But there was great happiness in being an agent in liberating little boys and girls, and through them their parents, from sectarian and caste restrictions. When I appeared a furlong from the Baby Welcome at my visiting hour, after a dragging but always beautiful two-mile walk, with an occasional lift in an overcrowded bus, I was hailed by a group of village children with a joint smile and salutation that sometimes cancelled and sometimes heart-breakingly accentuated their poverty, and made me register revolutionary vows concerning the dreadful treatment of childhood not only by a foreign Government but by their own kindred.

While I was thus founding a domestic centre as a refuge for my hard-worked and harassed comrade, between his duty visits to Trivandrum, with their humid heat and their ever increasing

frustration of his work by aesthetical ignorance and personal enmity, I was occasionally challenged to come down from my lofty hill-top and mix in the ground-level affairs of humanity.

One such diversion was the journalistic hubbub raised by H. G. Wells in his campaign for the Rights of Man. He and his helpers and critics were all equally of what the architects call the Doric or male order. Reading the daily column or more of admirable propaganda, with the essence of which I was in full sympathy, one would think that no man ever had a mother or a sister, not to mention a wife. No inch of progress had been made in thirty years towards expressing the dual humanity in English. I came to feel this so strongly that I cabled to Wells to alter the title of his campaign to "Human Rights." But he merely acknowledged, grudgingly and evasively, a demand on behalf of an awakened womanhood in the booklet reprint of his articles. I came to feel that no progress would be made until women took their place as the numerical as well as the voting equals of men, and hammered sense into their nouns and pronouns.

I was supported in this view by the developments of the second world-war, and particularly when the entrance of Japan on the other side brought possibilities to the end of the avenue to our cottage. On the other side of a hedge below our pool was one of the main roads from the plains to a place (name withheld) that would, in our amateurish reckoning, be an objective of an invading army or of enemy aeroplanes. We were not shivering in our shoes; we had our private ideas of the future. All the same we made a plan for a hole in the face of the cliff behind the cottage, unseen from the road, to which we could retire with writing materials and await events. As it happened, our only enemy was the greed that took possession of the class through whose hands the goods of life passed, with a threat to the morale of India in the future. Here women's influence was needed.

Comings and goings made the months pass. In a monsoon torrent Dr. Maria Montessori and her son Signor Mario, drove over from Ootacamund on slippery roads. But the reception of the world-renowned educationist by a group of friends in our little drawing-room cheered them up. It was a study in

personality to see her, a handsome woman cardinal, talking to the lovely and stately queen of women, Hilla Rustomji. Jim made a nice little speech, and refreshments were much enjoyed.

A short collapse of Jim, blamed by the doctor on overwork, gave me a fright. He lost his memory, and had to lie in his day clothes for a while. A blood clot in the brain was suggested; but he slowly recovered through a mentally unbalanced period, and became as alert and cheery as ever. I was much helped by kind neighbours. A slacking off of work was prescribed, but that was one of the bright scientific ideas that made the patient impatient.

I had my own upset to health on a visit to Bangalore with a view to Jim's full recuperation, when I fell in the bathroom of the State Guest House and badly injured an arm. Jim carried me bodily, naked, covered with soap lather, and in agony, on to my bed, and called for a doctor. Happily expert aid was immediately at hand, and photographs showed no breakage. Time was helped to pass by beside chats with that great mind, The Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P.C., who was making a short stay in the Guest House. He was an orator of the same eminence as Mrs. Besant. He had made a deep impression as official representative of India in South Africa, the land in which Indians were on about the same level of discrimination as negroes in the United States of America. He was now aged and delicate, but his mind was as clear and his speech as golden as ever.

Sir Mirza Ismail, the Dewan and our official host, now had two invalids on his hands. So he drove us the 80 miles from Bangalore to Mysore and put us up in his official home in the midst of tasteful hospitality and intellectual friendship. Another visitor was Miss (Dr.) Albuquerque, one of the heads of the State Medical Department. She saw that instead of helping one another to health, as was our intention, we were pulling one another down. On an hour's notice she drove me back to Bangalore, and put me in a special room of the great Women's Hospital, in which, of 500 patients, I was the only one who was not "expecting." In three days I was quite well. I didn't like the stark hardness of the wards, and the all-over sense of illness with

no touch of life. So I put in a plea for flowers in vases from the well-stocked gardens. This was authorised; but I do not know how long it was kept up.

The silver jubilee of Madanapalle College drew a number of visitors and ourselves in March 1941. At the main jubilee function students dragged in political slogans. Dr. Arundale, who was presiding, warmly resented this irrelevant intrusion. Jim said nothing openly, but he had much to say to me privately on the lamentable fall of student morale and manners below our ideal. The figure of the jubilee was Rukmini Devi who gave a superb talk on Art.

In between we had visitors at "Ghat View," and all the time, except when he was doing something else, Jim was working towards the end of the myth-poem. I spent two hours and a half by the side of a stream reading the first complete chapters of "The Hound of Uladh." They gripped me completely; they were most impressive and epic, full of imaginative genius and interest.

Among our friends Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chase took a high place; cultured, artistic, nature-loving and humanitarian Americans. Their interests, particularly on occult matters, coincided with our own, and conversation was deep and lively. A summer on the other side of the Nilgiris gave them a taste for the hills; and the next summer they became our next-door neighbours. Piano recitals became a habit and an encouragement. They had an uncanny way of winning the confidence of birds. A little green parrot was almost human in its enjoyment of company. All sorts of birds gathered round their chairs when they sat reading in the garden.

June 1941 was memorable to both of us. Discussions I had had with local officials urging the provision of living quarters for the sweepers ended in an official promise that made us all happy. The final proofs of my book, "The Music of Orient and Occident," were passed; and Jim was elated at having seen the end of the ten-year-old myth-poem.

The death of Rabindranath Tagore became known on August 8, 1941. Arrangements for a memorial meeting carried a sense of unity, not in loss, but in what life had gained through him. The

meeting on August 12, organised by Jim, was unique. The occasion lifted speaking to a high level. All phases of his 80 years, from childhood marked by intellectual and artistic genius, to world-fame and literary immortality, were touched on.

News of the Churchill-Roosevelt Atlantic Pact was coming in when we started for Srinagar, Kashmir, as delegates to the annual session of the All-India Educational Conference. In addition, Jim was commissioned by the Government of Travancore to give an exhibition of copies of murals in the temples of the State. These did good work for the history of Indian art by bringing the achievement of the south to the other end of the peninsula, 2,850 miles away, and by his displaying and explaining them to delegates from all over the north. It appealed to Jim as a demonstration of the work awaiting an Indian Academy of Arts and Letters such as he had publicly suggested.

The Conference was opened on September 26 by the Maharaja of Kashmir and Jammu in a short but impressive and charming speech. The President, Dr. Amarnath Jha, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Lucknow, a man of large body and large mind, gave an uplifting spiritual presidential address. Jim spoke on his favourite theme of Art in Education.

The second day of the education session gave me a knock-down. Whether it was the result of bad manners by a self-conceited youth who pushed himself forward to air his anti-woman complex, or of the excessive heat and light of the artistic but too thin roof of the big marquee, no one could say. But when I recovered I was told I had been unconscious three hours. I came round all right, and insisted on fulfilling my duty as President of a sub-conference on women's education. It was a lovely meeting, with 350 women, 150 men, the speakers speaking in a number of different languages. But I had to miss a meeting of 600 Mohammedan women in purdah that I had much looked forward to. I had gone unconscious again, and been taken from the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Brijlal Nehru to a nursing home. A European doctor diagnosed sun-stroke; an Indian doctor said malaria; I had symptoms of both. My private opinion was that I was suffering from break down, and that

my treatment was to leave Srinagar and the friendship of Srimati Rameswari Nehru and Srimati Tandra Devi (Mrs. John Foulds). But two more days had to pass to tone me up for the long journey homewards.

Finally we got away on October 8, and after an appalling wait and struggle for seats in a train at Rawalpindi, got to Delhi and relative health. At intervals Jim cheered me up with the story of Joan of Arc and Saiyidain, also Amarnath Jha and two others. But he had better tell it himself.

(J. H. C.) To get the flavour of Saiyidain's wit we have to recall the story of the officer in charge of Joan of Arc in her last imprisonment, who was so impressed by her calm piety that he went out into the night and prayed the fine agnostic prayer, "O God! (if there be a God) save my soul! (if I have a soul)." We have also to keep in mind the bulk and solidity of Amarnath Jha, the President of the All-India Educational Conference, whose existence appeared to give no room for doubt. A vote of thanks at the close of the Conference was moved by a pious Hindu who called on God to bless Amarnath Jha. An enthusiastic Indian atheist seconded the vote. He repudiated the existence of a God, and offered his own blessing to Amarnath Jha. The vote was supported by K. G. Saiyidain, B.A., M.Ed., Director of Public Instruction, on behalf of the State. He concluded, very solemnly, "O God! (if there be a God) bless Amarnath Jha! (if there be an Amarnath Jha.)" If there were any amendments, they forgot themselves and dissolved in the flood of laughter, in which the girth and smile of Amarnath Jha joined.

(M.E.C.) At Nagpur I left Jim in the train on his way to duty at Travancore, and after a night with friends went on to Wardha, the famous centre of Gandhi's activities. I was strong enough to look over the crafts and industries. I came across a bundle of rough but striking poster-like paintings of artists and musicians going to pieces for want of a little care. They had been done by Nandalal Bose and some of his students for a session of the Indian National Congress to give the touch of art to a usually inartistic occasion. No one cared a pice for works of art. They merely decorated political excitement,

and were thrown aside with other debris. As a reward for my quaint interest I was given a dozen of them to take home. Carrying them many hundreds of miles like treasure-trove, I recalled speculations to the effect that saints and patriots were unfinished entities, and would have to reincarnate as artists before finding moksha (liberation).

Our family doctor at Kotagiri gave me a thorough look over. He found no malaria, and diagnosed that I was somewhat exhausted after heat-stroke. I was up and down in energy for some time, but was ultimately able to take large draughts of my favourite tonic, natural beauty and exercise on foot.

The end days of 1941 were divided between the Theosophical Convention at Adyar and the Standing Committee of the All-India Women's Conference. Jim organised an exhibition of twelve large paintings by Nicholas Roerich, brought by Svetoslav, a very choice and impressive demonstration of art at its highest in an equally artistic setting in the Pavlova Theatre, Adyar, beside the great banyan tree in the wide-spread shade of which the public meetings of the Convention were held. The first Convention lecture was to be given by Dr. Radhakumud Mookerjee, but he turned up from Calcutta too near the time to get over the fatigue of a long train journey. Out of the blue came a request from the President, Dr. Arundale, to Jim to take Dr. Mookerjee's place on brief notice. I have always felt that he did best as a speaker when he was not given time to get complicated and nervous. He gave the usual sixty minutes lecture to the big crowd extemporaneously, his subject being "Art and Reconstruction."

This was on December 26. After tea with Mr. and Mrs. Chase I entrained for Cocanada with Ammu Swaminathan to attend the Women's Conference. It fell to my lot to welcome our new President, Srimati Vijayalakshmi Pandit, at the open session. An afternoon meeting in the Town Hall was a remarkable testimony both to eminent personalities and to the organisation. The Municipal Council and the District Board gave an address to Srimati Vijayalakshmi and Srimati Kamaladevi, while thousands of quiet men and women around the hall listened to

the proceedings through loud-speakers. On the last day of the session the Conference acclaimed the village reorganisation scheme on which a group of us had been at work for some time.

My doings at Kotagiri were a mix-up of domesticity, feminism, patriotism, humanism, occultism, nature, and music—probably enough for one medium-sized person who was no longer as young as she used to be. Sometimes life pinned me to a corner dedicated to meditation ; sometimes it called me downhill and across country—with a deep sigh of satisfaction at being home again in cool dryness. Sometimes friendship brought itself along and allied itself to one or other of our mutual interests. When Jim was present, literature, personified by Professor E. E. Speight, was in the air. The pendulum of friendship swung at times from professorial superiority and the occasionally provoking feeling of being talked down to, to whole-hearted mental cordiality and aesthetical warmth, in Dr. K. Sankaran, who had been elevated from the reeking plains to the energising hills as District Health Officer of the Nilgiris, which took him all over the place on the track of epidemics. His interest in everything was keen, intelligent and unsophisticated, and his laugh was a tonic.

In the spring of 1942 political tension got stiffer. There seemed no hope of finding a solution of the Indo-British problem. The Indian leaders were determined to carry their agitation to the extreme, short of violence. But the second world-war was raging, and the preoccupations and implications and dangers of this made the necessary legislation on anything Indian look like an academic and remote affair, especially as a Coalition Government had been forced by circumstances on Britain, with Winston Churchill and his anti-Indian prejudices in the leadership. The Coalition came into being in May 1940. In November 1941 the leader of the Opposition died, and our admired friend, F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, was chosen as Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, a position that made him leader of the Opposition in place of Clement Attlee, who had taken a seat in the Coalition War Cabinet. The Coalition had made a change in the relationship of the Labour Party to the



Government. In opposition it could not critically anticipate the Government in the initiating or administering of legislation. Now, as a supporter of the Government, it could influence and modify Governmental intentions. Hence, on March 14, 1942, Jim and I put our heads together and cabled Pethick-Lawrence urging the necessity of Britain's giving power over to India. Hopes were raised by the visit of Sir Stafford Cripps to enquire into the position, and after days of tension, which showed itself in a recurrence of nervous and stomachic upset, I spent much of a sleepless night drafting a letter to Cripps. The urgency I felt was eased by an announcement from Delhi that he would like to see representative Indian women. After ups and downs of feeling arising from press news, came the devastating announcement of the failure of the Cripps mission. The appalling prospect for the future made both of us ill. Later, as mass emotion hardened, Jim and I issued a press statement putting the situation in as balanced a way as possible, though yielding no inch of our claim for India's freedom.

We took refuge from human complexities individually in our special interests, I in the growing work for children, with excursions to Madanapalle and Trivandrum, he in literary work and his duties as Art Adviser which meant a big increase in his clerical work: together in hours of relaxation in the handsome gardens of Government House at Ootacamund and in lovely Simms Park at Coonoor. Height, 6,000 to 7,500 feet, gave the climatic conditions for rich and varied culture in trees, shrubs and flowers. Bus travel to and fro was always full of delighted astonishment at the contours of the Nilgiris, and the movement of the eyes from close-up familiarity with distinctive peaks and valleys to long views over areas on which I saw promise for the future in meeting the problem of food which I felt to be crucial not only in face of war but in anticipation of the peace that would be, I felt, anything but peaceful when the growing need for food for a constantly increasing population found voice,

We ended 1942 at Adyar and a support Convention of The Theosophical Society, whose Annual International Convention was at Benares. Our contribution to it was an art evening, when

Jim recited a number of his own poems and I gave piano solos between them.

From Adyar we two together went to Trivandrum and had the usual double varied enjoyment. While I went around the various feminine institutions, Jim was in great form getting the beautiful Government Museum rid of a moth-eaten set of stuffed and anatomical animals so as to transform it into a Museum of craftsmanship worthy of the noble building. We were put up in "Essendene," and its peace and beauty tempted me to sleep out in the open. Wiseacres warned me against the heavy dew of humid Travancore. I was an expert at heeding warnings—after I had tested them. This time I was caught napping in the wrong place. I got stings, probably of rheumatism, all through me. This kept me to my room. All I could do was loaf and read between visits by State doctors. I got four novels, and after three or four chapters of each would have flung them into Dublin Bay as I had done one of "dirty George Moore's," only it was too far away, and they weren't mine to fling. Instead, from the thesis that men are perpetually lusting animals, without the periodicity of the animal, and that women are subservient door-mats, I turned to "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism, Capitalism, Sovietism and Fascism" by Bernard Shaw. By the time I got through it I was over the first sharpness. But I carried a racking cough back to Kotagiri, and left one with Jim, who had work to finish in Trivandrum. Problems in the Baby Welcome, also in the kitchen at "Ghat View," and happy hours at the piano with a restored wrist, memorising one Beethoven Sonata per day, put me right, though it took a fortnight to do it. All the same I had the not too encouraging feeling that something deeper than a passing illness had happened to my health.

By the time Jim got back from Trivandrum, thin and tired and worried, I had quite a lot of what we called the duography ready to read to him. By our wood-fire in the evenings we discussed it, and made plans for more. We went on with the work systematically and rapidly. The literary partnership was mentally energising. I hugely enjoyed the objectivising of my former self. We got spasms of modesty now and again. The mere stating of

simple facts seemed to be saying what wonderful persons we had been. Yet we couldn't help being intensely interested in all sorts of worthwhile adventures of the mind and heart. One thing led to another, and left us no time for the passing of time. Most of our friends (not all) got pleasure out of playing bridge; but at the end of a season they did not appear to have got anything out of it worth cabling to Winston Churchill, or H. G. Wells or Pethick-Lawrence about. We were ourselves bridge addicts, trying to build bridges between individuals and classes and between the present and the future. So, of my collaborator in life I had to say to myself, as J. M. Barrie's mother said when she saw herself mentioned in her son's next book, "He canna keep me oot," and it was much the same on the other side of our log fire. We could no more leave oot occasional references to cordial receptions and garlands than Isadora Duncan could omit horseless carriages and wild applause from "My Life."

The Indian situation went steadily worse. Gandhiji had again been made to take on another fast. I went on a sympathetic fast. Ammu Swaminathan and other friends in Madras were arrested. I longed to be in the struggle against such foreign imbecility; but I had the feeling that direct participation by me was no longer required, or even desired, by the leaders of Indian womanhood who were now coming to the front, and, as we saw it, were being marshalled by what Tagore in "Jana gana mana" called the "Dispenser of India's destiny" for some national service that was not far below the horizon. Besides, as Jim put it in advisory moments, I had no sense of self-preservation. My health was becoming something of a nuisance, perhaps a menace. I was tied by the leg to home sweet home and its problems with servants whose daily round was beyond me—bringing up buckets of water from the well, keeping the hillside from reverting to jungle, cleaning dry closets, cooking and washing up. So I could only take a long-distance share in politics, such as cabling Winston Churchill and wiring the Viceroy urging them to release Gandhi. Of course, being who and what they were, they didn't; and anxiety and strain, including my own, increased.

A breakage of nerves was prevented or postponed by callers and their special interests. One such was Dr. T. Somervell, one of the two men to reach the highest point yet on Mount Everest. I had only my poor little story of Amarnath Cave ; but he could talk of Nanga Parbat, Kailasa, Everest and other places as familiar friends, and in between break into Himalayan folk music. His music stimulated mine, and we had a good time swapping favourites. I was just then in a musical interlude, writing articles on Indian music for magazines abroad.

News of Gandhiji's breaking of his fast in the middle of March brought some relief to tension. It was interesting to learn that a copy of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" was on his bed at the time. I had been revising the notes on that wonderful poem that I had made on the steamer going to New York to join my collaborator for our sky-scraper year.

The fortieth anniversary of our wedding, April 9, passed quietly. We had planned a walk and pic-nic tea. But nature had some other anniversary to attend. Rain came on. But Dr. Sankaran called, and he and his bright and profound mind and hearty laugh were as good as a pic-nic any day.

Our friends, Arthur and Laura Chase, who had settled for the summer of 1943 in the next house to ours on the slope of Kotagiri, made Maundy Thursday quite an event by presenting us with a complete set of Gwalior green "china" to bring our dining-room equipment up to the growing needs of hospitality. To inaugurate the new crockery we had a gipsy lunch by a mountain stream that seemed to be in as gay a mood as ourselves and our guests, somewhere about a dozen. After lunch we had new poems by Jim under trees, and an *al fresco* nap ; a happy termination to the ceremonial marking of the second annual celebration of we-two-together. Just how to have two celebrations per annum is quite easy. Anyone can do it ; they have only to get married on a movable feast. We did on Maundy Thursday, 1903. It was also April 9. But the feast and the date have only managed to come together a couple of times since then.

My reactions to life were not, as Jim's were, of the poetical kind, though they sometimes gave me intensities of emotion that

would have done for a modernistic poem, under the Shavian title, "Poems pleasant and unpleasant," though some say all modernistic poems are unpleasant. A pleasant theme was a visit by Lady Hope, wife of the Governor of Madras, to the Baby Home. Five doctors, one of them being a Lieutenant Colonel of the Indian Medical Service, attended. We had nice speeches, and were all very happy.

An unpleasant theme was a letter telling me of rats being used for scientific "experiments" in the new Home Science Department of a Women's College in Madras. I had shrunk from this in America where stale demonstrations were made to students. I had put the unintelligent syllogism that, because rats reacted to certain things in certain ways under certain circumstances, therefore human beings would do the same, in the category of illogical scientific superstition, for two reasons; one, that human beings are not rats; two, that no human being could be squeezed into the laboratory circumstances. Hence a red-hot letter protesting against the debasing of the sensibility of girls, and the diminishing of their natural sense of kindness, for the sake of a futile piece of knowledge that hadn't the remotest relationship with the running of a home, or any other civilized institution.

Holidays for airmen having a rest from war brought six of them to "Ghat View" for an extempore party. We gathered in, among others, a tennis champion, the head of a tuberculosis sanatorium, a Lutheran clergyman, an Archdeacon and a Reverend of the Anglican Church, and a Major 6 feet 4 inches tall. We had an unsophisticated and thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

My companion was not in form on this occasion. Part of the day he was in bed, coughing and fidgetting, trying to get away from the body by reading Emerson's poetry, and a big American biography of Trelawny lent to us by the kind Chases. The latter became the chief aid to his recovery. He remembered Lieutenant Colonel Call, who came to the Brahmavidya Ashrama at Adyar eight years previously, and who claimed to be the son of Trelawny's daughter, who refused marriage till after her father's death. He had taken this for granted. But curiosity made him turn to the index—and, lo and behold! there was, under C, Call

who had married Miss Trelawny, and Call, Lieut. Col. F., their son, our Brahnavidya student.

A very satisfying visitor for a day was Paul Brunton, whose writings on esoteric and philosophical matters we had both liked. From his vision and assurance and knowledge, probably also from the big vowel of Paul and the heavy push of Brunton, I had imagined him as tall, strong, with clear eyes, elevated chin, and resonant voice. Instead he was small, delicately built, almost tentative at first in a lightish voice. But as we talked over subjects of mutual interest, things that really mattered to free and enlightened minds, we all became luminous and elevated.

Visits here and there were both good and bad for me. They gave me an objective for the human sympathy that was born with me ; but they brought me up against the obvious deterioration in my health, and my growing inability to do field service for the freedom of India, which I felt to be a basic necessity for the world. The pull between necessity and inability told on my emotions and nerves and heart, much to the concern of my companion. Between downs and ups of mood I pushed on with my chapters for the duography.

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(J. H. C.) My collaborator's contribution to the duography ended early in July 1943. The deterioration in her health that she refers to continued. Almost undecipherable entries in her diary suggest "vertigo ; almost as if I had a slight shock, so that my hand and head and tongue did not coordinate with one another." I was at Trivandrum on duty and unaware of this or of her characteristic efforts to overcome illness by activity, even excursions to give a piano broadcast from Madras, visit Madanapalle and address meetings of women elsewhere. Letters to me had their customary cheerfulness, but her handwriting had become shaky. On one of her journeys, as I find in her diary, her nerves were not helped by the discovery that the ladies' second class compartment in which she was sound asleep had been entered and its movable contents stolen including a valuable cloak of hers. A fall on the steep and rough path down from Kotagiri gave her a bad jolt (August 14). Two days later she again slipped on the

path. On August 17 she walked up the two miles for the anniversary of the Child Welfare and Maternity Centre. Her sight became clouded, so that she could not read her additions to the duography when I returned. On August 21 she tried, as usual after dinner, to look over the newspaper. She could only decipher the large-type headings, but could not make meanings out of them. Next morning, as even a good night's sleep had not improved her, I sent for an eye specialist, Dr. Jeffreys, an American lady doctor who had opened a clinic on the other side of the town. Examination showed blood pressure and symptoms of brain haemorrhage. Hospital was ordered. Next afternoon, August 23, Dr. Herlofsen, the assistant lady doctor at the clinic, and I took her by taxi to the Civil Hospital at Ootacamund, an hour and a half's slow drive. She had become restless and delirious, and got sick from the movement of the car. The District Medical Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Cox, was frankly pessimistic, and quite critical when I told him she was a vegetarian and should be treated as such in diet. I got her settled in, quiet, but paralysed down the right side, and went back to our home to tidy things up for a prolonged absence and to attend to our varied correspondence. The Chases saw to my food, and helped me to control my quick-moving mind by frankly discussing problems of life and death.

I returned to Ootacamund to be in daily attendance on my stricken beloved. Professor Speight gave me a room in his bungalow from which I visited the hospital on foot twice a day, 1½ miles each way. The six miles a day tramp in a heavy overcoat with an umbrella against wind and rain and cold was at first a drag, but became a healthy exercise. Ups and downs in the patient's condition got past the scientific prophecy of fatality. Little touches of recognition, on one occasion a lifted mouth for a kiss, sent me home on my toes, to add pages to our duography by a log fire in my room. Speight's versatility as poet, musician, connoisseur and scholar helped me along in our dislocated partnership. His wife was a capable and affable hostess. From fatality, scientific prophecy moved to a promise of very slow progress. But there could be no real progress until the patient

was taken to a much lower level, say 2,500 feet instead of 7,500. This should not be done suddenly. So on September 17 I took her in an ambulance to "Ghat View," and after a couple of anxious days, helped by our friend Helen Veale, we got her into the one bed attached to Dr. Jeffreys' clinic at Kotagiri. The distance from home to hospital was twice that at Ootacamund, mainly uphill going there. My visit had to be once a day, from just before midday lunch, which was brought to me, to after tea-time, with a siesta on an extra cot in the little ward. As the dreary month proceeded she became less helpless, and could be moved on a chair to the tea-table at a window from which, through one eye, the other being distorted, she could see the outlines of the hills and smile at their beauty though she had no words in which to express the joy I knew to be in her gallant heart.

When the time drew near for taking her farther down hill I found that restrictions on petrol made transport over even the mere 20 miles to the station for Bangalore impossible. By some fluke of luck I discovered a military ambulance that gave us, and our ever attentive friend Barbara Bannerman, a lift to Mettupalayam station.

And so began our descent from our Indian Ararat on October 17, 1943, four years after our hopeful ascent.

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#### CHAPTER LVIII

### DESCENT AND THEREAFTER

(J. H. C.) Signs of improvement in the patient's condition gave us heart of hope that we would get her comfortably to a lower level and increase her chances of recovery. She had given a slight response in her paralysed right hand to the hand of the lady doctor. This indicated the possibility of muscular betterment. When the doctors and I were discussing the necessities of her removal in whispers, she startled us by saying clearly, "Jim, I accept everything." The inner individual had for a



moment found expression through the restrictions that had come upon her.

We had a four-berth second class compartment, Gretta and Barbara Bannerman on the lower two, I on one of the upper berths, luggage on the other. From Bangalore City station next morning the patient and her kind companion were taken in an ambulance to the Vani Vilas Hospital. I went to Race View, where I was to be a State Guest for as long as necessary, with the use of a car for daily visits to the hospital.

On November 7, her birthday, she had so far improved as to gratify her unimpaired instinct for hospitality by giving a lunch party to the Matron of the hospital, the nurse and two ayahs, also myself. In spite of restrictions on her movement and memory she obviously enjoyed herself in the role of Irish hostess trying to make her guests eat more than they had capacity for.

A helpful visitor was Major Somerville-Large, eye-expert to the British Army, a resident practitioner in Dublin in peace-time, nephew of the famous novelist, Miss E. Somerville-Large. He gave Gretta a thorough ocular examination, and found nothing wrong except the effects of the stroke, which would wear off.

It was a day of rejoicing when she walked four steps from her bed and back, leaning on my arm. Shortly afterwards she moved slowly with a limp from her bed to the opposite side of the room and looked out of the window. Across the wide garden was a main road. I asked her to tell me who was passing the gate. "A man on a cycle wearing a Gandhi cap," she brokenly said; and she was right.

On November 26 she was discharged from the hospital, not as cured, but needing home surroundings more than hospital environment. I took her and her belongings to a cottage a short distance from the home of Sir Mirza and Lady Ismail. Sir Albion Banerjee, a former Dewan of Mysore, the permanent occupant, rented it to us while he went on a month's visit to relatives in northern India. Our butler, Dorai Raj, came with his wife and family of small children from Kotagiri, and looked to cooking and home arrangements. Two ayahs looked after Gretta in rotation, and fed her sitting at the small dining-room table.

Lakshmi, the wife of our old student, Manjeri Sundaram, a doctor in Calicut, came as companion to the patient for a while ; then our Danish friend, Anna Oornsholt. After our evening meal we got into the routine of word-making with full-sized cards in order to exercise her eyes and memory. Her power of walking so increased that I could entrust her occasionally to an ayah to go with her on an hour's slow walk beyond the home and compound of Captain Bettala Durgiah Naidu, of which the cottage was an annexe.

Much worry over our next location was solved by the kind offer of Captain Naidu to let us occupy an end room in his commodious home. Here Gretta enjoyed the friendship of our host's wife and daughter. While my mind was diverted from harrassing problems by my composing of three lectures entitled "The Aesthetical Necessity in Life," for delivery in the University of Madras under the Stanley Endowment for "lectures on any topic comprised in Aesthetics." So much was the patient improved that I was able to leave her in the care of friends for a short visit to Madras at the end of the annual Convention of The Theosophical Society. I was put up by the Chases. I heard a symposium on education attended by 900 delegates. I joined in the usual Convention lunch given by the President, Dr. G. S. Arundale. At the closing meeting of the Convention the President presented me with the T. Subba Row gold medal for service to the ideals of the Society. A performance of Kathakali by Rukmini Devi and the Kalakshetra artists in the open-air theatre at Adyar was a notable event, artistically in its presentation, and historically in its departures from tradition while retaining its reverential mood and its characteristic manner. After a day's discussion with friends about our future, and my connection with work for art and education, I got back to Bangalore (train both ways crammed with soldiers) and found Gretta considerably better in expression though still restricted in movement. We had happy times on chairs in the garden, joking, aspiring, reading, saying poems some of which she repeated line by line from memory after I had given a start in the first two words ; Bridges' "I love—all beauteous things ;" Yeats' "I will—

arise and go now : " AE's " Far up—the dim twilight fluttered ; " and some of my own.

My mind was still busy on the University lectures ; but a double distraction towards the future sent me sideways for some days. The same post brought me a letter from Dr. Arundale suggesting my resuming residence, with Mrs. Cousins, at Adyar ; and another from Sir Mirza Ismail inviting me to take up a post in Jaipur, where he was Prime Minister. Gemini was still rising : a dark saying except to students of astrology who see best in the dark. I saw opportunities for service in both places ; but I felt that Gretta's condition would ultimately decide our future location. One day on our longest walk yet she said : " I feel much better today, almost my old self, only for memory." She was full of interest in everything. Her love of nature was undiminished. My long intimacy with her thought and her likes and dislikes enabled us to communicate freely. It was different with others. They knew nothing of the surges of deep soul-affection that passed between us. Our unity in the things of daily life was obvious ; but only ourselves and a few others were aware of our affiliation with loftier aspects of life. They could not follow her allusions that were familiar to us. " What would I do without you ? " was one of her questions. The answer was that she would not have to do without me for any length of time so long as I was alive.

But I had to fulfil my duties as Art Adviser to Travancore State so long as my annual contract was renewed. This necessitated a three-weeks visit from mid-February (1944). Through the kind offices of Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddy, our old Madanapalle friend, Srimati Padmasani, came from her home outside the Theosophical Society's estate at Adyar to take care of Gretta during my absence. Her experience as mother of a family and her geniality and intelligence gave us assurance of the patient's care, and sent me off with a kiss and a hand-wave and good wishes for a month.

I prefaced Trivandrum by giving my Stanley Lectures in Madras University. I was hospitably and congenially put up in College House by Dr. Dey, then Principal of Presidency College,

and enjoyed much bright conversation with himself and his wife and daughters.

My Stanley lectures on "The Aesthetical Necessity in Life" came off in a small hall of the University at 5.15 daily on February 14, 15 and 16. Students were at the fag-end of the day's work, and were only and naturally interested in the physical necessity of games. The University was far from the city and the lectures were just at a time when business-men who might have been interested could not reach it even if they forgot hunger and office weariness. Hence an audience of 30, and dull at that. By some left-handed humour an orthodox Catholic priest presided over there lectures by a heterodox Protestant. Perhaps it had been thought that our both being Irish made some kind of affinity, but a little knowledge of Irish history would have altered this. The first lecture set out the reasons for regarding the appreciation and practice of the arts and crafts as essential to raising the quality of individual life, and through it the tone and attitude of collective life. The second lecture showed the influence of the objective arts (architecture, sculpture, carving and painting) on life. The third showed the influence of the subjective arts (drama, dance, music and poetry). A good press gave a larger audience than the University; and an adventurous publishing house (Kitabistan, Allahabad) brought the lectures out in book form.

My duty-visit to Travancore was crowded with work and diversions. I had to go to Padmanabhapuram Palace a number of times to direct renovations. Much time went in gradual rearrangements in Trivandrum Museum. The famous Dravidian temple of Suchindram, near Cape Comorin, asked for drastic attention to rescue it from chronic white-washing and inartistic irrelevancies. These activities, mostly on foot in the heat of the day, left me deflated with weariness and perspiration. A quiet time came at intervals when I discussed English poetry with Prince Marthanda Varma, the heir apparent, in the Palace school. He had graduated with honours in Travancore University, and was keen and intelligent. On leaving His Highness on one occasion I had the curiosity, as Art Adviser, to look through the

open door of a go-down at the back of the Palace. To my amazement Her Highness smiled up from where she was squatted on the floor surrounded by an equally amazing chaos of odds and ends, domestic, ornamental, utilitarian, artistic, inartistic. I made to withdraw, but "Doctor" drew me back. "Can I be of service, Your Highness?" "Come and see. I am sorting and destroying." I came, and saw—and at the end of an hour was conquered by a crick in my back and cramps in my legs, and was saturated with perspiration. I made a secret vow not to poke my nose into other people's go-downs again.

As Head of the Department of Fine Arts of the University of Travancore I gave lectures to the students in the Colleges and also to the public. On this visit I lectured on "Art and post-War Reconstruction." The Jubilee Town Hall was filled with Government officers and officers of the University. I was not vain enough to imagine that they had come to listen to my message. I knew it was because the Dewan (Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar) was to preside. I regret to say I was privately scornful of those who were present, and those who were absent; for most of the educated people were as ignorant of what art stood for as the man in the street or the boys in the playgrounds.

I got back to Bangalore on March 14, and found Padmasani's reports of improvement in Gretta's health confirmed. Chats in the garden, extracts from the newspaper, chapters from books, and readings of my typings from her accumulated manuscripts for the duography, also of my own chapters, diverted her from household details about which she was inclined to fuss. "I wish I had clear consciousness and work," she said on one occasion, which indicated nearness to normal, and the characteristic desire for service.

When we moved back from our synthetic room to the cottage, which Sir Albion Banerjea had vacated, she became specially happy in hanging Tibetan banners and khaddar cloths that Dorai Raj had brought from "Ghat View," which I still rented. On a borrowed gramophone I played some of her favourite classics, which gave her much pleasure. We took an early-morning walk to celebrate the forty-first anniversary of our

wedding day, and we unanimously voted that we would do it again.

And so it might have gone on for God knows how long had it not been for Fate, on April 22, in the form of a flower-loving cow. I had left Gretta on a chair in the garden, with the ayah near by in case of need. I had walked to the Mirza home, and was just there when Dorai Raj came on a cycle to say that Madam had been hurt by a cow. I hurried back and found that the ayah had taken advantage of my absence and gone away on business of her own, and that a neighbouring cow had come into the garden and begun to devour the few flowers from which Gretta got much pleasure. As there was no one to drive it away, she rose from her chair to chase it; but when it put its head down and glared at her, she turned to escape from threatened attack, and with the sudden movement over-balanced herself and fell. A local lady doctor found no breakage. But spasms of pain, especially when I helped her on to the bed-pan, in the absence of the night ayah who had deserted us, made my unscientific imagination suspect a breakage of some sort.

After three days of intermittent pain we took her to the x-ray department of the Bowring Hospital. A photograph showed a vertical fracture of the right hip-bone, not the paralysed leg. Admission to the hospital was urged. A bed was vacant, and she was installed in her fourth hospital in two years; and I was on the treadmill once more, this time in the enervating heat of summer at a little over 2,000 feet elevation, to and fro sometimes twice a day, a mile each way, with some compensation for bodily weariness and mental distress in the gorgeous crimson beauty of the gul-mohur trees along the avenues between home and hospital. The sentence was eight weeks in plaster. She took it calmly and wisely. "It will give me the opportunity to reach my higher self," she said.

Ups and downs in the patient's health, and what appeared to me to be drug-poisoning instead of treatment for constipation by an adjusted non-flesh diet, so increased my anxiety that I insisted on a special nurse, though the cost of one was just the same as my voluntarily truncated income from Travancore. I

was very happy one morning to find Gretta enjoying herself with a tall, pleasant, articulate young woman who appeared to know just what to do to make her happy and comfortable in immovable splints. I noticed her almond-shaped eyes and queried "Burma?" "No," she replied, "Singapore." "And what may we call you?" "Mrs. Ho." "But that is not from Singapore. That is Chinese." "I am Chinese." I recalled my Chinese friend from Singapore who had come to the Brahmavidya Ashrama at Adyar 25 years or so previously. "Perhaps you could tell me something about a Chinese dentist in Singapore whom I knew long ago, but have not heard about him for ages, Mr. Mensen Fones." "That was my father," she said with veneration. "I remember you calling at our home in Singapore when I was a little girl. He was always full of praise for the Ashrama, of which you were the head. He died some time ago."

Before long Mrs. Ho was called off to north India on an official mission, and we had to revert to the services of the hospital attendants. But I felt that my comrade was on the way towards recovery, though now from two phases of illness, paralysis and fracture: there was also the on-coming of age. Memory of names showed no sign of improvement; but references such as "getting the personal self in touch with the universal self" showed that the deeper regions of her consciousness were untouched by bodily disability, even as my own poetical integrity was unaffected by the distractions of daily life and the necessity to carry on much correspondence on the work in Travancore as well as to continue drafting the duography.

A bed-sore at the base of Gretta's spine necessitated the removal of the plaster. This was intended to be temporary; but the discovery that she could move the fractured leg vigorously made a difference. An x-ray photograph showed no sign of fracture. It had cured itself half way through the official time. The doctors decided that, as far as the fracture was concerned she could leave the hospital in a few days. Privately they told me of their concern for Mrs. Cousins' mental state, and urged an examination by the foremost mental specialist in Bangalore, Dr. Govindaswamy—very expensive but very

experienced. I waved aside the expense: her welfare was the main thing in my life. The "expensive specialist" turned up on the afternoon of June 2. He had been sent for to see "a patient." He was amazed to find it was such a person as Mrs. Margaret Cousins. He saluted me as if I were an old friend. He saw the patient alone in her curtained bed. His conclusion was that there was nothing wrong with her "mental state" that had worried the doctors. Her condition was purely physical—expressional aphasia due to paralysis. This would recede without medicines, though perhaps not entirely. She was to rest in the hospital for some days and then go home. I was to be her doctor. Her treatment was to be word-making, games, ball, turning a spinning-wheel and very light massage. I asked him if his fee would be paid through the hospital or direct by me. "Neither through the hospital nor direct. How are you going home, and where?" "Shanks' mare, to 3 Miller Road." "My car goes that way." On the way he began to recite poetry, which was probably appropriate in a mental doctor, though he appeared quite sane. I recognised familiar lines; yes, they were the same as some in my drama, "The King's Wife." I asked him what it meant. His reply was something like this: "When I was taking out my higher studies in the United States some years ago, I was occasionally asked to give talks on Indian philosophy. I used to tell my audiences not to bother with Max Muller and his 'Six Darshans,' but to absorb the lines in 'The King's Wife' by James H. Cousins that were straight from the Bhagavad Gita and put into the mouth of the singing and dancing saint, Rani Mirabai. That is why there is no fee." I remembered a doctor at Ventura in California who accepted lectures instead of dollars for services rendered: a form of barter that would, if generally practised, simplify economical problems.

On June 14 I brought the patient home in an ambulance. Her philosophy and idealism and her love for all humanity, especially for me, which, she said, was an ancient habit, were a blend of the yogas of wisdom and devotion and action. As to the future she was calm and content, and we both waited for clearer indications from destiny. One such was a warm



invitation from Ammu Swaminathan to stay in her big house on the outskirts of Madras for some time. Gretta was very happy in the company of Ammu who had become an important political person, destined to be a member of the Central Legislature of India.

A week after our arrival matters were so assured as regards attention to Gretta that she insisted on my accepting an invitation from Sir Mirza Ismail to go to Jaipur to look over the art treasures of the State and make suggestions as to their future. In this the chief centre of my attention was the Pothikana, an exquisite building within the compound of the City Palace. What a collection of masterpieces of the Rajput and Mughal schools of painting, with life-size portraits of past Maharajas and a group of Krishna and the Gopis of exciting beauty and miraculous craftsmanship in the indigenous style! His Highness the Maharaja, a well built and alert man of 33, drove his car to the Pothikana, and spent a brisk hour going over my suggestions. To his general approval he added items that took me to the Central Palace and showed the way to what would have been a royal and beautiful distribution of works of supreme art. But it was not to be, as far as I was concerned. Sir Mirza Ismail retired from the Premiership, and Jaipur took its place among the might-have-beens.

After a miserable, crowded, sleepless, hot and dusty 48 hours train journey from Delhi, I got to Madras on October 1. I had had encouraging reports on Gretta's health, but was not prepared for seeing her in a car at 6.30 in the morning at the train to welcome me. She was obviously improved in expression though not in movement. She was very happy in the Swaminathan home with bright friends, and much interested in sketching trees in the big compound. But our stay was limited, and at coffee with Dr. Arundale and Rukmini Devi at Adyar, we accepted the President's invitation to become once again residents at Adyar. He wanted to put me on his "Civil List" on account of my long record of work for the ideals of the Theosophical Society, for my founding of Lodges as far apart as Ireland and Japan, for my six years of work as Director of Studies

of the Brahmavidya Ashrama, and for my numerous writings and lectures in which I expounded the principles and implications of the law of Brotherhood, which is the only dogma of the Society. But I maintained that while I was able to earn sufficient to cover living expenses I had no justification for being a charge on the Society. We were escorted by Mr. N. Sri Ram, Vice-President, to "Sevashrama," a handsome Saracenic building at the confluence of the Adyar River and the Bay of Bengal, and arranged to occupy its ground floor after some preliminaries of tidying and furnishing; which we did on October 19, 1944.

So far as my companion was concerned, her active participation in service for the helping of humanity had apparently come to an end. She had passed the statutory age-limit (55) in India by 11 years. Being built her way, she had put in a good 10 years of work before she entered, involuntarily, on what was termed in other cases "a well-earned retirement." From then until the end of this record I was to be the spectator and helper of a noble, unselfish, wise, affectionate, happy spirit in adapting itself to an injured instrument of expression. With occasional help during absences on duty, it was my sacred privilege to be what we called her "lady's maid" by night and day. This did not give the stretches of quietude necessary for concentration on large-scale literary activity. But afternoon hours in an easy chair under a crimson bougainvillæa, while she hobbled about the compound, "visiting the sick" as she called it, allowed my creative imagination to find its way into verse, and to add two small books to the 27 already over my name. As time went on she ventured farther afield. The 20th annual session of the All-India Women's Conference, which she had founded, was held at Madras. I took her to the opening meeting. She was delighted to see many old friends from various parts of India. She could remember their faces and facts concerning them, but could not recall their names. Her halting walk along the path from the entrance to the large temporary hall to the platform became a procession of new-comers anxious to pay their respects to "the mother of the Conference," and of camera-men anxious to put the occasion into news-reels and newspaper





blocks. She realised that the organisation she had begun had become a national institution of unique achievement and profound influence, and was satisfied.

The necessity to escape from the summer heat and humidity of sea-level (sometimes up to 104 Fahr. and 85% humidity with unpleasant skin accompaniments) sent us to various hill-stations high enough and far enough from the sea to give us a mild and dry climate. The farthest of these, over 3000 miles away, was a repetition of our vacation at Kalimpong, 4000 feet up. A 40-miles extension to Gangtok, the capital of the Hill-State of Sikkim, was worth remembering. Our objective was architectural and pictorial, including the Maharaja's Buddhist pagoda. Our coming became known, and His Highness had given instructions for the lower floor of the two-storeyed building to be put into full ceremonial order for us to see. We were fascinated by the array of objects of art at the highest level of beauty and craftsmanship—utensils in various metals marvellously chased and bejewelled, Chinese embroideries in gold and silver thread that would need a month for the unravelling of the intricacies of their designs, Tibetan scriptures (say three feet by one foot) with carved and coloured wooden covers. The walls of both floors were painted with personages and scenes from the elaborate legendary that had grown around the simple figure of the Enlightened One of 2500 years ago.

Much to our surprise, not to mention our pleasure, we were invited to have lunch in the neighbouring Palace with His Highness and his two distinctive sons and his charming and intelligent daughter; also the British Political Officer who put us up overnight in the Residency. His Highness was small, refined, almost tentative, philosophically minded, far from the conventional imaginary portrait of a bumptious self-centred Ruler. Yet, in a simple, almost professional, robe he kept pre-lunch conversation at a high level. Another guest was a new addition to our contacts with Asian personality—the Rimpoche, or reincarnated head, of a Buddhist monastery in Mongolia, on a pilgrimage through the Buddhist world; a tall, ascetic, wise old gentleman, translated by the Political

Officer, Mr. T. Hopkinson, who was familiar with the Asian languages.

One of the attractions of Gangtok was the specially beautiful view of the Snows. But clouds shut this from us. Instead we looked at shops in the main bazar, and I bought a superbly painted tanka for the Trivandrum collection. This reminded Mr. Hopkinson that he had a number of tankas rolled up and stored in the Residency. I got them unearthed; and the instinct of the Art Adviser in me spent the morning of our second and last day turning the big drawing-room into a dignified gallery of Tibetan painting.

During our last days at Kalimpong we made another of those human contacts that occasionally open up hopeful vistas into the future of the race. Rani Chuni Dorge was related to the Maharaja of Sikkim and to some of the chief people of Tibet. Her husband, Prime Minister of the Hill State of Bhutan, and at the same time representative in Bhutan of the Government of India, was absent at a long distance with his sons on business. But Rani Chuni had no need of eminent relationships; she was a natural head-piece by charm, vivacity, intelligence, taste, knowledge and interest. Her grown-up daughters gave the factors for a sum in chronology: but the obvious answer was wrong. Rani Chuni was just as young as she was. We had gravitated in her direction by rumours of Tibetan tankas that ought to be seen. Her living room was hung with a set of strikingly beautiful pictures recently painted, each one of which, at a family tea-party, called for admiration. I had caught accents in her conversation which suggested that her attitude to them was not unquestioningly theological or devotional, but was a blend of rationalised interpretation and artistic taste, an attitude so much in affinity with my own that we got on splendidly together. Apparently she judged Greta and me worthy, for she took us to the shrine-room, and gave us a time of excited delight in going over a collection of Chinese and Tibetan works of exquisite craftsmanship. These, we gathered, had been given to the home when the Tashi Lama, on his flight from Tibet, had spent some quiet time with them.

From Kalimpong we went to Hyderabad (Deccan) for a three-weeks stay with our cordial friends, Nawab and Hilla Rustomji Faridoonji in their palatial home on the outskirts of the great city, in sight of the famous old fort of Golconda which (privately) we did not like for its bare ugliness. My indoors work, when Gretta was out shopping or visiting, escorted by her regal hostess, consisted of plans for the completion of a book on "The Arts and Crafts of Travancore," and continuing the drafting of the duography. But I added to my knowledge of the art side of Hyderabad by a thorough absorption of the large and admirably displayed collection in the Government Museum of superb sculptures, Rajput and Mughal paintings, and metal inlay work (Bidiri). I also went over the Government School of Arts and rejoiced in the work that was being done for the encouragement of creative craftsmanship. I visited a private art-collection, and, while glad to see so many things gathered together out of destruction and oblivion, was confidentially grieved at the lack of taste and knowledge that kept at the level of a schoolboy's capacious pocket what could have been (perhaps now is) a centre of artistic beauty and edification. And of course we visited the aureoled home of Sarojini Naidu, but without the creator of the aureole who was elsewhere as political agitation required instead of receiving verses on "the Golden Threshold;" in saying which I catch an echo of Satan reproving sin, and so will not pursue the subject further. Her two daughters were hostesses to a group of friends; Lilamani, as intellectually inquisitive and critical as ever; Padmaja, whose talk was edged with literature. Doctor Naidu, their distinguished father, was also present.

When we got back to Adyar in the middle of July (101 Fahr. and 86% humidity) we had finished our two to three thousand miles miracle-hunts for this life. As I had always been a pucca fool over emoluments, finding more joy in working than in being paid for it, being more engaged in feathering other people's nests than my own, I had, willy nilly, to anticipate necessity as closely as possible lest necessity might take too close an interest in me. My appointment in

Travancore seemed as certain as sentiment could make it, in spite of opposition. But sentiment is not always a sure prophet, as was to appear before long. Meantime I shuttled from my office at Adyar to my workshop 500 miles away, occasionally with my eager-minded comrade for whom I got a lady companion who enabled me to go out on my tours of inspection, supervision of work that was always brisk in my presence but that obviously played dormouse during my absence, and anticipation of the future, with assurance. The main features of the visits were much the same: inspiration, encouragement, intelligent criticism, considerateness and kindness from those in authority; the reverse from among those below authority but in positions in the mechanism of administration in which they could, and did, darken atmosphere and frustrate effort. These obstructive influences came from a side that indicated both political and religious animosity. Behind this was a growing agitation against Sir C. P. Ramaswami, the Dewan, hence against "C. P's men".

I was counted among these objectionable people. But as a matter of fact I had begun my work in Travancore during the Dewanship of his predecessor, Sir M. Habibullah, who took office in 1934 shortly before I did. Sir C. P. Ramaswami became Dewan in 1936. My official communications with him were few and short. By appointment I put before him details arising out of my work. His grasp and his authorisations, refusals or modifications were extraordinarily rapid. His reasons were logical and clear. Occasionally he saw me in the Museum or State Gallery, and made valuable suggestions on the disposition of exhibits.

Among the minnows who sought their sustenance in the thick water of Government service we was a veritable Triton in mind, expression and activity, and happiest in the mythological role of trumpet-blower to his Neptune, the Ruler of the State on the edge of the ocean. This, as one sees in retrospect, was a provocation to one of the forces from the future that were hardening against him. These forces may be grouped as that of the Congress party with its as yet vague notions of electoral democracy, and Communism with its quite clear plan of reducing



persons and institutions to the level of a pyramid that has decided to stop being pyramidal and to become all base and no apex. I had seen some of the moves in the intensifying attempt to get rid of the doubly detested Brahmin and Tamilian "foreigner." I had got an oblique view of men goading small boys to throw stones after his car and shout "C. P. go back." But the chief and final event of my association with Sir C. P. Ramaswami in Travancore took place on the evening of July 25, 1947. The inauguration of the death centenary of Maharaja Swati Thirunal, a composer of the highest rank, drew 2000 men and women to an immense and beautiful shamianna on the compound of the new School of Music. After the formal opening by the Maharaja at 4.45 and the retirement of the Ruling Family the platform was cleared and a recital of Sri Swati Thirunal's music begun. The Dewan took a seat in front of the platform, on the floor level, with an empty chair left and right. As the programme proceeded he called a Madras visitor, Sri Jayaram, a lawyer who was an enthusiast on music, to occupy the chair on his left. Shortly afterwards I caught an invitation to the other chair and, as Kulapati Jayaram, smiled at the odd whimsy of circumstance that had set "Victory to Rama" on each side of Rama's namesake. At 7 he looked at his wrist watch, and rose and passed along the aisle between saluting friends to keep an appointment. I remained in my place. The lights went out for a moment or two. There was some fuss around the exit, but no one inside knew what it was about. Srimati Rukmini Devi of Adyar had come on a short visit, and was staying as guest at the Dewan's official residence. I took her there in the car assigned to me as Art Adviser, so that she would be ready for dinner on his return from his appointment. Next morning I called to take Rukmini Devi to see Padmanabhapuram Palace, and heard the shocking news that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Dewan as he left the shamiana. He had been stabbed in the jaw and the neck; but his jugular had been missed. He had been taken to the hospital and expertly treated; and by and by recovered.

The foregoing occurred three weeks before what must, from all points of view, be counted as one of the greatest political

events if not the greatest, in human history—the complete non-violent liberation of 400 millions of people from foreign rule. Involved in this were problems that went to the root of Travancore's relationship with India, and Sir C. P. Ramaswami's relationship with the State. He had made a valiant attempt to rally the people under the proud banner of a sovereign independent State. But the future, in the view of both Congressites and Communists, was in association with the enormously larger entity, India. I had, and still have, no idea of the discussions that must have taken place between the Palace and the Secretariat on the situation. If I had a necessity to call and Her Highness, to whom His Highness delegated details of art work, was free, I was received with two pieces of chocolate-de-luxe either in her boudoir, or at the bottom of the main staircase, she on the second step, I on the first, and we talked, sometimes for two hours, on many matters including the concerns of the Art Adviser, but never on politics. Hence I do not know what was behind the entry in my diary of July 30, 1947: "Travancore joining Indian Union—not independence." Shortly afterwards Sir C. P. retired from Travancore, as he had wished to do some time before.

Earlier than this event I had got a glimpse of my own increasing resentment of the bad manners and lack of discipline that had developed among students all over India, and in its phase in Travancore was likely to affect adversely my own future. Arising out of my enthusiasm for art in the schools of the State, I had given 24 40-minutes lectures each educational year, for three or four years, honorarily and outside my Advisory duties, under the inclusive title of "The history and characteristics of art" to 80 graduates, 20 of whom were women, "reading" for a teaching degree.

In the penultimate year of my service in Travancore (1946-47) I found it difficult at times to keep my private gift of sarcasm hidden, when I saw members of the would-be teachers' class more interested in irrelevant magazines and newspapers than in my presentation of the results of many years of thought and experience. Had the students been continuous from a year or more previously I should have examined myself for signs of





mental or emotional dry rot. But each year brought an entirely fresh batch, and their morale was a reflection of the down grade in the general student life.

My connection with the teachers' class snapped on November 4 (1946). I was in the best of form, and that is always a touchy time with me. I could make no headway with the men (the women were always attentive and intelligent). Neither acid nor sweet in words drew them to a focus. Suddenly I saw a sharper red than that of the State flag. I stopped speaking, collected my papers and, as the journalists say, staged a walk-out—and no argument by telephone or personal call lured me back.

Advisory duties proceeded. An extension to the Chitralayam added a number of small rooms, each given to a particular aspect of oriental painting. My belief that the grouping and hanging of paintings was itself an art found full expression and approval. Large numbers of visitors came, and I gave peripatetic talks on various features of the gallery. Similar talks were occasionally given in the Museum by the Director of Archæology and myself.

Eminent visitors to the State had the art institutions in their programmes as a matter of routine, with the Art Adviser in charge. Their procession in the end stage of my service was a personification of the epic of India's political liberation. I was detailed to act as host at Padmanabhapuram Palace to Viscount Wavell, the last full-sized British Viceroy of India, on his way to Trivandrum by road with Her Excellency and staff. They had been officially received at the frontier by the Dewan and given lunch in a canvas camp. The Dewan left them in my charge for a look over the previous seat of Government, while he went on to Trivandrum to be present at the State reception by the Maharaja. His Excellency was remarkably interested in the old Palace and its architectural and sculptural reliques, and insisted on seeing the mural room which threatened to overlap tea-time and their required departure. Tea was laid for the party of 12, with a chair unobtrusively in the background for myself in case I was needed. It took me almost a whole minute to adjust myself to the removal of the Political Secretary, Sir Francis Wylie, from his seat on the Viceroy's right, and my installation

in it by command. During tea, at which His Excellency took neither tea nor coffee nor a cold drink nor cake nor a cigarette, he plied me with questions about the old palace and its history.

The later visit of Lord Mountbatten, whose job was to find a way of making the Viceroy a figure of the past, was different. Lady Mountbatten was the questioner. In the introduction interval after the banquet I was, much to my surprise, called first by the Aide-de-camp to have a five minutes' chat with Her Excellency. She had called me, she said, to see what could be done about her visits to the art institutions. She broke off and said: "Where were you born?" I had to think for an instant, and an answer to a similar question by someone else floated up from memory. "I was born, Your Excellency, in the greatest city in the world, as any Belfast-man will tell you, especially if he has never been out of it." "I thought as much. I quite understand. What I want to know is, why I am given ten minutes to see the School of Arts. I am intensely interested in arts and crafts. I shall take an hour off my afternoon rest for a visit." I did not explain that the programme had not been made by me; but I arranged accordingly. Her Excellency saw all the departments of the School, and dispensed expert appreciation and criticism. She had the foreman of each section introduced, and shook hands with him. Everyone was up in the air. On the same day I showed Their Excellencies over the other art-centres, and at night assisted at a reception at Koudiar Palace, when 500 guests included 60 Congress Members of Parliament from the first election under the new regime of a free India, a wonderfully significant sight in their white khaddar dresses and the world's most commonplace head-gear, the Gandhi cap. This was in March 1948 when the new Congress Ministry was installed. The new political era had its highest personal expression on August 22, 1948, when the first Indian Governor General visited Travancore—His Excellency C. Rajagopalachariar, affectionately known as Rajaji. I had been called from Adyar to show him over the Chitralayam. His Highness the Maharaja accompanied him and divided descriptions with myself.

The showing of the Governor General over the Chitralayam was my last official act as Art Adviser to the Government of

Travancore. Next morning I started for Adyar and presumably the final stage of this life ; though, with the example before one of the not too hefty young Shaw who became the 90-odd G. B. S., a post-final chapter to this book in a hoped-for second edition may have to be entitled in the words of a tag to one of his plays, " You never can tell." This particular visit to Trivandrum should have been the first month of a new Malabar year. I had written some months previously, as had been the routine for years, asking for formal extension ; but in the new excitements and insecurities in the Secretariat my item was not attended to. I had spoken to the new Prime Minister and the Minister of Education ; but their preoccupations getting half a dozen new-fangled Ministers into unfamiliar work, and their suspected inner dissensions, postponed a decision. I had heard the first Congress Prime Minister, who had been one of the Dewan's most regular prisoners, gloat over the latter's departure from the State, and stigmatise him as a dictator (the speaker, of course, not being a dictator but merely wanting his will carried out). A short time afterwards a rival group in the same political party ousted the first Prime Minister on the same ground (and with the same implication). I tried to ascertain my position, but decision was postponed. And so it went on for half the current year. I did not feel justified in seeking service elsewhere ; at the same time I got no call for another period of service on essential work. Finally I received a notification that my services were not required, and that my retirement was retrospective to the end of the previous Malabar year, mid-July, 1948.

The 'clearance of my mind of Travancore affairs and duty periods with long, taxing though interesting, train journeys, allowed me to come nearer and more continuously to the phase of activity that more than any other satisfied my temperamental desire for service in the raising of the quality and circumstances of the life of the people. The way to this was, as I have already indicated, through making art-appreciation and practice obligatory in education at all its stages. From my realisation in 1935 of the artistic magnitude and height of Srimati Rukmini Devi, and the work, so close to my own desire, she could perform in imbuing

the arts with pure and joyous idealism, I had taken a keen, though not close or systematic, interest in her activities, as both supreme artist and wise teacher, that she had embodied in the Kalakshetra (Sanskrit for a place dedicated to art) which she had founded in 1936 on part of the compound of the Theosophical Society in a rented building on a capacious campus. In this she had been warmly and understandingly supported and inspired by her husband, Dr. George S. Arundale, President of the Society in succession to Dr. Annie Besant.

On August 11, 1945, in the train between Trivandrum and Madras, I heard of the death of Dr. Arundale which had been announced by radio. I was 18 hours away from Adyar, and the cremation took place before I arrived. But at a condolence meeting under the auspices of the Kalakshetra in the assembly hall of the Theosophical Society I was asked to preside and pay a tribute to Dr. Arundale, particularly with regard to his dynamic interest in the elevating and dignifying of life through idealistic art. Before the putting of the condolence resolution from the chair, the packed and tense audience was thrilled by the entrance of Srimati Rukmini Devi. She too had come to join the others in their expression of respect for her collaborator. There was nothing of the weeping widow about her, though she bore the marks of her long and strenuous attendance on her husband during his final illness. To those of us who had known them before and since they came together, the 25 years of their partnership was a pure romance in the classical sense of that term--castle-building beyond the bounds of the normal--before the exploitation of literature and the arts, and particularly in the cinema, of the human tendency to sensuality and sensation had completely reduced the ancient historical word to the low level of pander for profit. Dr. Arundale had hailed the coming of creative art within the ambit of the Theosophical Society in 1935 as the "fifth interpretation of Theosophy as Beauty," and saw Rukmini Devi as an embodiment of the interpretation. She herself, as she said in speech and writing, felt that what was called the "Theosophical life", the life of human unity and service, and of aspiration towards the



highest spiritual quality and experience, could not be completely lived without the creative activity whose most efficient and appropriate instrument was art, and whose perfect attainment was lofty and unsullied beauty.

In the circumstances brought about by the removal of Dr. Arundale I could not do otherwise than offer my help to Srimati Rukmini Devi, who had not only the growing work of the Kalakshetra to carry on, but took over from him the organisation of a world-wide celebration of the birth Centenary of Dr. Annie Besant. I was able to help her considerably with the immense correspondence that the latter brought to her and to give talks to the students on the historical and aesthetical aspects of the arts according to her terse but all-embracing motto, "No education without art: no art without education." But the *magnum opus* that it became my luck to create was "The Annie Besant Centenary Book," 264 pages, 11 inches by 9 inches, containing tributes from men and women of eminence East and West from George Bernard Shaw and George Lansbury downwards, and a succession of photo-illustrations from her beautiful young womanhood to her noble age.

The death of Dr. Arundale was followed by a constitutional six-months' interval before his elected successor as President of the Theosophical Society could be installed. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, the only candidate, gave his Presidential address on February 17, 1946. Ten days later my diary remarks, "Rumours of a difference between President and Rukmini on art." Impossible as this then appeared, seeing that they held similar views on the value and place of creative activity in education and life, and Mr. Jinarajadasa had hailed the foundation of the Kalakshetra as a logical step forward in Theosophical activity, the rumour developed into overt action. I shall not here break silence on the pros and cons of the dispute: time will settle it.

The world celebration of the Besant Centenary opened officially on October 1, 1947. On the eve of the opening the Kalakshetra gave a first performance of a dance-drama in the Bharata Natya manner, telling in Kalidasa's fourth-century Sanskrit his story of the events leading up to the birth of a son

to Shiva and Parvati, empowered to rid the world of a demon who was afflicting it—an apt parallel to the birth of Annie Besant as a warrior against all kinds of evil. Artistically the performance was superb. Once again Rukmini Devi was enthralling as a classical Indian danseuse. But behind the virtuoso, admirably supported by her troupe, was her genius that had concentrated the long discursive and descriptive poem into a two and a half hours' visual and audible rhythmical representation, and had composed the multitudinous movements and gestures and directed the details of costuming and staging.

The local celebration of the Besant Centenary was opened on the morning of October 1 in the hall of the Besant Theosophical School at Adyar. The famous scholar and critic of art, Professor O. C. Gangoly, came from Calcutta to give the opening address, and brought with him a number of excellent oriental paintings to add to an exhibition that I had supervised in the school in recognition of Dr. Besant's interest in art.

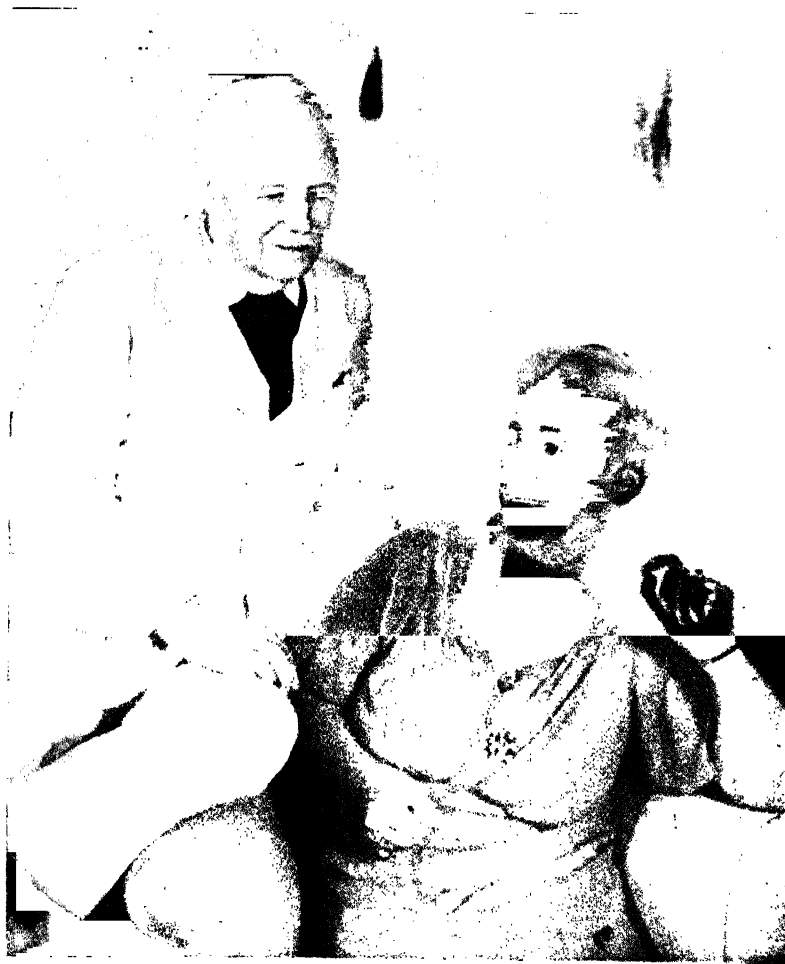
The world celebration was inaugurated in the afternoon under the great banyan tree. A multitude composed of delegates of numerous societies, members of the Theosophical Society and the general public, brought back memories of many large meetings that Dr. Besant's eloquence, scholarship, and spiritual experience inspired. Many cordial speeches were made. The moving spirit of the occasion was Rukmini Devi, whose organisation of the Centenary celebrations over the world showed a side of her endowment not usual in specialised artists. At the end of the closing meeting on October 4, in giving thanks to all who had assisted, she rose to great heights of vision, aspiration and outlook expressed in compelling spontaneous speech.

Six weeks before the Besant Centenary celebrations the stupendous event of India's political freedom was completed. Three years previously it had been unthinkable. Foreign domination seemed heartbreakingly unbreakable. Then came the British General Election of July 1945. The putting of the Labour Party in power by a 200 majority stirred a hope, also a question prompted by the history of Europe in Asia: Were the Labour Members democrats all the way round, or was their

democracy white-skinned? Eight days after the amazing victory the hope was almost tempted to be an assurance by the heartening announcement that F. W. Pethick-Lawrence had been made Secretary of State for India and elevated to the Peerage. My partner (a casualty of the struggle for human freedom) and I had known for over thirty years that he and his wife were drastic uncompromising liberationists, beyond the subtle corruptibility of power and place. We knew also that the cause of India was to him no political expedient. India's freedom was a cardinal item of his programme, not as a sentimentality but as a fundamental principle.

All but two years went into the complicated arrangements for the transfer of political power from Britain to India, but alas! with a concession that divided off a portion of the country as the terrain of a particular creed and developed into a colossal and cruel transfer of populations. The House of Commons passed the India Bill; and on July 17, 1947, the House of Lords, that one-time centre of superiority and reaction, passed it without dissent—one of the most amazing acts in political history.

On the evening of August 14, 1947, I lectured in the Gokhale Hall, Madras, which Mrs. Besant had built for free speech, and in which she had used her unrivalled oratory and mental power to arouse the people of India from their lethargy. I spoke on "Dr. Besant and World Problems." The audience was smaller than usual, as the city was decorated and illuminated for the passing of India out of bondage and antagonism into freedom and friendship at midnight, when the Roman Catholic calendar moved into August 15 and the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, and the liberated imagination of India rose beyond the dead past towards the heaven of Indra in which the drama of life is perpetually enacted. Unhappily its ascent was only towards: it did not arrive. Had it been the India of epic and song, of the Bhagavad Gita and Kalidasa, the subsequent story might have been told in verse. But Bernard Shaw's rejoinder to a critic of socialism, that socialism would be all right if it wasn't for the socialists, proved to be of universal application with only a change of names. Unregenerate human nature asserted itself; and the



8. "WE TWO TOGETHER," 1917. PHOTOGRAPH BY HIS HIGHNESS  
THE ELAYARAJA OF TRAVANCORE



dreams of a free country, remoulded "nearer to the heart's desire," turned into a succession of nightmares of murder and destruction and unspeakable misery, with the world-staggering assassination, on January 30, 1948, of Mahatma Gandhi, the apostle of non-violence, by a follower of the faith in which *ahimsa* (harmlessness) is an integral tenet. That fanatical event was not a climax of evil but a symptom. The morale of a section of the people of the new Dominion of India fell to a low level. Happily the sordid stories in the press of corruption, hoarding and black marketing, and the dreadful list of wrecking of loaded trains with the cold-blooded killing and maiming of inoffensive women and children, has awakened the public mind to the need of a drastic reorganisation of life in such a manner as to allow the constructive and ideal elements in humanity to obtain ascendancy and control and a transforming influence over the destructive and material elements. Our interests and activities brought us a number of such friends, to whom, though unnamed, we offer the salutation of good fellowship.

Unhappily the newspaper of today October 27, 1950, when, after ten years of collaboration, I put these end words to this record of personal reactions to life, does not inspire optimism as to the near future of humanity the world over. The chasms between religion and religion, between religion and anti-religion, between country and country, between classes and castes, between sex and sex, show no sign of soon closing up; and without such closing-up there does not appear to be any chance of a world-wide plateau on which the future could establish itself in peace. The leaders of the various groups are carried from crisis to crisis by an incalculable power for an inscrutable purpose. If they could but see this, see that they are not the originators of events but their agents, collaborators in a design that, for all its apparent complexity, is ultimately simple; not a forensic dissertation, but a work of creative art, a fugue or a sonnet, as Sir James Jeans put it in "The Mysterious Universe," the one with its criss-crosses and overlappings and repetitions, the other with its settled pattern of expression providing for incalculable communication of ideas and feelings; if they could see this, it would be "the darkest hour . . .

before the dawn" in the black and red struggle of humanity towards the light.

Nietzsche, in his wise young manhood, saw the human equivalent of Jeans' cosmic work of art. He declared, in "The Birth of Tragedy," that a civilisation was only justified as an "aesthetical phenomenon." But a civilisation is not enclosed in a constitution, and is only incompletely enunciated in an ideology. It is made living and meaningful in its citizens, and perfectly so only to the extent that each is himself and herself an aesthetical phenomenon; that is, an embodiment of the principles that are inherent in the arts, and a practitioner and exponent of them in the inclusive art of living, as written of herein.

[It is here we two have always felt that individual responsibility to the future lies. We may not be able to cause or influence major decisions in the organisation of human relationships; but there is always the possibility that a constant example and a well-timed precept from an individual effort to live life as ever in the great Art-Master's eye, may touch some ready spirit to achievement of world-shaping influence.]

And so it happens that, as the signal goes down some distance from terminus, short or long as the distance may be, we realise—one at 77, the other at 72—that the values of life have a way of arranging themselves in an order that alters, sometimes reverses, the too easily accepted categories of daily life, and one comes face to face with ultimate realities. For ourselves, we have long anticipated the realities by looking for light in darkness and for ends in beginnings. We know for certain, not in the secondary sense of communication or information, but in the primary sense of experience observed and tested, that the human consciousness can function beyond its instruments of expression and impartation on the mundane plane, and beyond the phase of life called death; and we face the future with a realisation of the discrepancies of our own relationship with reality that cannot be content to remain so, but that stretches its hands towards life after life for its completion.







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"The Times Literary Supplement", London.

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